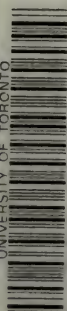


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Julius P. Garesché

# BIOGRAPHY

OF

## LIEUT. COL. JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ,

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. ARMY.

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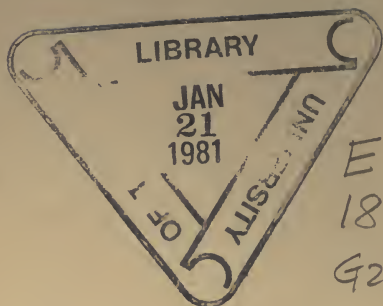
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DEDICATION.

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To the Memory

OF

MY DARLING DECEASED PARENTS,

TO THAT OF MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTER

(JULIO, LOUISE, EDGAR, AND LAURÉAL),

AND TO MY THREE BELOVED SISTERS

(MARIE, TAVIE, AND ADÈLE),

DO I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THIS BIOGRAPHY.

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

IN introducing the Biography of my Father to his and my Mother's relatives, friends, and to others, I hope that I may be given a little allowance for my style, composition and plan, inasmuch as I am an inexperienced writer and this is my first, as it probably may be my last, literary undertaking. It is solely my devoted and admiring love for my sainted and noble Father which has impelled me, and my desire that his great name may be known even more widely and be perpetuated to a remote age, as also that his Life may be the means of doing good to men without distinction of creed; for he truly deserved the appellation which so many who knew him have given him—"the American Bayard, the American Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*."

It had been the intention of Lieut. Col. Alex. J. Dallas, U. S. Army, a Catholic gentleman of great literary ability, to write a brief Memoir of him several years ago for insertion in some Catholic magazine or paper. Ill health compelled him to refrain from doing so, and I, feeling assured, from a strange—even wonderful—little circumstance which occurred to me not long after (early part of July, 1884), that it was God's and my dear Parents' desire that the work should be entirely *my own*, at once commenced the labor of love (August, 1884) and have since, during my spare moments from my other necessary duties, devoted myself, heart and soul, to the undertaking, sacrificing myself in every way and bearing up against all manner of disappointments, sorrows, trials, doubts and anxieties of mind, in

addition to poor health, engendered by my constant occupation, and to naturally weak eyes. Only my devoted love for my Father and Mother and my hope that I was acting as God and His Blessed Mother willed, was able to carry me through and enable me to persevere. And now, thanks to the Divine Mercy, I am at the end of my labor of love, and if all my trials and sacrifices shall be productive of making my work successful and causing it to bring forth good fruit, wheresoever it may appear, I shall feel well repaid and shall be very content and happy.

I trust that the manner in which I have brought my matter, so different perhaps to the generality of Biographies, may not reflect upon mine. It was a plan I adopted, on mature consideration, deeming it the best.

Throughout I have called my Father by his Christian name, Julius, as also my Mother by hers, Mariquitfa, so as to avoid creating any confusion when mentioning other members of their families whose names were necessarily introduced.

All my Father's and Mother's letters were written in French, as also many of the letters written to me by different persons which I have inserted and have myself translated, and for the greater part of the translations of my Parents' letters I am indebted to my beloved sister Adèle and to my noble hearted uncle Alexander, the balance being translated by myself. I have compared all these translations with great care, *word for word*, with the originals, and I have examined also most thoroughly *every thing* which is embraced in my work, going over, with great pains, each and every particular. Moreover, after finishing my work I submitted it for criticism to certain of my relatives and friends, and then revised the whole from their and my own criticisms. Still, if there are any inaccuracies remaining, I must beg the kind indulgence of my readers.

In inserting descriptive letters and extracts of letters about my Father to myself, I have endeavored to place them where I

deemed they suited best a certain period of his life, and in commencing their insertion I took the liberty of changing the expression "your father, etc.," to that of "Col. Garesché" and "Julius," so as to preserve an unbroken uniformity of style. At the end of the Biography I have given some that speak of him in general terms, and as such I considered them a fitting and beautiful *finale* to his grand and noble life, and here I did not change their direction to me.

To my beloved sisters, loving relatives, kind friends, and to others, who have in any way given me information, encouragement, or assistance of any kind, whether material or by prayer: to each and all of them—for they are too many in number for me to mention all their names—I do herewith, from the bottom of my heart, tender my most grateful and sincere thanks, hoping that what I can only express in words my dear Father will repay in blessings. Once more trusting that all those who knew him, or only knew of him, will appreciate and not condemn the production of my devoted heart but inexperienced hand, I subscribe myself the loving son and warmest admirer of the gallant, noble, and sainted JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ.

The Author—*Louis Garesché.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3rd, 1887.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL  
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# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

|                                                             | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Julius' ancestry—the Garesché and Bauduy Families . . . . . | 17   |

## CHAPTER II.

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| Julius' Parents . . . . . | 27 |
|---------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER III.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Julius' birth—childhood—College life—Latin letter—desire to become a practical Catholic and consent of his father—remarks of his college chum, Mr. John T. Doyle, and of Fathers Stonestreet, Clarke, and Ward of the College—application for and appointment as cadet to West Point—anecdote of his missing the train . . . . . | 35 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER IV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| His life at West Point—accident while home on furlough and manly fortitude—appointed A. A. Professor of French—severe illness just before graduation—graduation and assignment to the 4th Artillery—curious thing about his Class—remarks of Professors Kendrick and Bartlett and Classmates Generals Don Carlos Buell, F. F. Flint and Z. B. Tower—a manuscript of Julius—departure to spend his graduating furlough with his relatives and family—horse named after him . . . . . | 49 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER V.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Julius joins his family in St. Louis—narrow escapes from imminent death—joins his Company and military history therewith—receives degree of A. M. from Georgetown College—his letter to Alexander descriptive of the Provincial Council in Baltimore—receiving Holy Communion monthly in full uniform—chastising an insulting civilian—detailed on Recruiting Service—promoted First Lieutenant—departure for the Mexican War—remarks of Col. Joseph Stewart—important and flattering positions assigned to during the War and afterwards—noble conduct about duel an insulting officer tried to force on him—departure for St. Louis on Leave—Retreat at Florissant to determine whether or not he should embrace the Religious life—meeting with Mariquitta—his personal appearance—description of Mariquitta—their marriage . . . . . | 62 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER VI.

|                                                                        |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Family of De Coudroy de Lauréal—Mariquitta's parents—herself . . . . . | 79 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

ix



## CHAPTER VII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Departure of Julius with Mariquitta for his post in Texas—their early married life there—his appointment as A. A. Quartermaster and A. Commissary of Subsistence of the Post—Mariquitta's return to the homestead of Limours—scourge of the Asiatic Cholera and Julius' tender devotion to the afflicted . . . . . | PAGE<br>85 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|

## CHAPTER VIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Removal of the troops to Fort Brown—remarks of an old lay Brother—Julius' great assistance to the Church and Mgr. Odin's testimony—forcible incident of Julius' humility of character—his letter to Mariquitta's mother on occasion of Octavie's First Communion—birth of Julio—Julius' wrongful arrest by his Commanding Officer—his ardent desire to see his wife and little son . . . . . | 94 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER IX.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Departure of Mariquitta with her baby to join Julius—their arrival at Fort Brown and its death and her own severe illness—Julius' perfect and most tender devotion to his dying child and herself . . . . . | 98 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER X.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius' release from arrest—desire to have his innocence proved by a Military Tribunal—his description of his position in the Army in rank—Mariquitta's grief over the loss of her Julio and resignation to the Will of God—life of herself and Julius at the Fort—Brother Roudet's remarks—Julius' great charity to the poor—his intense love for Mariquitta—flattering encomium of the Inspector General on excellent appearance and drill of his Company—regard of his Superiors for him—intention of General Brooke, Military Governor of Texas, to take him as his Aide-de-Camp to California and desire of his Lieut.-Colonel of Regiment, General Walbach, to have him appointed as his Adjutant should he receive the command of the Regiment . . . . . | 110 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Arrival of Abbé Domenech at Brownsville—his remarks—the Jubilee—Mariquitta's description of Julius' intense love for herself—her dangerous illness and birth of Louise—Julius' beautiful devotion to Mariquitta, his pious resignation and devout gratitude to God upon her recovery—her promise to God to invite Abbé Domenech to take his meals with them . . . . . | 126 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Julius' sickness—his absorbing interest and occasional disheartenment about his Court Martial—application of General Walbach to have him detailed as his Adjutant—Mariquitta's sadness over the loss of her children and longings to return to Limours with Julius—her resignation—termination of the Court and transfer of Major Porter—Julius' and Mariquitta's subsequent nobleness to him—her present from Pope Pius the Ninth and Julius' decoration from him of Knight of St. Sylvester through Father Telmon—Julius' great joy thereat and intention rather to sacrifice his official position than give it up—his application for Sick Leave—Abbé Domenech's remarks— |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|



|                                                                                                           | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Julius' departure on Sick Leave for Limours with Mariquitta—additional remarks of Abbé Domenech . . . . . | 134  |

## CHAPTER XIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Birth of Marie—Julius' summons to Washington as principal witness in Major Porter's trial—his visit to Mr. Bernoudy <i>en route</i> and narrow escape from death from a R. R. train—his arrival in Washington, sickness and kind attentions of friends—visits Dentist—his description of his daily routine while in Washington—recommendation of last National Council of the U. S.—Julius' pity for Major Porter—postponement of the Court and his return to Limours . . . . . | 144 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XIV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius returns to Washington—his sorrow at being compelled to leave his Mariquitta but noble sacrifice for the sake of duty—description of his trip—meets Father de Smet, the great Indian missionary—Father Fred's pleasure in seeing Mariquitta's daguerreotype and promise to write to her—how an Officer on duty should travel . . . . . | 152 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Major Porter's trial postponed, and his fright about his trial—Julius' accidental meeting with his sister Lily—signal protection of his Guardian Angel near Baltimore—anecdote of Col. Payne—anxiety of Julius about his wife and little daughter and his relief—his intense love for both—devotion to his own mother—shaves off his beard and change it makes—remark of a young lady—his present and future plans—objection to the Theatre—decision of the Pope in regard to recommendation of last National Council of the U. S. . . . . | 158 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XVI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius at Frederick City, Md., with his young sister Lily and aunt Lalite—his extreme sorrow at his long separation from Mariquitta—wretched teeth of present generation and principal cause—visits his relatives at "dear old Eden Park"—their notice of his striking resemblance to his father—manner in which he wants Mariquitta to write her letters henceforth—his ardent desire that his baby should be vaccinated—Sainte Marie family—returns to Washington—sorrow for Eliza's death—gratitude to Mariquitta for her kind offer about his mother—love for his relatives at Eden Park—good fortune in obtaining his former room in boarding-house—expectation of being extremely busy—his own innocence will be more fully established—sorrow for Major Porter—willingness to call his baby <i>Mariquitta</i> and objection to name of <i>Quitta</i> and that of <i>Ned</i> —Capt. Ord—Lieut. Saxton—Lieut. Gibbon's request to be transferred—Capt. Hunt—Mariquitta's scruple and his pious advice—dismay about being compelled to escort Capt. Ord's young sister to a Ball—his ardent love for Mariquitta and his baby—visits his young cousin Jerome at Georgetown College—his desire that Mariquitta should have her daguerreotype taken for him—Father Sestini's statement about his fasting all day so as not to lose his Communion . . . . . | 167 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XVII.

|                                                                                                                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Major Porter's trial ended—Julius at New York—is to sail thence in command of Recruits for Texas—sorrow at this prolonged separa- |  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| tion from Mariquitta but pious resignation—flattering compliment to himself from the Court and also from the War Dept.—on board the “Irene”—intense love for Mariquitta and necessity of his nature receiving love—what Religion has done for him—his Officers and Recruits—great storm—rescues a shipwrecked crew—intends applying for a position in Judge Advocate General’s Corps—arrival at San Antonio . . . . . | 179  |

## CHAPTER XVIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mariquitta’s departure for Texas—Julius resumes command of his Company—is appointed to different responsible positions—his and Mariquitta’s great sorrow about the death of her aunt Lily—little Marie—Julius’ application to Col. Cooper for vacancy in his Corps—arrival of troops at Fort Brown, also of Major Porter—Julius on Engineer duty—flattering letter from Col. Cooper—General P. Smith—Julius’ and Mariquitta’s kindness to Major Porter—Yellow Fever at Fort Brown and her dread of it—Father Olivier’s remarks—Julius’ devotion to the afflicted and seizure himself with the terrible Yellow Fever—lying at death’s door, and Mariquitta’s fearful agony of heart, her vow and his miraculous recovery—his great fondness for his child, and his and Mariquitta’s willing sacrifice for its good . . . . . | 185 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XIX.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Mariquitta’s attempts to change Julius’ ideas on domestic economy etc.—his delight with her housekeeping—birth of Octavie—Julius’ great joy thereat, his witticism and Mariquitta’s maternal pride—his departure for Mexico on official business—Remarks of General Jos. Roberts . . . . . | 195 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XX.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius’ departure on an Indian scout and Mariquitta’s sorrow and fears—he opens a wagon-road—little Marie and Tavie—his ambition about being loved by them—additional remarks of Father Olivier—Julius’ devotion to his Company, his pride therein and their splendid appearance and drill—Mariquitta’s grief at his prolonged absence—his visit to her and accident to his watch—illness of his mother, his wish to soothe her dying moments and his sadness—his longing to visit again his Mariquitta and children, and his description of his internal strife of “Conscience” and “Love”—sets forth and meets Bishop Odin and Father Olivier—sacrifices his pleasure for the sake of his horse—his return to Fort Brown—death of Mariquitta’s uncle Louis—her devoted love for her children and husband—Julius’ final return to Fort Brown . . . . . | 199 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Temporary detail of Julius as Quartermaster—Mariquitta’s pride at the glorious soldierly death of her uncle Louis—Julius at the head of the list of First Lieutenants and the probability of his soon becoming Captain—cost of living at Fort Brown as compared to the North—“Julius and her children are Mariquitta’s world of happiness”—his devoted fondness for his little girls—his grief at his mother’s death—his enthusiasm over the capture of Sebastopol—Father Fred’s description of Alexander’s noble advice and Julius’ refusal to accept of it, viz., Father Fred’s own small inheritance—further remarks of |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

|                                                                                                                                                                                                  | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Brother Roudet—remarks of Mother Ste. Claire—Julius' translation of "Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves" and reference to certain notes of his in it—remarks of Mr. Francisco Gonzales . . . | 208  |

## CHAPTER XXII.

|                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius' appointment to the Adjutant General's Corps, and correspondence of others in connection therewith, and his own acceptance of appointment . . . . . | 215 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius' and Mariquitta's pleasure at his appointment—their departure with their children for Limours and his own thence for Washington—his letter to Mariquitta's mother descriptive of his anguish at seeing his wife and Marie's sufferings on their voyage from Texas and his uncertainty as to his future destination—birth of Louis—Marie's suffering—incident of Julius' kindness to a Cadet—Julius' return to Limours and his resignation at having to return thence to Washington alone . . . . . | 219 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXIV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius' description of his return to Washington—his grief at leaving his little family—presents his father-in-law with a pair of eye-glasses—reason why it is not easy for himself to accept presents—visits his Cousin Amelia—her insisting upon his arranging for a Novena for Marie's cure—begs Mariquitta to obtain all necessary prayers, tells her what to do and says what he will himself do—about cure of Amelia's sister Mary—urges Mariquitta to a most devout preparation and submission to the Will of God should the cure not be effected—entreaty about the can of water on the stove—visits Gen. Walbach, Mr. McLane and Capt. Hazzard in Baltimore—Capt. Phelps' transfer—Julius' trust in God for Marie's cure—his liking for his present position and entire satisfaction therein—complimentary visit of the Secretary of War—Father Roccofort's description of Julius' wish to go to Communion daily without exciting unnecessary comment—return to his same Boarding House—Col. Cooper's warm greeting and kindly sympathy—Julius' wish to visit Algiers and his fears of not realizing it—Capt. Hazzard's idea of Col. Cooper's intention of always keeping Julius in Washington—Julius consults with Majors Mordecai and Lee about his voyage, and their views—suffers from a severe cold—extreme sorrow for the sufferings of his little Marie and admiration of Mariquitta's firmness—loving advice to her about Marie and commiseration for her trials in Marie's sickness—longing to know whether Na misses him and his great love for her—how fearfully he misses his little Louis—passion for his babies—attends a dancing soirée at Col. Cooper's—his liking for Col. Cooper—necessity of the Army being increased and his hope of one day writing " <i>Col. Garesché</i> " upon his visiting cards—attends a Mission by the Redemptorist Fathers—Father Deshon—expatiates upon his great love for Mariquitta and his children, and that to God alone must they have recourse for Marie's cure, and that it is better to give Alms to His Poor than uselessly feeing physicians—Julius' Manuscript of the death and ascension of the Blessed Virgin—further remarks of Mr. John T. Doyle . . . . . | 223 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XXV.

Julius' pleasure at the receipt of Mariquitta's last letters and his tender exhortations to her about her own health and the necessity of now turning Marie's attention to God and His Divine Mother—Father Telmon's Crucifix—how good God is to them all, even in their separation—sudden death of a gentleman in his Boarding House and frantic grief of the wife and mother—his longing and yet fear for another letter—receipt thereof and his great joy at its contents—approval of day chosen for the termination of the Novena—his gratification at the pleasure his little letters gave to his little girls and anxiety to know what Na thought of hers—abandons his voyage to Algiers for Mariquitta's sake—physical and spiritual good the Mission did him and wonderful eloquence of one of the Fathers—desire that his wife should speak only French to their children—about his renounced wish to visit France and Algiers—Capt. Ord's admiring criticism on his "Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves" . . . . . 237

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Julius' description to Mariquitta of all he has done and is doing regarding the Novena, and his earnest entreaty to turn Marie's thoughts to our Saviour and Holy Religion—his heart's longings for Mariquitta and his children and his passionate love and yearning for her society—that it is their duty now and how they should turn their little girls' minds to God—love for his little Louis, Na and Marie—Mrs. Goddard—Julius' ever ready courtesy to women and his joke about one—a man's greatest human happiness—re-assembling of Congress and a respite of work—commencement of the Novena—the little Orphans of the Asylum and their belief in the efficacy of their own prayers—tender entreaties to Mariquitta to take more care of her health and to be less scrupulous—his confidence in the good result of the Novena, that God will surely grant their prayer, but if not then they must bear the cross patiently—entreats her not to despair about it—flattered by Na's refusal—his singular pleasure in knowing that Mariquitta dotes so tenderly on their little Louis—daily cold water bath . . . . . 246

## CHAPTER XXVII.

End of Novena—Julius speaks to Mariquitta of resignation should it prove contrary to their hopes—Reading his sole pleasure, is averse to society—the kind of religious instruction he means for their children—letter from Father Fred—Julius' dread regarding result of Novena and great desire to know how Mariquitta bears the disappointment—his consoling advice—true happiness is not of this world—his pang of heart about his renounced trip to Algiers—beautiful and simple little act of devotion for Mariquitta to practice—begs her not to be so sad and discouraged—her particular attraction for him at first—his further reference to little act of devotion—his longings and yet dread to hear from her—receipt of her letter—prayers and acts of devotion he again recommends to her—Major Porter's second trial, and how he makes it "black and blue for the witnesses," and his declaration that "Julius was the *only* gentleman at Fort Brown"—receipt of two letters from Mariquitta—letters from Alexander and her father—Julius' joy to learn how piously Mariquitta bears her great disappointment—his reference to his children—"Christmas is approaching" and his entreaty to Mariquitta to purchase for herself some pretty things—his enthusiastic admiration for Beauty in all things . 257



CHAPTER XXVIII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Christmas—their terrible voyage on preceding one—severe Winter—Sister Lucy—how did his Mariquitta and children spend their Christmas—his desire and her failing to give him little details about herself and the children in her letters—how he is spending his Christmas—is full of hope, love, and courage—his ardent desire that they should not allow their children ever to lose their precious little souls—fears he is to have two serious boils about the eye which will hinder his writing to her—enormous occupation at the Office—his love and devotion for her—pain her last letter has given him and entreaty for her forgiveness for his scolding and his sorrow at this scolding—his beautiful tribute to her loving heart—his repugnance to but still making New Year's calls—Capt. Phelps—Cassin's statement about Major Porter's trial—no need to worry about himself, and his pain in their separation—Congress to increase the pay of Officers of the Army and its absolute necessity—General Quitman's strong language—necessity of Mariquitta preserving her health—Major Garnett's notice of her strong resemblance to the beautiful Rachel—Julius' recommendation for her father to remain in the U. S.—heavy snows—the "Army Bill"—his fond recollections of her, and her image ever present to his mind . . . . . | 266  |

CHAPTER XXIX.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Happiness Mariquitta's letter has just given him—advises her to read "All for Jesus"—is sorry that her father received no Christmas present and advises her to induce her sisters to co-operate with her in giving him a nice pair of furs—joy at her consent to procure a nurse for Louis—Col. Cooper's pleasure at his report—attends several dancing soirées—his love for Catholic reunions like the Lays'—detestable ink she uses—misses intensely his little boy—his special fondness for his babies—her uncle Callard and Cousin David—diplomacy she must practice about the gift to her father—intense severity of Winter—Col. Freeman's perfect astonishment and exclamation—enormous press of work at the Office—point of honor with the President and his Cabinet—great snow storm—fondness for his position and confident it is what is best suited for him—Col. Cooper's satisfaction with him as also that of the Secretary of War—his pleasure in completing a certain important Work and the aid he received therein from his friends in Heaven—his passionate love for Mariquitta and the great sacrifice of his Algerian expedition for her sake—abscess of Marie and his hopes thereof—the good and pleasure Mariquitta's recent letters have given him—her father's great suffering from the intense cold not surprising—his horror of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris at the Altar—his gratitude to her mother for all her love and devotion to herself and their children—situation of the Army Bill—Capt. Phelps not angry—pride in his little girls and boy—hopes his wife does not suffer from the severity of the Winter—his painful longing for her—his sources of consolation so few and so different to other men's . . . . . | 276 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXX.

His worriment over his own expenses—his reproaches to himself—better to give Alms to God's poor than to fee physicians uselessly for Marie—joy Mariquitta's last letter gave him—Lieut. Saxton—Major Garnett and his young bride and his notice of Mariquitta's strong resemblance to the beautiful Rachel, and Julius' own regret, for this reason,

not to have seen Rachel—Louis—hopes the Winter is about to end—again advises Mariquitta to buy “All for Jesus”—his anticipated joy at soon being reunited to her and his children—his pleasure at the contents of her last letter—Sister Lucy’s story—his regret that Mariquitta’s mother anticipated them in the gift to her father—his Criticism on argument of the Attorney General—has found his true vocation—Alexander’s letter and its good news about her and Marie—his duty to submit to little disappointments—his father’s Translation—begs her, for her own and Marie’s good, occasionally to visit the City—imprudence in her father’s wish to return to France and better for him to act upon his own (Julius’) suggestion—his longing for her but pious resignation . . . . .

PAGE

287

## CHAPTER XXXI.

How his happiness is bound up in Mariquitta and his agony of heart at their separation—success of the “Bill”—his intense joy thereat—his late painful perspective of his future—noble offer of Alexander—promise to his mother—idea of a partnership with some rich Capitalist or Company—great sacrifice it would have been to give up his Profession—his perfect fitness for his present position—advance of Spring—his great sorrow when he receives no letters from Mariquitta—her consolations in such moments—pleasure her letter of the 12th gave him—Father Fred’s letter and his ear-ache—strangers flocking to Washington for the inauguration of President Buchanan and necessity of his purchasing a new uniform—sittings for his Daguerreotype that he intends presenting her—wins two prizes at the Orphans’ Fair—Mrs. Buell—the “Cottage Furniture” and cost of their undertaking housekeeping—painful fears that Marie’s sick condition will prevent their soon being reunited—wonderful influence Mariquitta’s letters have over him—pleasure her latest news gives him—sea-baths for Marie—hopes for a respite of work through termination of present Congress—her mother’s idea of a Novena to St. Joseph and his own to St. Rose of Lima—probable time he can start after her and his children—Piney Point a good bathing-place for Marie—shaves off his beard—his necessary official calls upon new and old President and Secretary of War and his sorrow at parting with the retiring ones—about the new President and Secretary—vexation about his Daguerreotype—Marie’s excellent memory and his pleasure at Mariquitta’s religious instructions to her—his endeavors to obtain for her uncle Jean Baptiste the Professorship of Spanish at West Point—intention of applying for his Leave to go after her and sorrow at thus separating her from her mother . . . . .

293

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Julius goes after his family—his description of their trip to Washington—his distress in seeing no material for *Religious* in his little daughters—Mariquitta’s severe illness, his devotion and agony—her longings for their own home—his success in marketing—his description of their little son and daughters—Mariquitta’s love for auctions—his objection to her reading “*Les Confidences de Lamartine*”—his able and conclusive argument in the case of Lieut. Schaumburg—birth of Edgar and his death—Julius’ connection with and organizing Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Washington, his charities and works relative to it and anecdotes thereof—Col. Richard F. O’Beirne’s remarks . . . . .

309

# CHAPTER XXXIII.

|                                                                          |             |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Julius' Articles on "Executive Power over the Army" and "Law of Divorce" | PAGE<br>318 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|

# CHAPTER XXXIV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Birth of Lauréal; his wonderful beauty, death, and the sorrow of all—death of Julius' uncle, John P. Garesché—Julius' letter about it as also about Lauréal's to his aunt Lalite—his desire to wear his Cross of St. Sylvester in defence of the Holy See—his Military Article to the Adjutant General—esteem in which he was held by all his superiors—his abilities, charities, and kindness of heart—performing Mr. Hanson's work during his absence on Leave—sacrificing his parental feelings for duty—near-sightedness, loss and finding of his gold eyeglass—his endeavor and success in obtaining an Artillery commission for the son of a <i>bigoted</i> Presbyterian minister | 342 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

# CHAPTER XXXV.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Commencement of the Civil War and Julius' appreciation of the coming crisis—his politics and true Union feelings and his sacrifices for them—his fears of an abolition war and of meeting his brothers on the field of battle—his letter and their answer—incident about his cousin Bauduy—letter of Ferdinand—incident about Montgomery Blair—revelation to a holy person of Julius' approaching death on the battle-field and his brother Fred's letter and statement about it—Julius' own presentiment—his patriotic letter in the "National Intelligencer"—his manifold and arduous duties—his promotions and General Lorenzo Thomas' esteem for his abilities and objections to allowing him to go in the field—appreciation held in by his superiors and the President—procures commissions for many persons—obtains Brigadier Generals' commissions for Ord and Rosecrans—remarks of Col. Alex. J. Dallas—Julius' <i>De Imitatione Christi</i> —his indignant objection to serving with Garibaldi—his indignation at the outcry against Gen. Chas. P. Stone—defends Gen. Sherman's representation regarding necessity of large forces for Kentucky—remarks of Gen. Henry J. Hunt | 350 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

# CHAPTER XXXVI.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Julius' wish to go into action and Gen. Thomas' refusal—additional remarks of Gen. Don Carlos Buell—Capt. Fry's Telegram and Letter—Letter of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas—telegram of Gen. Halleck—refusal of Secretary Stanton and Gen. Lorenzo Thomas—Julius' ideas regarding some of the appointments then being made—his Article relative to the bestowal of the vacancies of Second Lieutenant in the new regiments—Secretary Stanton's dislike for him—Major Lee's legislation out of the Army—instance of Julius' strict adherence to military discipline and President Lincoln's tenders to him of a Brigadier General's commission—Gen. Ord's letter | 363 |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Julius' handsome and graceful appearance—anecdote of shovelling in his own coal—his passion for Music—birth of Adèle—his visits to the poor and to the Hospitals, alone and with his children—regard of the Authorities for his good works—Mariquitta's loving complaint to her Confessor and his answer—Julius' connection with reorganization of |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

the Adjutant General's Corps—appointed Lieut. Colonel—his charitable proposition to his brother Officers—a writer's remarks—rising at night to pray—visiting the Blessed Sacrament and saluting it when passing by—anecdote of seeing his little girls about to enter a Protestant church, and his advice to them and their brother regarding money they had found—a general favorite with the children on his square—his extreme near-sightedness and Mariquitta's teasings—his perfect devotion to his family—his objection to carrying an umbrella—when he used the "Du Rocher" part of his surname . . . . . 370

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Julius' endeavors to have the College and Convent at Frederick, Md., exempted from Hospital duty and letter of Father Jas. A. Ward, S. J.—Julius' communication for Gen. McClellan's eye—his endeavors to secure the Sisters of Charity and those of Mercy as nurses and letters of Archbishops Kenrick of Baltimore and Hughes of New York on the subject—his Petition to the President and extracts of letters of Archbishops Kenrick of Baltimore and Purcell of Cincinnati relative to it—his instrumentality in saving St. Aloysius' Church . . . . . 380

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Julius' extreme sorrow for the terrible evils of the War and his letter to the "Freeman's Journal"—his prediction and warning to Gen. McClellan—his dislike for Secretary Stanton and the latter's hatred for him—Julius' remark to Major Geo. D. Ruggles indicative of his presentiment of death—Gen. Martin T. McMahon's remarks—Julius' connection with Particular Council of Society of St. Vincent de Paul and his interest in the Society—letter and remarks of Father J. A. Walter—Remarks of Father B. A. Maguire, S. J.—Julius' and Gen. Rosecrans' mutual friendship, and their formation among Catholic Officers of the Army of an Association in honor of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart—Rosecrans' anxiety to have Julius as his Chief of Staff, his request to Secretary Stanton and its acceptance and Julius ordered to report to him—Gen. Lorenzo Thomas' fury—Julius' visit to Gen. Geo. Thom and earnest request of him, and the latter's kindness to his wife and little ones—Julius' letter to Editor of Freeman's Journal—his affecting departure from Washington . . . . . 388

## CHAPTER XL.

Julius' letters to Mariquitta and his children after his departure for the field and Mariquitta's to him—incident of his going to Communion at the Sodalists' Mass in Cincinnati—Gen. Rosecrans' Staff—how Julius spent his last night on earth . . . . . 398

## CHAPTER XLI.

Julius' assignment per S. O. of the A. G. O.—his last Order—his military history with the Army of the Cumberland and description of his death in the words of Capt. Wm. D. Bickham and Gen. Rosecrans, and the latter's additional statements—Poem regarding Julius and Rosecrans receiving Communion together on the fateful day—continuation of Julius' military history and description of his death and disintering of his body in the words of Col. C. Goddard, Major Frank S. Bond, Orderly Robert Magee, a wounded Confederate, and Major J. Ralston Skinner . . . . . 434



## CHAPTER XLII.

PAGE

Julius' "Nellie"—coincidence of St. Sylvester's Feast day—Col. Kniffin's impression of Julius' edifying conduct before death—a brave soldier's recovery of Julius' effects—his temporary burial on the battle-field—Alexander's dispatch and Major J. Ralston Skinner's description of the identification and disinterment of his remains—his burial site afterwards marked by a small monument—the desk of the soldiers' love—Doctor Jerome K. Bauduy's letter—Barracks and Fort named after Julius—Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas' touching tribute—U. S. Battery and Post of the G. A. R. also named in Julius' honor—Father Fred's grief—his two letters and assurance of Julius' eternal happiness . . . . . 451

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Father Lynch's letter assigning reason why Mariquitta wished to have Julius buried in Washington—Alexander's arrival at Nashville after the remains, his intense grief and Surgeon Swift's earnest recommendation—the sad journey on to Washington, and the grief and honors accorded the body along the route—its lying in state in St. Aloysius' Church—Archbishop Kenrick's (of St. Louis) words in the pulpit and his letter to Mariquitta—exclamation of an Officer—Gen. Geo. Thom breaks the sad news to Mariquitta—her fearful sorrow—Capt. Carbery Lay's happy thought—the children's grief—Mariquitta's visits with Alexander to the body—description of deep grief experienced throughout Washington, of the funeral and burial, and of the regard Julius was held in by all classes . . . . . 460

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Affecting tribute of Conference of St. Patrick's, of Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of Philodemic Society of Georgetown College—Monument raised to Julius' memory at Mt. Olivet Cemetery and its description . . . . . 471

## CHAPTER XLV.

Mariquitta's life subsequent to Julius' death—her own death and subsequent removal to and burial in his grave at Washington—ultimate cure of Marie—religious vocation of Tavia and Adèle—instance of the force of Julius' example—History and Description of the Order of St. Sylvester . . . . . 476

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Additional letters and statements of many of Julius' relatives, friends, and of others . . . . . 487



# BIOGRAPHY

OF

## LIEUT. COL. JULIUS P. GARESCHE.

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### CHAPTER I.

Julius' ancestry—the Garesché and Bauduy Families.

THE Garesché Family, a very ancient and noble one in France, formerly Catholic in principle, and tracing their origin back to the early epochs of the primitive Celts of Druidical memory, were natives of the province of Saintonge, where they held a distinguished position and possessed many and valuable ancestral estates, such as la Prée, Faveau, Nieul and others, besides many salt marshes. When Calvinism made its appearance in Saintonge they were among the first who embraced its false tenets, and thus by the laws of France were deprived of their rights of nobility and to a certain extent of their prestige.

Jean Garesché, the great-grandfather of Julius, inherited from his father a fortune very considerable for that period, which he seems to have increased by commerce with Holland, thus introducing into his family many of the habits of that country, and amongst others the taste for tea, then so rare in France. His death, which occurred about 1754, at his mansion of Nieul, gave rise to a little incident showing the fanaticism of the times. Being one of the most distinguished and influential members of the Protestant religion, and at the same time rich and charitable, he had acquired a certain ascendancy over the peasants of the neighborhood. This influence was displeasing to the neighboring Catholics who, in order to disturb the funeral, caused

stones to be thrown, which wounded several of his friends and relatives. In consequence, the funeral procession was compelled to return to the house and the ceremony put off till night. This circumstance caused in the minds of the Gareschés a great dislike for Catholicity, and they found it very difficult to forgive Jean Garesché du Rocher for having chosen a wife of that religion. Hence she was very coldly received on her arrival from San Domingo in 1790, and it was only by her prepossessing manners and angelic sweetness of disposition that she won their love.

Jean's eldest son,\* Daniel Garesché, established himself when very young at La Rochelle, and was chosen as the first Mayor of that large and populous city, after the creation of the mayoralty. His firmness in administering the affairs of the city made for him many enemies and induced him to send in his resignation, which, however, was refused, the people having implicit confidence in his management. They even granted him as a mark of their full satisfaction with his government a body guard for his protection. At last the Jacobins obtained the mastery and he only saved his head by flight. His beautiful wife's father, Mr. Carayon, was called *the Pope of the Huguenots* (Protestants), through the influence he had obtained by his great religious zeal, his gravity, and his immense riches.

The second son, Isaac, was distinguished by his mind and by an easy and elegant diction. Chosen by La Saintonge as one of its Deputies to the National Assembly he there distinguished himself by the accuracy of his views on financial matters. He retired on the approach of the "Terrorism". When after the 18 brumaire Napoleon the First took the reins of government and associated with himself two consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun ;

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\* Subsequent to his death and owing to the course of events following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, his sons Daniel, Isaac, Jean and Pierre disposed of all their ancestral estates and left Saintonge. In the course of time Isaac and Pierre returned, after having increased their fortune in San Domingo by commerce, and repurchased their ancestral properties by right of an old French law which forced the purchaser to reconvey to the heir direct if he presented himself before the expiration of a certain number of years.

the latter, who had been Isaac's colleague in the National Assembly, where he had been able to appreciate his talents, endeavored to recall him to Paris. But Isaac had an income of 15,000 livres, was without a son and without ambition, and dreading the political storms of the day declined, preferring the beautiful woods of his ancestral estate, Faveau, to the favors of the State.

The third son, Jean Garesché du Rocher, [he added the name "Du Rocher" to his surname from an estate of his grandfather, after the custom of the younger sons of French nobles, who thus distinguished themselves from their elder brothers,] about the year 1760, after receiving his portion of the ancestral estates, money etc., emigrated to Port au Prince, San Domingo, and there entered into commerce with his brother Isaac. After a few years of success they both retired from business and Isaac returned to France. Jean remained and bought a coffee and some years afterwards a sugar plantation and the negroes of Madame De Launay.\*

He married in 1780 in San Domingo a Demoiselle de Brossay, also of French parentage and a most exemplary Catholic. Her only dowry, for she had no fortune, was her angelical sweetness of disposition, fine figure and beautiful face. Their children were six in number, viz., Jean, Vital Marie, three others that died, strange to say, successively at the same age, and lastly Lise. The fact of her three babes dying successively at the same age was so striking a coincidence that she expected also to lose her little daughter. Religion and her confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin inspired her with the idea of dressing little Lise always in white in honor of the Holy Mother, and she strictly observed this vow up to the time the child became nine years old.

Jean was just beginning to realize a handsome fortune from his plantations, the finest in the island, when the Revolution broke out in France. There they decreed the abolition of slavery without the least compensation to the owners. The colonists at once armed themselves to oppose this unjust decree. Companies

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\* Madame De Launay was the mother-in-law of Mr. Jean Baptiste Breton Des Chapelles.



were formed, and Jean, well known for his courage, was named one of the Captains for the defence of his district, called the "Cross of the bouquets." The French Convention sent over two Commissioners, Messrs. Polveral and Santonax, two famous names in the history of San Domingo, to put its decree into execution. These men acted with such cunning and plianthness as to win over the small traders and mulattoes. Resistance became impossible, and to save his life Jean returned to France and arrived in La Rochelle in 1792, his wife and three children having preceded him there in 1790. He then established himself in that city with his family in an immense mansion belonging to and contiguous to his brother Daniel's.

Here occurs a little incident painting most accurately the manners of that epoch and showing his great patriotism. Being a great lover of good cheer he sought for a talented cook. One, by name Barrand, presented himself and was accepted in spite of the high wages he demanded. He proved that he had been one of the cooks of the Duke of Orleans, but, owing to some changes that Prince had made in his household, he had come to seek for employment in the provinces. He did not tarry long in giving proofs of the highest talent and the keenest judges of wine rendered homage to it. His task was so light that he found time to be assiduous at all the clubs in the city, of which he was one of the orators. Having become very popular he was appointed a Captain in the National Guards in spite of his functions as a Cook, and that too of the same Company in which his master was but a simple Private. Thus after preparing the dinner, equipped in his glittering uniform of an officer, he would give his orders to Jean at the Review after having received his own from him in the kitchen.

When the trial of the King was going on and "Terrorism" was being organized, fearing lest his conduct at San Domingo in fighting against the decree of the Convention should be discovered and his life be compromised in consequence, Jean obtained a passport, not an easy thing at the time, and reached the United States in 1794. There he learned that the English had taken possession of that part of San Domingo where his plantations were situated and had there re-established slavery. He



then sent over a reliable agent, Mr. Ducos, to take charge of his plantations, who faithfully returned to him the products of his estates in cargoes of sugar consigned to the commercial house of Welling and Francis of Philadelphia. In a short time he realized therefrom about \$80,000, which somewhat consoled him for his great losses.\*

Two years afterwards, shortly after Robespierre's death,† his wife and boys joined him. During this period of their separation from him their lives had been in danger, as it was supposed that he had joined the Army of the Émigrés, and hence his wife's name had been placed on the list of suspected persons. He met her at New York City and they moved to Burlington, N. J., where there were many French émigrés, and resided there for a time, when yielding to the entreaties of his old friend and neighbor of San Domingo, Mr. Jean Baptiste Breton Des Cha-

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\* Jean brought to the United States his household slaves, whom he soon voluntarily emancipated. One of them, old Mambo or Nicole, who nursed three generations of the family, was the last survivor of these slaves. She had belonged to his mother-in-law, Madame de Brossay, and on her death came into possession of his wife as her portion. She died at Eden Park, Wilmington, Del., in 1848, at the advanced age of 115 years.

A descendant of another of Jean's household slaves died many years afterwards a member of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, colored, of Baltimore, of which Order her daughter, Mother Louisa Noel, born in Wilmington, Del., and Superior General of, died at the convent in Baltimore March 27, 1885, when she was *just* 68 years old and head of the Order for 29 years. Had she lived a week longer she would have celebrated her Golden Jubilee, having been connected with the Order for 50 years.

† He had written to his wife that their little daughter, Lise, should be left at La Rochelle under the care of his sister-in-law, Madame Daniel Garesché. After his death his widow had a lively desire to see once more her sweet little daughter and accordingly sent her eldest son, Jean P., over to France to bring her back. They returned only to see her die, as she departed this life shortly afterwards. Lise was then placed at Madame Rivardi's Institute, in Germantown near Phila., the most renowned at the time for young ladies. Some years afterwards she returned to France with her brother, Vital Marie, and soon espoused there, in 1807, her first cousin, Paul Jacques Garesché, son of her uncle Daniel. As charming in manner as in appearance in her old age as she had been in her youth, she died in Paris, in March 1885, at the advanced age of 95 years, sincerely mourned by all who had known her. She was Julius' Godmother and they were both tenderly attached to one another.

pelles,\* he removed to Wilmington, Del., where this gentleman resided with his three daughters and Pierre Bauduy, his son-in-law.

Here† he bought two houses on French street which he caused to be united so as to form but one mansion. Soon afterwards, attracted by the example of himself and Mr. Des Chapelles, many other families of the French *noblesse*, exiles from their native land and its colonies, joined them, with some of whom his own family shortly afterwards became connected, such as Baron‡ Alexander de Bauduy, Baron§ Keating, Marquis de

\* Mr. Jean Baptiste Breton Des Chapelles, of an ancient and noble family of Brittany, was a rich San Domingo planter. Compelled, like his friend, Jean Garesché du Rocher, to leave that Island on account of the troubles of the French Revolution and the insurrection of the slaves, he came over to the United States and settled in Wilmington, Del. His family comprised four daughters and one son. The eldest daughter married Mr. de Saqui, a French naval captain; Julia, the next, was married to Pierre Bauduy; Eulalia espoused Chevalier and Baron John de Keating; and Fortunée, the youngest, was united to the Marquis de Sassenaye, who belonged to the household of the Duke de Berri and who returned to Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons. The son, Jean Alexander, married Pierre Bauduy's sister, Selima Bauduy.

† He purchased two houses on French Street, and united them by making great improvements. An ornamental garden, arranged with taste, extended to Walnut Street; then it opened to the next square below, and the whole was a grass plot bordered with Lombardy poplar-trees. Fruit-trees were interspersed through the square, and with fanciful walks. Near the centre was a brick building of octagon form. In winter it was used as a hot-house, and in summer as a saloon, where many joyous hours were passed; for in those days the French families entertained very handsomely, and of themselves constituted a large and refined society. On the top of this saloon was a summer-house of lattice work, encircled by a balcony, with seats and stands for flower-pots, tastefully arranged. The whole was in perfect keeping, and an ornament to the town while in his possession.

‡ Alexander, only brother of Pierre Bauduy, and bearing the title and rank of Baron de Bauduy, served under Napoleon the First and died, a General in the French service. He was, for a while, an Aide to Napoleon.

§ Baron John de Keating was a Colonel in the French service, a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and the last of the Irish Brigade. His grandfather, Geoffrey Keating, distinguished himself at the siege of Limerick, but was afterwards obliged to withdraw with the Army of James II to France, and his family estate and titles of Earl Dunraven and Lord Adare were given by the unjust laws of the time to an apostate cousin.

Sassenaye and others. His agent, Mr. Ducos, also joined the emigrant circle, being compelled to quit his administration of the plantations on account of the retreat of the English and the uprising of the slaves.

Jean lived in great comfort and style, entertained his friends royally every evening and made his countrymen enjoy his hospitality, his house being always open to them. He died in January 1801 from the consequences of a fever contracted whilst hunting and lack of proper means effected for his cure. He was usually called "Du Rocher." In after years his sons dropped this part of their name. His spouse followed him to the grave in 1803.

From him, with the exception of Anne L. Garesché, only surviving child of his nephew Gabriel Garesché, are descended all bearing the name of Garesché in the United States, and, owing to the lack of male descendants in his brothers' families, the name became extinct in France.

After his death his possessions became greatly diminished, owing to the youth and inexperience of his two sons. These boys, Jean P. and Vital Marie, were sent when young to St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., where were educated the sons of the first families of Maryland. From there they were withdrawn and placed under the charge of Mr. Salimbaris, established in Wilmington, and afterwards placed at l'Abbé Carles' in Philadelphia. Both married Catholics, their brides being the two eldest daughters of Pierre Bauduy; Jean P. marrying Cora, the second, and Vital M. Mimika Louisa the eldest.

\* Their father had been an immensely rich San Domingo

When the Bourbons fell, in whose service he had held a distinguished military position, John refused all solicitations to continue in the French Army and coming to the U. S. with letters of introduction to Gen. Washington settled in Philadelphia and soon afterwards married Eulalia Des Chapelles. He was a bright example of a true and faithful Catholic and loyal citizen. He always loved and honored Julius.

\* Pierre Bauduy's mother, Hélène Cruon, was maternally descended from one of the celebrated Knights and companions in arms of the famous Du Guesclin, Raoul du Cærgöuet. Another one of the same family, Hervé du Cærgöuet, the day before the great battle of Auray which settled the ducal crown upon the head of de Montfort, fought and overcame in single combat

planter, his family having possessed for many years some of the finest plantations on the Island. Descended from a noble old French family and accustomed to all the luxuries that rank and wealth could give the horrors of the Revolution came upon him like a thunder-clap and stripped him of all that he possessed. He barely escaped from the negro insurrection with his infant child and young wife, Julia Des Chapelles. He settled at Wilmington and at first supported his young wife and children by painting.

He was an accomplished and enterprising man, of affable manners and possessing great taste in the fine arts. A sign painted by him for a coach shop in that city was much admired. It represented Phaeton, son of Phoebus, driving the chariot of the Sun so furiously as to threaten universal conflagration. It stood for a long time on French Street. It is said that when George Washington passed through Wilmington he stopped to admire it, and when told that it was executed by a French émigré, he exclaimed, "Ah, those French, they are never too proud to work!" Pierre Bauduy was the architect of the City-Hall. In connection with Mr. E. J. DuPont, whose daughter, Victorine, his son Ferdinand had married, he founded the celebrated Powder Works of Wilmington. He purchased the property of Monckton Park just outside the city, and made great improvements upon it and altered its name to Eden Park. Before his purchasing it, this district had been very unhealthy, but draining the marshes changed its character. In time Eden Park proved to be a sort of rendezvous for all branches of the Bauduy and Garesché du Rocher families and their connections, who spent there many a happy hour. This was the spot where Julius was to spend many of his early days. Pierre speculated largely in Merino sheep and imported a shepherd and his dogs from the Pyrenees to guard them. This project seemed unsuccessful and induced him, about the year 1819, to remove to the Island of Cuba, where he and his wife subsequently died.

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Gautier Huet, a British Knight, who, advancing between the lines, had challenged to single combat, in the presence of the two armies, any one of the knights of France or Brittany, in the ranks of Blois.



A very exemplary Catholic himself, as was also his spouse, it was mainly through his exertions that the first Catholic church in Wilmington was erected. It was dedicated under the invocation of Saint Peter, his own patron Saint, in compliment to himself. Even now it is considered the best church in Wilmington, for it is the Cathedral. Before that date Mass had always been said in his house by Missionary priests. After his removal to Cuba the powder business at Eden Park was carried on by his two sons-in-law, Jean P. and Vital Marie Garesché du Rocher. For some unaccountable cause, (probably through republican ideas of simplicity), they dropped the latter part of their family name "Du Rocher" and hereafter only bore the original surname "Garesché". When Pierre settled in Cuba he purchased a coffee plantation, "Santa Helena", which he subsequently turned into a sugar one and called "Recouso".\* His wife was a handsome and accomplished woman, and like himself warmly remembered by those who knew her.

After his removal to Cuba, being endowed naturally with a strong and active mind, and great energy of character, he soon became very serviceable to his fellow-planters, and was commissioned by the Spanish Government to visit some of the other islands, with a view of introducing into Cuba their improvements in the manufacture of sugar, and the cultivation of coffee.

His services on this and other occasions were so highly valued, that he was made a citizen of the Island—a privilege which, on account of the jealous disposition of the Spaniards towards foreigners, is conferred only as a mark of great honor.

When the Cholera made its appearance at Matanzas, he was ready in a moment to sacrifice his comfort, and risk his life in relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. In that calamitous visitation, the slaves found in him a faithful friend. But his exertions in behalf of others were too great for his bodily powers, and brought on himself an attack of the disease. From this,

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\* Of his remaining children: Helen married her first cousin, Henry Alexander Des Chapelles: Julia married twice; first, Mr. Testu of Cuba, and some time after his death Mr. Rabel of the same Island: and Peter married his second cousin, Amelia Keating, grand-daughter of Baron John de Keating, and subsequently a Carmelite nun in Baltimore.

however, he had nearly recovered when business called him to Havana. Here he had a second attack, which proved fatal.

He had become ardently attached to the United States on account of the kind reception he had met with from its citizens after his escape from the tragical scenes of the San Domingo rebellion; and, even after he took up his residence in Cuba, he still cherished the hope of spending his last days in the United States—the land of his adoption.

As a useful citizen, a warm friend, and an affectionate relative, his death was severely felt by all who had known him.



## CHAPTER II.

## Julius' Parents.

VITAL MARIE GARESCHÉ du ROCHER, the younger of the two brothers, and a very handsome and accomplished man, was united in matrimony to Mlle. Mimika Louisa Bauduy, eldest daughter of Mr. Pierre Bauduy, at her father's mansion of Eden Park, Wilmington, in September 1809.\* The fair and charming young bride had just finished her education at Madame Rivardi's† Institute at Germantown, Pa., and was only sixteen years of age, at least ten years younger than himself. Beloved and admired at school for her many noble qualities of heart as well as mind, she was almost idolized by her own family; and her fond parents, though delighted at her happy match—for the family of Garesché du Rocher, like her own, bore a high rank among the old and aristocratic Delaware families and were the reputed possessors of great wealth—could not refrain from an involuntary sigh of regret, as they saw her about to depart from the family hearth, to be no longer a member of their household. Carefully reared in the teachings of the Catholic Faith she was soon to give proof of the lessons she had learned.

The laxity of colonial custom was then so great that when the marriage contract was drawn up, it provided that whatever sons should be born should be raised in the father's Faith and the daughters in that of the mother. Many years passed before Mimika bore any children who lived. This was a sad trial both to her and her husband. At length Julius was given to her in Cuba, during her husband's sojourn in that Island whilst holding some Consular or other post under the U. S. Government. Then followed four other boys, but no girls; and her pious heart

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\* Vital's marriage was in advance of his brother's by two years or thereabouts, and shortly after that of his sister.

† The same where her husband's sister, Lise, had been educated.

was almost in despair, since, according to the marriage contract, these boys were to be educated as Protestants. It was only after Julius had become a Catholic that her fervent prayers were heard and a Catholic daughter came to gladden her mother's heart. Though her husband was in every respect an affectionate and devoted one he was nevertheless, like his ancestors, a Huguenot, and as such greatly opposed to her religion. Imagining that he could win her over, young and loving as she was, he used every marital artifice; but he found her firm in her belief and like the rock, on which her church is built, not to be shaken; and finally desisted when told "that if he did not, her mother's house was still open to her." He was not very strict as to the religious observances of his own faith and would only attend his church spasmodically, saying on such occasions "something must be done for these boys," and he would thereupon take his sons with him. Mimika, on the other hand, never failed to hear Mass. A man of the strictest integrity and punctilious in honor himself he exacted the same of his boys, and these precepts he carefully inculcated in their youthful minds, and taught them that a gentleman should never tell a lie nor do a mean or dishonorable act. This seems to have been the extent of his religious instructions to them.

When the family were living in Wilmington, and during the pastorate of Father Carroll at St. Peter's Church,\* Mimika, who was an accomplished musician and handled the organ in a masterly manner, would play this instrument. Her husband, possessing an exquisite voice and a fine musician himself and a great admirer of good music, did not allow his Huguenot principles to prevent his accompanying her. Together they soon organized a little choir, of which she was the organist and he the director. By using a little pious diplomacy, she induced him to allow their boys to accompany them, representing the mischief they might, child-like, plunge into at home during their absence, and stating, that inasmuch as he was doing nothing for their religious instruction and she could not bear to see them grow up

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\* The Church built through the exertions of his father-in-law, Pierre Bauduy, now the principal church and cathedral of Wilmington.

like heathens, she wanted them at least to attend her church. To this he gave a tacit consent, and thus she had the happiness of seeing them assist at the beautiful and touching ceremonies of the Catholic religion and learning at their tender age to venerate and love that Holy Faith which they should one day have the glorious privilege of embracing and practicing openly, and of which Frederick\* was to become a holy Minister at the Altar and Julius such a shining model.

With her ever unfailing charity and tenderness of heart for the poor she conceived the idea of, and it was mainly through her persevering efforts that the first free dispensary in St. Louis was founded. This was in the year 1842, and her young son, Frederick, a youth of some 16 or 17 years, then studying for the medical profession, was its first apothecary.

She had been equally charitable in Wilmington, Del., constantly visiting and succoring the Poor. And through her exertions mainly was the Orphan Asylum of Wilmington established, which is still standing, across from St. Peter's Church, on the very same site on which it was originally built.

I may here be pardoned in summing up her life in the words of another. They are indeed so applicable.

“Married at the early age of sixteen to a Protestant and compelled to spend her earlier years in the gayest society, she never intermitted for an instant the quiet and unobtrusive practice of her religion. The mother of a large family, of whom five were boys, she had the happiness to see them (with the exception of the youngest, Louis, who died in infancy) one after another, openly profess the Faith of whose teachings she was so edifying an example. Her husband too, though her superior in age, and a man remarkable for his talents, accomplishments, and amiable and winning manners, had never succeeded in weakening her devotion to her Religion, won by her sweet example, was granted to the prayers which she had unceasingly poured forth in his behalf and became a fervent and devoted member of the same

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\* He afterwards, when about nineteen, entered the Society of Jesus in which he gained a great and merited reputation. He became famous as a preacher.

Church shortly before his death. She died in St. Louis, Mo., in August 1855. Her death was calm and placid as that of the wave of the ebbing tide which dies along the shore. The clergyman who was present, a short time before her death, yielding to a look of hers which he could only interpret as an attempt to express her earnest desire to receive the last Sacrament, administered Extreme Unction to her, almost against his own judgment, as there seemed to be no immediate danger of death. He had hardly finished the rites of his holy office, when this Christian soul went with a gentle sigh into the presence of that God whom she had so humbly served with trembling love during a long and honored life, amidst circumstances which would have conquered any thing short of heroic virtue."

In the division of the co-partnership property of Jean P. and Vital M. Garesché, which consisted of Eden Park and its Powder Mills and of a very large quantity of uncultivated lands in the then wild West, Jean,\* as the elder, proposed that he

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\* Jean P. Garesché du Rocher married Cora Bauduy soon after his brother's marriage to her sister Mimika.

His children were Bauduy P., John, Frank, Eliza, Julia, Mary and Cora. Bauduy P. married Juliette McLane of Wilmington, Del.: John was killed by the explosion of Hazard's Powder Mills at Wilmington, Del., of which he was Superintendent. An improvement was introduced which had failed at his father's mills. Mr. Hazard thought that with some changes the improvement would succeed. But John, who foresaw the impracticability and danger of the experiment, endeavored to prevail upon him not to undertake it and the night before he was killed, the eve of the contemplated trial, he spent the evening at Mr. Hazard's and insisted most strenuously that it would not succeed and would only prove dangerous and probably fatal. He was then told that he had better not assist himself at the trial. John was at the time about 22 or 23 years old. He replied that some of his workmen were men of family and he certainly could not permit them to risk their lives and he not his. That night he sat up till a late hour reading religious books on the subject of a sudden death. The next morning the experiment was made and, as he had predicted, cost the lives of all those engaged in it. The mill exploded and he and his *employés* were all killed. On his effects being gathered together, after his death, to be sent to his family, certain marked passages were found in the books which he had been reading which referred to a sudden death. He was a model youth, free from vice and dissipation and devoted to his Religion. Frank married and was many years afterwards lost at sea, by the foundering of the vessel on which he was voyaging from his home in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, to San Francisco, *en*



himself should retain Eden Park and its Powder Mills, since his own family was composed mostly of girls and not fitted therefore to cope with a hardy western life, whilst Vital Marie, whose family consisted mainly of boys, should take their wild Western lands. Vital Marie was satisfied with such a proposition, because he thought that the Great West, with its undeveloped wealth and resources, offered a better field for the activity and energy of his boys. Accordingly in 1839, accompanied by all his family (excepting Julius, then a Cadet at West Point), he left Wilmington for St. Louis, Mo., where he arrived on the steamer Thames on a bright morning of the 1st of May, and thenceforward made his home at this old French settlement.

As an illustration of what progress traveling has made it may be noted here that this trip was made in ten days—the voyage of the Thames from Pittsburg to St. Louis alone consuming seven—and on his arrival at St. Louis the papers remarked, “What a rapid transit from Philadelphia to St. Louis!”

Before leaving Delaware Vital had been appointed by the Government its Examiner of Western Land Offices. Twice he made the visit of all of them, going alone from St. Louis to New Orleans by land; often tethering his horse at night and sleeping on blankets on the bare ground, more than thirty miles from any habitation. Both these visitations were made under the Administration of General Jackson, a warm personal friend and great admirer of his abilities. On being asked by the old Hero to make the second he declined, because, as he stated, the pay voted by Congress was altogether insufficient for the hardships and risks of the service. General Jackson then insisted on indemnifying him out of his own purse, if he would only mention what was due; but Vital refused this generous offer, and consented to go upon the pay allowed by Congress. As he was then contemplating removing to St. Louis General Jackson promised him its Postmastership, but his successor, Van Buren, at Senator Benton's instance, did not fulfill the promise. Vital inaugurated

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*route* to visiting his relatives in the United States: Eliza married Mr. Florence Verrier of Cuba: Julia married Mr. Alfred Francis of Philadelphia: Mary married Mr. Damas Lainé of Cuba: and Cora married Dr. Clymer of Wilmington, Del.

the present system of keeping the Land Office business, under which checks were established, which put an end to the terrible frauds and defalcations which had before existed. His death was due to his exposure on these trips, for his naturally strong constitution broke down and he became one of the many victims of that terrible and fatal disease, Consumption. By advice of his physicians he started, in the latter part of November 1843, for the Island of Cuba (where his wife had relatives) to recuperate, though he himself had no hope of any relief. His wife and two little girls accompanied him, his boys remaining in the United States.

Shortly before, God had permitted him, through the long, fervent and unceasing prayers of his pious consort, as well as by her sweet example, to embrace the Truth. In the Fall of 1843 he became a Catholic and made his First Communion shortly afterwards in the same year. For many years previous he was a firm believer in all the doctrines of the Catholic Church except Trans-substantiation.

Whilst he wished for Faith he was too conscientious to join while he had a single doubt. He read many works seeking for the Truth, without any result however, and it was only through the chance reading of a certain Book that his eyes opened. This work, entitled the *Auto-Odyssey* of an English gentleman voyaging through France, had been loaned to him by Archbishop, then Bishop, Kenrick of St. Louis, a great friend of his, simply for his pleasure, the Bishop knowing that he was thoroughly French in his prejudices and tastes. In one part the Book gave a discussion on his stumbling-block, viz., Trans-substantiation, and in such a masterly manner that the scales fell from his eyes, the Truth was made manifest, and he was induced to surrender his belief. He immediately laid down the Work and exclaiming "I believe" soon sought the Bishop and was received by him into the true Fold.

His presentiment that his disease was incurable proved indeed only too true.

He stayed at the plantation of Mimika's relative, Aristide Des Chapelles, near Cardenas, called Eden Park, after the home in Wilmington, Delaware. Finding no improvement in his con-



dition, but that, on the contrary, he was sinking fast, he became most eager to return home. The only passenger boat then between Havana and New Orleans was the Tacon, a very swift sailing vessel which made the trip in forty-eight hours. Berths for himself, his wife and two little daughters were accordingly engaged and in a broiling hot sun they were all rowed out to it in a gig. But, when it was seen how weak he was, he was refused permission to come aboard; because, at that period, the Havanese had the same horror of Consumption that people nowadays have of Small Pox. He was, thereupon, rowed back with his family to Havana and taken to the Yellow Fever Hospital in that city. His great effort in his weak state—the broiling sun—and the bitter disappointment finished him and he died that night, Holy Thursday of April 1844. His poor wife's desolation and misery at that terrible moment was heartrending, for Havana contained not a relative, not a single friend. Aristide had accompanied them there from Eden Park and then gone home, never dreaming of the dreadful catastrophe that was to follow.

Vital died slowly and gently, receiving all the last Sacraments of that Church which he had so lately embraced and of which he had since shown himself such a firm and devoted member, and sending benedictions to his distant boys, resigned to the will of God which deprived him of giving them a farewell kiss and blessing. He was buried in Havana.

Strange contrast! That same night of his death a *soirée* was being given at the Hospital to Ole Bull, and the shouts and jests of the convivial party in the adjoining room could be distinctly heard in the sorrowing wife's apartment.

Vital Marie was a man of great accomplishments and talents, a finished scholar, and a skilful Artist in painting as well as music. A tender and loving husband, he was also a fond and devoted parent. Under his careful tuition his boys had learned swimming, fencing, boxing, and other manly and useful attainments as well as the gentler and more polite training every true young gentleman should possess. Of an amiable disposition and with most refined and winning manners he possessed also strong character and was the very soul of honor. On one occa-

sion, when in his position of Government Land Examiner he detected a heavy defalcation and was offered a large bribe if he would not report it, he, like a true and loyal man, scorning the base proposal, resolutely refused the tempter and exposed the fraud to the Government.

While a resident of St. Louis he was once or twice a member of its City Council, also President of its Public Schools, and this at a time when Offices sought the men and not men the Offices; for these positions were the spontaneous offerings of the people to him.

A true patriot, he joined Captain Geo. Read's Volunteer Company of Delaware Light Artillery, which was in the U. S. service from November 28, 1814 to February 11, 1815 (a period of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  months), and formed during the war with Great Britain.

A distant connection of the Empress Josephine through the Beauharnais family he was on one occasion on a visit to Paris, but did not call on her, simple citizen that he was in respect to her rank. On the day before his departure, Josephine, having learned of his presence in Paris, sent him a personal invitation to call. But, as he was unwilling to postpone his departure, he did not do so; and, as he afterwards observed, "What a different career I may have had, had I accepted her invitation!" He cared very little for pomp and show, and yet, with the versatility of his talents and attainments and with his elegant and polished manners, he would have made his mark even in the brilliant Society by which she was then surrounded.

## CHAPTER III.

Julius' birth—childhood—College life—Latin letter—desire to become a practical Catholic and consent of his father—remarks of his college chum, Mr. John T. Doyle, and of Fathers Stonestreet, Clarke, and Ward of the College—application for and appointment as cadet to West Point—anecdote of his missing the train.

HAVING now given a brief account of his ancestry and immediate family I shall proceed to take up the subject of my sketch.

Julius Peter Garesché du Rocher was born on the 26th of April 1821, the Feast day of Saints Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs, in the Island of Cuba, on the plantation of "A la Redardo" near Havana, belonging to a Mr. Antonio Frijo, and of which his maternal grandfather, Pierre Bauduy, was at the time Administrator.

He received in baptism the name of Julius Peter; Peter after his maternal uncle, Peter Bauduy. Inasmuch as the Catholic religion was the only one tolerated in Cuba his father permitted him to be baptized in it and because infant baptism coincided with his own belief, but he had no intention that he should be reared in any other than the Protestant religion. He even afterwards permitted his two following boys, Alexander John Peter (Alexandre Juan Pedro José de la Trinidad) and Frederick Peter, also born in Cuba, to be likewise baptized, reserving his right to their being educated as Protestants. Little did Julius' Catholic mother and Protestant father dream that their puny babe, as he lay in his swaddling clothes looking so small and insignificant and seemingly incapable of becoming aught much, was one day to become the pride of his family, a second Aloysius and stainless Bayard, a true Catholic in every sense of the term. If his good mother could only have foreseen the Future how happy would her pious maternal heart have been, now so disconsolate at giving birth to a boy destined as such to be raised in another Faith.

As he was the first one of his mother's children that lived at all, he was also the first one that became a Catholic. She was without daughters until then, when it seemed as if God blessed her pious and yearning motherly heart by vouchsafing her a double blessing: making her model boy a Catholic and thereafter giving her a little Catholic daughter.

In 1827, when Julius was about six years old and his brothers Alexander and Frederick respectively four years and eighteen months in age, his Parents returned with their little family of boys to the United States and settled in New York, where they remained for three years. During all this period of Julius' life there occurred nothing particularly characteristic which would serve to distinguish him from other children.

In December of 1827 his mother gave birth at New York to her fourth boy, Ferdinand Louis, and at some period of 1829 or 1830 she returned with her husband and family to Wilmington, Del. During this interval they had made occasional visits to Wilmington, in one of which Frederick P. was baptized by an Episcopalian minister.

His mother was again domiciled in dear old Eden Park, that home of her childhood, where so many happy years had been spent. It was now tenanted by her cherished sister Cora and her husband, Vital's brother, and their little family. For the next three years Julius and Alexander attended an academy on Quaker Hill kept by Mr. Samuel Smith, a strict Quaker. This school was admirable for its discipline and studies. Even at this tender age Julius was remarked for those traits of mind and heart, so distinctively characteristic of his after life. Quiet and gentle in disposition, studious, strictly truthful and punctilious in his honor, he was looked up to as the pattern boy of the family and of the whole city.

He frequently complained to his mother that in going to and from school he was constantly getting into fights on his brother Alexander's account. "If a boy, Mamma, only looks at him, no matter how big he is, Aleck quarrels with him and then I have to take the fight up." She, knowing how averse he was to street fights, would thereupon reproach Alexander. The latter who, though possessing a good heart was nevertheless a boy



ready for any mischief and excitement, no matter what, would answer that "he did not ask any one to fight his battles for him."

Often in the afternoon when her three elder boys, Julius, Alexander and Frederick, returned from school, she would send them with as much fire wood as they could carry in their little arms to the wretched hovels of the poor whom she had visited in the day, wishing to accustom them at this early age to such acts of charity as would initiate them into the sufferings and misery of God's poor as also induce them to overcome that inordinate and foolish pride of human opinion so common to children of their age and condition. Thus did Julius early learn that devoted charity and love for the poor and unfortunate that distinguished his after life.

On the 25th of October, 1829, his fourth and youngest brother, Louis, was born. The child was baptized a Catholic in St. Peter's Church (the present cathedral) on the third of the following month. But it did not live long, and a few months later, on the 10th of June, 1830, its angel spirit took flight and winged its way to join the celestial choir of Angels, and its mortal remains were interred in the Wilmington Cemetery. It was the last boy that Julius' mother bore and completed her quintuple. Henceforward her little family were to become members of her faith, and Julius was the chosen lamb who should lead them into that fold.

When there was question of placing Julius and his cousin Bauduy,\* elder son of Mr. Jean P. Garesché du Rocher, at college, Vital Marie, by consent of both families, was asked to choose the locality. Vital's wife underwent great anxiety at the time and prayed most fervently herself and had many prayers offered up by others that a Protestant college should not be

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\* Bauduy P., one of Julius' favorite cousins, who married October 2, 1849, Miss Juliette McLane (named after his maternal grandmother, Julia Bauduy), daughter of Louis McLane of Wilmington, Del., Secretary of the Treasury and of State under General Jackson, Minister to England, and President of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., and sister of the present U. S. Minister to France. Bauduy died in St. Louis in 1869 and his widow died in 1885, a Religious of the Sacred Heart, in which Order her two daughters Kitty and Lily were already Religious, having entered before her.



selected. These invocations to the Most High were indeed heard; for her husband, after visiting some of the principal Protestant colleges, dissatisfied with their discipline, decided upon the Jesuit College of Georgetown, D. C., being at once charmed with the manners of its instructors and knowing that they were then the best preceptors of the classics in the country. Accordingly in September, 1833, the opening of the collegiate year, he entered his son Julius, then only twelve years of age, and his nephew Bauduy in that institution as boarders. Julius continued there until May, 1837, when he left for the Military Academy of West Point. Meanwhile he ranked as first in all his classes, receiving each year numerous medals—emblematic of his great talents and close application.

At all the college Commencements he declaimed and always in French, having a most conspicuous place on the Programme of the exercises. On one such occasion his mother made the journey, a long and wearying one in those days, in order to be present, and on her return home she dwelt on the modesty and humility with which he bore his honors. He became quite proficient in Latin and used to correspond with his father in this tongue. One of his Latin poems was sent on to Rome by the college authorities as a specimen of what an American (barbarian?) could do.

A Latin Letter of Julius to his father, written in December 1836.

“Georgeopolitani Collegii Jack. Prææs. Pridie Idus Anno Domini 1836.

“Julius Garesché Patri suo carissimo salutem dat. Maximas tibi gratias ago, mi pater, quod mihi veniam dedisti faciendi, quod proximis litteris a te expetivi, ne credas cum tantum apud me beneficium collocas, illud in sterili agro collocari aut nullum daturum esse fructum; minimè verò; nulla unquam calamitas hujus tantæ acceptæ gratiæ memoriam imminuet, sed tamen corde semper fixum inhærebit, nisi fortassè declarandi eam occasionem reperiam, et ex hoc amor erga te benevolentiaque, si potest etiam hoc fieri, erunt profectò amplificata. Ad nostram scilicet Wilmingtōnis urbem matrem certè meam rediisse puto, unas enim ei literas conscripsi, haud longè post, nudius nempè quintus et nullum adhuc accepi responsum, quamvis eam satis habere otii Philadelphiæ nosco, rerum familiarum omni curâ soluta et vacua; fac scribas mihi quomodo nunc soror parva Maria valet, an meliùs, an pejùs, nam tamdiù est quin literas

ullas matre excepi, ut nescio sane quid facilis aut quomodo valetis. Ut exemplo hoc confirmem, hanc scilicet caussam esse putabam, cur nullas nuper litteras accepi, sororem in morbum etiam majorem recidisse, ac vos tantâ sollicitudine, tantis curis oppressos, ne tantulam quidem tempus habere mihi Alexandrove scribere epistolam; rescribo igitur mihi, care pater, statim ut has legeris, ut tandem noscam, quæ ratio valetudinis sit parvæ Mariæ, nam animi interdum angore maximo versor. Maximum fuit, haud longè ante incendium, in ipso limine, ut ità dicam, collegii, animadvertisti fortasse duas ligno structas ædes, a sinistrâ sitas, paulò ante quam collegii portam intrares harum proximæ illæ collegio ignem casu aliquo misero concepère, neque ulla vis coeli, quamvis per omne tempus rorârât imbrem, neque ulla hominum licet magna contentio, ejus furiosos impetus aut sistere aut morari potuit, sed inanem inutilemque operam sumpsêrunt, igni vires aded non defecère, ut etiam augeri visi sint, et item omnibus circumstantium conatibus illudere: eo modo aliquantum temporis majùs ac majùs perrexit incendium crescere, donec summum attingit, et in ruinas sublapsa est domus. Feci equidem omne quod mihi per ætatem ac vires licebat, et acie duplici inter ignem ac antliam instructâ ad aquam faciliùs transferendam, ibi præcipuè omnes nisus contuli fuit etiam alterum haud paulo ædificium incensum, quod sine dubio ex auditu noscis, nempe commune epistolarum diribitorium; potest ita matrîs epistola si ullum mihi adhuc responsum misit, potest forsitan incensa esse. Cum nuperrimè apud Dominos Bayard ac Milligan prandimus, subito mihi dixit prior, haud verisimiliter ignoratis, quod pater tuus sibi animo ducit ineunte vere migrare in Missouri; respondi statim, te de hâc re me sæpè audivisse loquentem et me credere item te illud in mente habere, sed nescire tamen pro certo statuisset; dixit autem; 'Imò verò, illud tandem sibi fixum natumque habet.' Dic, quæso, pater, mihi proximis litteris, anne profectò hoc verum est necne, nam magis dubito. Vale, mi pater ac mihi statim rescribe, nam avidè expecto tuas litteras, et memento me interdum summâ impatientiâ arere audiendi quæ domi geruntur. Meo loco oscula matrem fratresque duos ac sororem. Iterum tibi nunc, optimè patrum, valedico,

JULIUS GARESCHÉ."

*Translation.*

"GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, PRESIDENCY OF JACKSON,  
December 12th, 1836.

"Julius Garesché salutes his dearest Father.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I thank you very much for granting me the permission which I asked in my last letter. Be assured, that in bestowing so great a favor upon me, you have not sown in sterile or unfruitful soil. No misfortune will ever cause me to lose the lively remembrance of having received such a favor; but, on the contrary, the memory of it will remain forever locked up within my heart, unless, perchance, I should find an opportunity of

making it public, and thus, if that were possible, of increasing my love and gratitude toward you.

"I feel sure that my mother has returned to Wilmington, for I wrote to her five days ago and have as yet received no reply; although I know that in Philadelphia, freed from all household cares, she had sufficient leisure for writing. Do write and tell me how my little sister Mary is; whether better or worse. It is so long since I have received a letter from my mother that I know not how you all are, or what you are doing. As a proof of this I thought the cause of my receiving no letter lately was that my sister had grown worse and that you, overpowered by care and anxiety, had not time to write even a short epistle to Alexander or myself. Answer therefore, my dear father, as soon as you read this, that I may know at length the condition of little Mary's health; for, in the meantime, I shall be in the greatest anxiety.

"There was a great fire lately at the very doors of the college. You perhaps noticed two wooden buildings on the left, a short distance from the college gate. Of these the one nearest the college, by some wretched mishap, caught fire, and neither the power of the skies,—for it was raining hard the whole time,—nor the exertions of men, whose efforts proved vain and useless, availed to subdue or check the fury of the flames, which did not abate in strength, but seemed to increase in violence, and to mock the efforts of those who sought to control them. Thus the fire went on increasing for some time, until it reached the roof and the house fell in ruins. I did all that my age and strength would allow me. A double line, formed between the fire and a pump, was the scene of my chief exertions. Not long afterwards the post office building was burned, as, doubtless, you have heard. It may be that my mother's letter, if she has answered mine, was also burned.

"Lately, when dining with Messrs. Bayard and Milligan, the former said to me; 'You are no doubt aware that your father intends, when Spring comes, to emigrate to Missouri.' I replied that I had often heard you speak of the matter, and believed you intended to go, but did not know you had decided on doing so. He answered: 'Yes, the matter has been finally settled.' Tell me, my dear father, I beg of you, whether this be true or not: for I feel so very uncertain.

"Farewell, my dear father. Write to me immediately, for I am eagerly waiting for your letter; and remember that I am most impatient to hear of what is going on at home. Kiss my mother for me, also my two brothers and sister.

"Again, my dearest father, farewell,

"JULIUS GARESCHÉ."

Not long after Julius had been at college, feeling convinced that the Catholic religion was the only true one and that as such it was his duty to become a full and practical member of it, he

determined on becoming so. With him duty had always been, as it always was afterwards, paramount over all other considerations. Knowing his Father's great partiality for the Classics he wrote his petition to him in the form of a long and beautiful Latin letter. His Mother knew that the letter had come, for she had been expecting it. When, therefore, some days passed, and her husband continued silent on the subject, though evidently much moved, she ventured to ask him what he intended answering. "What can I answer to a son who has raised my name so high and has never caused me one moment's sorrow? I can refuse him nothing."

Julius' brother Alexander joined him at Georgetown in 1834. He, too, wished to become a practical Catholic and wrote to his father asking such permission, but it was only after long and repeated efforts on his part that the desired consent was given and then only reluctantly, his father firmly determining that it should be the last concession. He thereupon placed his two younger boys Frederick and Ferdinand as boarders with an Episcopalian clergyman, so that there should be no possibility of their becoming Catholics. But, on his return from a lengthened absence, he detected them in some escapade, which so incensed him that turning them over to their mother he said she could make Catholics or any thing she wished of them, provided she made them truthful.

Soon after becoming a practical Catholic by consent of his father Julius expressed the wish of joining the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary and was admitted as a member on the 12th of October 1834, Feast of the Maternity. On December the 8th 1834, Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., a solemn High Mass was offered with Father Grace, S. J., as celebrant and Fathers Lilly and Brogard S. J., as assistants, and the Sodalists all approached Holy Communion, to the edification of every body. On January the 27th, 1837, a meeting of the Sodalists was held, in order to elect some member to fill the position of Assistant, just vacated by the resignation of James Laphen. The election resulted in Julius being chosen by a very large majority of votes, and he continued to hold this position to the great satisfaction of all up to the time he left for West Point.



During his whole college course he won golden opinions from his Professors and Prefects for his close application to his studies, his great talents, his ever gentlemanly deportment, goodness of heart, steadfastness and uprightness of character, and strict attention to all his duties, both secular and religious. Nor were his classmates slow to appreciate his many noble qualities.

As an instance of how he was regarded at Georgetown College I take the liberty of inserting the following testimony of some of those who knew him then.

Mr. Jno. T. Doyle, now of San Francisco, Cal., and a college chum of Julius, says :

"He was a good and conscientious student. Did all his work fully and faithfully ; but that once done he enjoyed his leisure in conversation, or a walk, or a book. A very quiet boy physically, though of a very even, cheerful and sunny disposition, and a hearty laughter at any thing reasonably the subject of merriment. I think the most modest person both as man and boy I ever knew.

"Sometimes a little disputatious (to coin a word) and pleased to split hairs and chop logic over the playroom fire in winter."

Extracts from a letter of Rev. C. H. Stonestreet, S. J., then a Professor at Georgetown :

"Julius was not my scholar at College while I taught there. As a bright genius I felt an uncommon interest in him and wished him to hold in class the first place.

"As a boy he was of great activity and full of play. He thought more of setting his traps for hares around the College walks and catching them than of searching for Greek roots and writing Sapphic odes in Latin. When he chose earnestly to apply to his studies fortune was his captive and he wore her best badge.

"But, amid all the innocent thoughtlessness of youth, he was true to the main thing: and his moral observance and pious Deportment made his talents pay homage to religion.

"After this I lost sight of him for some years, but from time to time news came from West Point that made us proud of our 'olim' boy student. His characteristics appear to me to have been genius and great talents tempered and restrained by innate reserve."

Statement of Rev. William F. Clarke, S. J., his Prefect :

"On no occasion did I ever have a single fault to find with Julius. He was always good, quiet and gentlemanly, in every respect the model of a true Christian and a perfect gentleman."



Rev. James A. Ward, S. J., his Professor during his last year, his class being the Poetry or Sophomore, said :

"Julius was my pupil from September 1836 to May 1837, when he left for West Point to pass his preliminary examination. During all this time he was all that I could wish for: not only being always attentive and polite, but also being remarkably proficient in all his studies. He carried off monthly all the first honors of all his classes and had he remained until July (then the termination of the collegiate year) would have done likewise. And I have no doubt but that he would have been equally successful had he remained the two ensuing years to graduate. Not only did he display remarkable proficiency in the Classics and in English, but he also excelled in Mathematics and French.\* Though he wrote English poetry very beautifully he did not manifest much liking for it, and once on being questioned by myself the reason for this he answered that he did not think that Mathematics and Poetry agreed well together, that one unfitted a man for the other. He was very particular about his mathematical studies, for which he had such great aptitude, owing to his being anxious to pass successfully the preliminary examination at West Point and because this branch of study was the principal one at that Academy."

The year before Julius left Georgetown his Father, whose circumstances were then embarrassed, wrote to him that he could no longer support him at College without failing in his duty towards his other children. As Julius aspired to the highest education then attainable, and at the same time looked upon the Army as the most honorable profession a gentleman could follow, he asked permission of his Father to enter the Military Academy of West Point, who nothing loath approved his wish, and following is his own correspondence relating thereto as also Julius' acceptance of his appointment as Cadet.

"WILMINGTON, October 13th, 1836.

"DEAR SIR,

"I send you a copy of a letter I address to Hon<sup>ble</sup> Benj. F. Butler, Acting Sect'y of War. Excuse me if I trouble you with this matter; but if you could use your influence in my behalf I should be very thankful indeed.

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\* The Classics seem to have been Julius' forte. For some years after he left Georgetown he corresponded regularly with one of his classmates in Latin, and when he was stationed subsequently at Fort McHenry, Md., he was actually preparing a translation of Horace, in which he thought he had found some improved readings.

"In recommending my son, I do not think I place a burden on the shoulders of the Government. He is very eager to get in and his ambition makes him anticipate the first honors of the Academy. Indeed if from the past we can judge of the future, I should predict that he will make a useful member of the Republic. I owe you certainly a very great apology for thus trespassing upon you, but I know from experience your willingness to oblige me.

"I am very respectfully,

"Dear Sir,

"Your obed't serv't,

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"P.S. I have given my son a letter for the President. I almost feel ashamed to ask of you the favor of introducing him having so little claim to such a favor; but an introduction by you would almost insure success or at least a note to Maj. Donaldson.

"MAJ. W. M. B. LEWIS,

"2nd Auditor of the War Dept.,

"Washington, D. C."

The enclosed letter to Mr. Butler.

"WILMINGTON, DEL., October 13, 1836.

"SIR:—

"In 1833 Mr. Louis McLane, then Sect'y. of the Treasury, informed me that Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lewis Cass, with the consent of the President, had placed my son, Julius P. Garesché, on the list of candidates (for the state of Delaware) to the West Point Academy.

"Subsequently Henry Gilpin Esq., having superior claims had his brother entered in preference to my son. But now that this obstacle is removed by the discharge of the young man, could not my son resume his rank. He obtained at the last Commencement of Georgetown College three medals and one premium, in different classes; he has one more year to perfect himself in his Latin and Greek and will then be sixteen. His ambition is very great. A father's partiality aside and judging solely from the honors repeatedly received at College he bids fair to make a distinguished officer.

"I am very respectfully,

"Sir, Your obed't. serv't,

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"HON. BENJ. F. BUTLER,

"Acting Sect'y. of War."

"WILMINGTON, DEL., November 4th, 1836.

"SIR,

"I was honored with your letter of the 1st inst. and feel very thankful with the prospects you hold out of my son Julius' application being taken up in March next. He will then have the advantage on entering of a

complete College education, a very tolerable fluency in French and mathematical knowledge up to Differential and Integral Calculus and Conic Sections. With such a foundation at the age of sixteen and ambition to soar far above, I hope he will make himself a worthy member of the corps in which he may be admitted.

"I am very respectfully,

"Sir

"Your obed't serv't,

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"HON<sup>'BLE</sup> B. F. BUTLER,

"*Sect'y of War ad int.*

"Washington."

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1837.

"SIR,

"As it is not my wish to stand in opposition to the Reed family of New Castle, Delaware, allow me to withdraw my application for the admission of my son Julius into the West Point Academy. The great interest I take in the Reed family and the friendly ties that bind us together make me waive priority of claims for other claims of greater importance. My son Julius has been made reconciled to it and I hope that nothing will now stand in the path of the new candidate.

"I am very respectfully,

"Sir, Your obed't serv't,

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"HON<sup>'BLE</sup> B. F. BUTLER,

"*Acting Sect'y of War*

"Washington."

"WILMINGTON, March 20th, 1837.

"SIR,

"Gov<sup>r</sup> Cass had two years ago promised to my friend Mr. Louis McLane, then Sect'y of State, that my son Julius would be admitted a cadet at West Point, as soon as he entered his 16th year, the application I believe was sanctioned by Gen<sup>l</sup> Jackson and is probably on file in your office. Last fall the application was renewed and no obstacle seemed to stand in our way, until one month ago, when Judge Clayton applied in behalf of the son of the late Geo. Reed of New Castle. The intimacy that subsists between our families and their destitute situation induced me to withdraw my application. I was not aware however that young Reed was but 14 and consequently unable to take advantage of the favors of Government and moreover that the idea had originated with Judge Clayton, the family of young Reed being as yet undecided as to their future plans respecting him. Messrs. Milligan and Bayard, members of our delegation, explained these circumstances to Mr. Butler, who, with the consent of Judge Clayton, promised he would issue Julius' warrant, at least so I was informed

by Mr. Bayard. My anxiety to hear the result is my excuse for trespassing on your time.

"I remain very respectfully,

"Sir

"Your obed't Serv't

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"HON'BLE THE SECRETARY OF WAR

"Washington."

"GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, Thursday, March 30th, 1837.

"SIR,

"I had the honor of receiving from your hand a few days since, a warrant of Cadet in the Service of the United States, *provided* I possessed the qualities requisite for admission into the Academy. I did not, at once intimate my acceptance as I was uncertain as to two or three particulars, relating to the formula and time of so doing, which I have since inquired into and now hasten to signify my assent to the conditions and acceptance of the warrant. At the same time, I beg of you to accept my sincere and grateful thanks for the honor conferred on me, and I shall endeavor that the whole course of my conduct, whilst at the Academy, may be such as to justify the expectations which may have been entertained of me in bestowing it, and not cause you to repent of your goodness in doing so. My father will shortly be on to Washington himself, perhaps in the course of a fortnight, and will, in person, perform the part required of him in assenting to the conditions of the warrant.

"I have the honor, Sir, to remain

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ."

"I hereby give my consent to my son Julius P. Garesché entering the Military Academy at West Point and serving truly and faithfully the United States for Five years.

"V. M. GARESCHÉ.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17th, 1837.

"HON'BLE JOEL R. POINSETT,

"Secretary of War,

"Washington, D. C."

When the carriage drove up to the door of the College to convey Julius to the R.R. station in Washington, when he was leaving for West Point, one of the Brothers, Brother Mullen, the outdoor Brother, ordered it away, and by this high-handed proceeding Julius missed a train. The good Brother's motive for acting thus, was in accordance with the general belief throughout the College that Julius would be a Jesuit; and he



thought that the boy's father was sending him to West Point only to destroy this vocation and that he himself was performing a meritorious action for the boy's sake in dismissing the means which would deprive him of his vocation.

Many of the readers of this book may here stop and wonderingly exclaim at Julius' desire of entering the profession of arms and think it strange indeed for such a pious and Christian boy. Yet it is not wonderful that they should, when even those who surrounded him in Georgetown's classic and holy precincts should think likewise, astonished indeed that one so quiet and reserved and imbued with such sincere and practical piety, so thoroughly unselfish in every respect and possessing such refined ideas, should select for his career the hardy, rough and too frequently dissipated life of a soldier. They would have imagined, like the good Brother, that the youthful Julius, a second Aloysius in his modest and Catholic deportment, would rather have selected the peaceful and holy life of a religious, far removed from the rude, clamorous and ever changing world. Such persons would judge not unwisely and yet even their logical judgment could be at fault. For God can take the most holy and refined souls and place them in a life of moral turmoil and danger, and instead of being contaminated by their surroundings, they will only shine out with the greater splendor and come forth gloriously triumphant, nay even convert to good deeds and to a pious life those amidst whom they have been and from whom only harm and wickedness was to be expected. Take for example the great St. Louis and so many other saintly souls who led a martial life without ever receiving any marks of spiritual harm, and who even shed a lustre by their virtues on that life of iron and steel.

A soldier's life is indeed a dangerous one! In time of war by the numerous and ever varying dangers that lurk in his path, and in time of peace by the constant and fatal temptations of the flesh that a life of inglorious ease is apt to engender.

And indeed West Point, like all other great Colleges where Religion is not taught, might well be considered in the eyes of the prudent or timid as a dangerous place for a young boy to enter; especially for one reared as Julius had been, under the



fostering and watchful care of his pious and Catholic mother, and with such strong religious principles as were implanted in his youthful breast. For how few Catholics were there who entered that Academy and of that small number how very few were there who kept up the practice of their holy Religion, when to do so was to subject themselves to numberless difficulties as well as expose themselves to the cold sneer and cruel ridicule of their thoughtless and oft-times heartless fellow Cadets.

## CHAPTER IV.

His life at West Point—accident while home on furlough and manly fortitude—appointed A. A. Professor of French—severe illness just before graduation—graduation and assignment to the 4th Artillery—curious thing about his Class—remarks of Professors Kendrick and Bartlett and Classmates Generals Don Carlos Buell, F. F. Flint and Z. B. Tower—a manuscript of Julius—departure to spend his graduating furlough with his relatives and family—horse named after him.

JULIUS left Georgetown in May 1837 for West Point with the best wishes of his boyish companions, and of his Prefects and Professors for his future life. Though they all wished him success, many felt a pang of regret at parting from this talented and winning boy, whom all had learned to love so much as well as respect and admire. Indeed, he left behind him a memory never to be forgotten, one indelibly impressed on the hearts of those who now bade him adieu.

As I have shown, through the correspondence of his father on the subject, he received his appointment as Cadet from the Hon. J. R. Poinsett, Secretary of War, upon the recommendation of the Hon. Lewis Cass and Mr. Bayard, Member of Congress from Delaware and father of the present Secretary of State, and was credited as appointed from Delaware, not charged to any of its Congressional Districts.

When Julius arrived at the Military Academy it was first necessary for him to pass the preliminary examination which he did and with great success. Then on the 1st of July he was sworn in with the other successful embryo soldiers before the Adjutant of the Academy, and thereupon entered upon his academic duties. He was now only sixteen years old and the *third* youngest in his Class, which was an extremely large one for that time, numbering very nearly *one hundred* members.

He entered West Point in one sense in an extremely favorable manner, and yet in another in just the reverse. For with his great talents he bade fair to attain a distinguished rank among

his Classmates, and yet being the only Catholic in his Class he rendered himself liable to the unfeeling and cruel remarks of this same Class as also, what was still more to be dreaded, to the sneers, taunts, and ridicule of the upper Classes who are all powerful and domineering and who have it in their power to make the life of the "Plebes," (as the 4th or lowest Class is called), almost unbearable, by means of that terrible system of "Hazing" which from time immemorial they have chosen to exercise as their right. Julius' position on his entrance, for this very reason of being a Catholic, was even more trying than that of any of his fellow Plebes. Those who have graduated at the Military Academy are fully sensible of the trials they had to endure during their first year's course as 4th Classmen, of the many abuses they received from the hands of the upper Classmen and the humiliations they were subjected to from them, too numerous and painful here to mention. How instead of the kind and hospitable treatment one would naturally expect strangers to receive, who have just left home with all its comforts and loved ones, they have met from the hands of these upper Classmen a course of treatment one would be ashamed to show the veriest cur and told to consider themselves as even below the standard of the vilest and lowest of the brute creation. In fact, the unfeeling manner, in which the life of the poor Plebe has been tormented by the upper Classes, has frequently excited the wrath of the Nation.

Ridicule and Sarcasm are fearful weapons to use, and in the hands of the unscrupulous and hard-hearted, how many a painful dart have they not driven into the feeling hearts of those against whom they have been mercilessly hurled! Many a brave man has been able to bear almost stoically all kinds of suffering, mental as well as physical, and yet, when it came to being laughed or sneered at, his courage has given away, and he has become an abject tool in the hands of his cruel tormentors.

What then must have been the feelings of the refined, gentlemanly and pious Julius on his entrance and during his first year's sojourn. And yet how true was he to his God and to himself, how well did he give evidence of his beautiful character

and disposition, when by his ever gentlemanly and Christian deportment, his quiet and unostentatious performance of his religious duties, he compelled all these young men, of all four Classes, not only to respect and love him dearly but also to respect that holy Religion, of which he was such a bright example and lived up to so truly! It is to be borne in mind that Catholicity was not then so well known in this Country. It had a hard and bitter persecution to meet with. In the opinion of the Protestants it ranked with Pagan superstitions and its adherents were looked upon as worshippers of images, as slaves to their priests.

There was nothing of the mean sycophant or braggadocio about Julius. He was at all times; not now alone, but during the whole course of his life, ready to defend the weak or timid as well as stand bravely up in the defense of his Duty and his God. He had the true sense of the chivalrous knight, ever ready and ever willing to serve first his God and next his lawful superiors in a manly and honorable manner. During his course at West Point as well as afterwards in the Army, he was always deeply conscientious and pious, and never for a single moment hesitated to perform the duties which his Religion taught him nor fail to comply with the rightful commands which his lawful superiors, in their capacity as such, gave him. His was not a nature to disobey, save when he felt his conscience would not sanction obedience. Then no power on earth could have induced him to obey; for as he was too good and brave to do a mean or dishonorable action, he was also too grand and noble to follow the unjust or dishonorable behests of another. His was the true chivalry, "without fear and without reproach."

Though possessed of and so thoroughly imbued with religious and lofty manly principles, and being too of rather a reserved nature, still he loved innocent play, and was always foremost in all games of foot-ball and other sports, yet never allowing the enthusiasm of youth to carry him beyond the bounds of propriety and good feeling. He would never bicker or quarrel with his companions as is unfortunately the case with most boys. If he ever felt himself to be in the wrong he would most cheerfully



give up, and too in such a manly and straightforward manner that his opponent only felt the more ashamed of his own perverse and disagreeable conduct.

Even to the present day his memory is green in the hearts of those who knew him then, and who recall with delight, though tinged with sadness, his pleasant and thoughtful smile, his graceful and slender figure, his manly looking countenance, and his characteristically polite and winning manners.

Even as a boy he was always the true Christian gentleman, never forgetting the true and noble attributes a man should possess, never deriding or scorning those who were his inferiors, either by natural birth in point of society or by the disadvantage of only mediocre talents. On the contrary, he was at all times ready to help such when a helping hand was needed and afterwards endeavor to forget the good offices he had just performed. Always thoroughly unselfish and humble he would perform his good deeds in private, not wishing the world to know of them.

There was a current report at the time that he was the only Catholic Cadet in those days to whom was accorded two or three days Leave to attend to his Easter duties, and this proves the respect he was held in by the Faculty of the Academy.

On his furlough in 1838 he rejoined his family in Wilmington. One morning he went out gunning, and on his return went up to his room and, having bathed, dressed himself in his white cadet fatigue uniform and then strolled out into the yard. There he found his brothers Frederick and Ferdinand intently watching Alexander who had his (Julius') powder flask, and was drawing powder from it, and then throwing it on some live coals in front of him. Julius watched the proceeding for some little time and then remarking, "Let me show you how to do that," took the flask and, whilst his brothers all clustered around, curious to see what he was going to do, held back the spring (it was a copper flask) and standing immediately over the coals poured the contents on them in a steady stream. In an instant there was a vivid flash, followed by a loud report, and the flask exploded in his hand. One of his little fingers was cut nearly off, merely hanging by a shred. A piece of the flask, about one inch square, entered on the inside of his forearm, about two or three



inches above the wrist, and ploughing through the arm lengthwise came out again. He was also cut about the legs, and his clothes caught fire. Strange to say, not one of his brothers, though standing so close, were touched! He stood still for a moment, then rushed into the cellar, Frederick and Ferdinand following. Alexander, fearing the Constable, fled hastily up stairs to the third story, where he hid under a bed. The servants seeing Julius on fire, covered with blood and begrimed with powder, were dreadfully scared and ran pell mell into the street.

Fortunately it was wash-day, and Julius' brothers threw the water from the tubs over him and soon quenched the fire. A crowd collected and he was taken over to a Physician's office, immediately opposite. Though he suffered the most intense pain, like a true soldier, he bravely bore up under it and permitted the physician to doctor his wounds, without betraying any of the agonizing pain he was enduring. He would not even allow his mother to be informed of his accident until the worst was over, so thoughtful was he for her maternal heart. It was not long before he fully recovered, and, as every one remarked, he had had a most miraculous escape.

On October 15, 1840, the Fall of Julius' last year's sojourn at West Point, owing to his ability in French, he was appointed by the Academic Board as Acting Assistant Professor of that language and retained this important position until relieved on January 6, 1841. Though he might well have had reason to feel proud and even vain-glorious in being accorded such a distinguishing honor, as positions of this kind were held only by graduates, not by the cadets—even though, like himself, they should always have led their class in this study; yet in his humility of heart he felt only a deep sense of gratitude to those who had thus honored him and a fervent determination to perform faithfully his duties, so that they should have no occasion to regret their choice.

He passed through his four years' course with the highest distinction, ranking among the first of his class and winning an enviable place on the Rolls of the Academy. He graduated with high honors July 1, 1841, and was assigned to the Artillery Arm of the service.

He would have graduated with higher honor, even among the "stars," as the ranking five of the class are called, but for sickness.

Some time before he was taken very ill and suffered most intensely with what was supposed to be an aneurism on his throat. In consequence he was compelled to become an inmate of the cadet hospital. On May 22, 1841, being granted a leave of absence on Surgeon's certificate for one month, he visited his relatives, Baron Keating's family in Philadelphia, for the purpose of undergoing expert medical treatment. He was in the last stage of despondency, because he had been told that this affection of his throat would surely end his life. He was put under the care of Dr. Jackson, then one of the leading Physicians of Philadelphia, who pronounced his to be a case of goitre. Under his careful and experienced treatment Julius recovered. During his convalescence and whilst still weak and forced to lie down most of the time, he contrived to keep apace with his class in all their studies, and, when cured and able to return to the Point, he astonished all his Professors with his brilliant examinations.

Upon receiving his diploma he was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the 4th Artillery and assigned to company K of that Regiment. His Class, which had started with a very large number for those days, numbering very nearly a hundred members, had considerably diminished in its four years' course, owing to various causes, so that upon its graduation it numbered only fifty-two, staunch and well tried however and fitted to receive the shoulder straps they so richly merited. Many of these young men afterwards served with great distinction in the Mexican War and won high rank and distinguished honor in the opposing Federal and Confederate Armies during that terrible War of the Rebellion of 1861-65, in which our hero so gallantly laid down his life, an offering for his country's welfare.

A singular thing occurs about this Class. It appears from well authenticated testimony that more of its members were killed in the Mexican and Indian Wars and great conflict of the Rebellion than of any Class in the history of the Academy.

To use the words of another concerning Julius:—

"The young soldier loved his profession, and took into it a loyal and determined will to uphold the honor of his flag whenever assailed, and defend his country with his life against every foe that dared to threaten it. His was not the boastfulness of a theatrical chivalry, his purpose was without mental reservation, his aims were born of the highest and noblest aspirations, and his principles were those of the sternest integrity."

I shall now give the remarks of some of Julius' Professors, Classmates and others who knew him at West Point.

Remarks of Professor Henry L. Kendrick, U.S.A., one of the Professors of the Military Academy then, and until lately, when he was placed on the Retired List:—

"I was well acquainted with him while he was a Cadet at the Military Academy and now, as I am writing, his calm, intelligent and thoughtful face rises before me, carrying me away back to him and his classmates. With these I know he was ever a justly marked favorite—loved for his mildness, respected for his high abilities and honored for his abiding christian consistency and manliness. In all these sentiments the Academic Board concurred.

"It was not my fortune to meet him after his graduation. Our services were in different geographical departments, generally widely separated.

"His Class, that of 1841, was a distinguished one, numbering among its members Generals Tower, Wright, Whipple, Lyon, Love, Hamilton, Reynolds, Buell, the two Jones', and the two Garnetts—names which, with his, are now well known in military annals. With these I have often met since those West Point days and with one accord they give him a central place in their warmest remembrances, and as one whose after life fully justified their early and kind predictions. He was a hard student and by the display of the highest military virtues won an enviable official reputation. As a man he went quietly about doing good. Although ardently attached to his friends yet, in sublime reliance upon Divine Providence, from the deserving poor he never turned away. Never forcing his opinions upon others he was yet no time server, no sycophant. He worshipped God and duty. No one more nobly illustrated in his daily life St. Paul's fervid delineation of Charity. His life going upon the battlefield in defence of his country to Him who gave it

"'Faithful unto Death,'

may well be engraved upon his tombstone. Such his friends—he had no enemies—have described him and such the Army knows him to have been. Surely it is well to preserve as well as revere his memory."

Remarks of Professor Wm. H. C. Bartlett, U.S.A., also a Pro-

fessor at the Military Academy then and until lately, when he was placed also on the Retired List of Officers of the Army :—

“I knew him, but we were not on terms of very great intimacy, because, I believe, of his as well as my own natural reserve. I may say, however, that he was a gentleman in every sense of that term and had a very high reputation as a good soldier and faithful public servant. He was a great favorite with those who knew him well.”

Remarks of General Don Carlos Buell, a classmate :—

“At West Point his character exhibited a delightful blending of fine intellectual endowments with an unpretentious deportment, and an unblemished daily life with the generous impulses of youth. He was a proficient student, not by virtue of laborious application or a desire for special prominence in his class, but by reason of natural aptness and a spontaneous sense of the obligations which his talents and his position imposed upon him. As a youth and in mature manhood, his whole life was under the strictest subordination to principle. He was alike unostentatiously true to his religious faith and his official duties. It was not a mere obedience to orders, or a selfish ambition, but an elevated idea of duty, that took him to the field of his death. At the Academy he was one of my most cherished friends, and afterwards he held to the last the same sacred relation in my esteem.”

Remarks of General F. F. Flint, U.S.A., retired, a classmate :—

“While at the Point, although we were not particularly intimate, we were well acquainted with each other, and always on the best of terms. He was always a kind, amiable, refined, high toned, intelligent christian gentleman, during our Cadetship; a noble character, beloved and respected by all who knew him. I do not believe he had an enemy in the Corps of Cadets.”

Remarks of General Z. B. Tower, U.S.A., retired, a classmate :—

“He entered the Class of 1837, one of the largest that had been admitted there for many years, at the age of sixteen years, and though of lithe form was taller than many of his age. I recollect him as active and quick of movement, with a taste common to the young for those sports permitted at West Point as a healthful exercise and as an indulgence to the restless and impulsive activities of growing life. In point of fact, however, there is but little leisure in Cadet life for those games, into which University Students enter with so much earnestness. In common with his associates, he was forced to look to Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry drills



for physical exercise, rather than to Athletic Sports, a system of economizing time by practical military instruction between Study hours which seems to have produced as well developed and hardy types of manhood as game exercise at Colleges. To many the course of training, both physical and mental, would seem rather rigid and perhaps deficient in recreation hours. Yet this high standard of requirement excludes only the feeble and laggard. The Class to which he belonged, originally so large, had but fifty-two members when it was graduated; yet a small number only had succumbed to acute disease or failed from bodily infirmities. His Cadet life, as I recollect it, was free from constitutional ailment or induced disease. Though attaining to a good height, his form was not robust in appearance; yet he seemed to thrive under the severities, so called, of West Point discipline, fulfilling all soldierly duties during summer and winter equally well with the most rugged cadets, probably to the ultimate benefit of his physique, certainly without detriment thereto, as was shown by his twenty-one years of service in the Army, alternately at the extreme Northern and Southern limits of our National domain.

"As a Cadet Garesché impressed me as being reserved, and indisposed to assume the initiative in conversation. It is possible that near-sightedness made him appear more reserved than he really was. His manner was quiet, rather than forward, with those whom he knew but slightly, yet he was genial and communicative in the society of his intimate friends. I do not think, at least during the earlier part of his cadet life, that he formed acquaintances or intimacies readily. General acquaintance at West Point usually extends through Classes, but intimate friendships are confined within much smaller circles. So far as I can recollect, he was generally liked by his class-mates for his many good qualities. With a warm heart and kindly nature his impulses could not be otherwise than good and generous. His quiet unobtrusive manners so opposite to the aggressive and self asserting did not fail to attract the notice and appreciation of those with whom he came into contact. Though retiring in his deportment, due in part to a sensitive nature, perhaps in some degree to early training, he was never lacking in manly independence. From whatever source derived, unselfish ways and unassuming manners combined with manliness will win esteem and friendship. I heard no word of criticism in connection with his name during his service in the Army and I am sure no cadet could have been found at the Military Academy while he was a member of the Corps who would speak otherwise than well of him. He had good friends in the Corps of Cadets and passed his allotted time there apparently as pleasantly and satisfactorily as the rigid requirements of the Institution would permit.

"After the lapse of so many years, it is not easy to recall, with much of detail, Cadet Garesché's intellectual characteristics. My impression, however, is that his turn of mind was somewhat reflective for one so young, which, in connection with his usual reticent manner, gave him at



times the appearance of absent-mindedness, so called. He possessed nice sensibilities, those finer traits of mental organization, which play so important a part in the perception and appreciation of the beautiful and appropriate in all things. His tastes seemed scholarly rather than scientific, and I think his early education had been more classical than mathematical. A small number only of cadets admitted to the U. S. Military Academy, have a pronounced taste and capacity for the pursuit of science in its higher branches. Many students however of fair ability, fail from lack of persistent application. He was not open to that charge. He comprehended at once, in common with the better class of students, that the course of studies at West Point cannot be mastered but by unintermittent mental exertion, that it is so linked together, in all its parts, that no step in the progress can be omitted with impunity. Though somewhat literary in his tastes, he had the ability and determination to surmount all difficulties in the higher branches of the course of studies and to reach a very high position in his class, of which he was the youngest member, with three exceptions. He was a student of good habits. In fact no cadet, whatever his abilities, could have maintained so high a position without persistent application. His sense of duty would have made him a faithful student, had not his tastes led him in that direction. He was doubtless prompted by a laudable ambition to excel, as well as by the desire to attain a thorough education, perhaps the most effectual stimulant to persevering effort. Mental and physical development and discipline, under stringent guidance, is the prominent purpose of the Military Academy course of instruction; and Class standing as a result of competition, with rigid semi-annual examinations, helps largely to maintain it, and to prevent retrograde movement in the standard of requirement.

"He subsequently served at many different Posts, and on various duties. About one half of his service, while a Lieutenant of Artillery, was performed in the frontier garrisons of our South West Territory. His selection at the age of twenty-six years as Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Rio Grande District during the Mexican War, indicated that his fitness for that high order of Staff duty, was recognized and appreciated by his commander in the field. He was afterwards, in 1855, promoted to a full Captaincy in the Adjutant General's Department of the Army, for which his literary turn of mind, and his scholarly attainments, with his long service with troops in the field and in garrison, eminently qualified him and he proved an excellent bureau Officer.

"I recollect his kindness in coming to see me when I was lying wounded in Willard's Hotel, Washington City, so severely wounded that many of my friends thought my recovery doubtful. He also remained during the night when my condition needed night watchers. Little did I then anticipate that I could outlive him.

"I shall always remember him as one of my most esteemed Class-mates, as a gentleman of high tone, and as a conscientious officer, fulfilling all

his duties creditably, wherever placed. Tenacious of the right, just in all things, able in his profession, his career in private as in public life, illustrated the best qualities of a most worthy man, and true-hearted Soldier. He fell too young for his own advancement, and his country's needs; too soon for those who valued him as a friend; alas! all too soon for those to whom he was as dear as life itself."

Before leaving West Point and describing Julius thereafter, I take pleasure in inserting the accompanying copy of a Manuscript of his evidently written during his cadetship:—

"It is midnight; the book which I had been reading I have just laid down, unable any longer to distinguish its characters by the few, feeble and glimmering rays afforded by my expiring lamp. I am alone in my solitary room. The occasional foot fall upon the stairs, which for more than an hour after Taps continued to wake the hollow echoes of the old building, has long since ceased to make itself heard. Not a soul, save myself, in all this vast Barrack but is plunged in deep forgetfulness of his cares. Not a sound falls upon my straining ear, but all around, above, beneath, there reigns deep and unbroken silence. The very winds are hushed, and as I look out upon the landscape below, not a leaf do I see stirring on the tall trees, which, motionless and still, raise themselves, like giant spectres above the surrounding shade. How beautiful is every thing that I see—the noble river on whose silvery surface not a ripple is to be seen—the broad plain with its bare and melancholy look, yon dark gray houses, so dimly seen amid the gloom which enwraps them, and those lofty hills which seem to sleep in their placid beauty! Above how lovely seems the clear blue vault of Heaven! Not a cloud breaks in upon its sweet uniformity, *save* one, which white and fleecy, hangs over the summit of old Fort Putnam, as if to shield its venerable ruins from the cold, damp dew, which is rapidly forming on every other object of hill and plain. And the bright stars are looking out, shedding a soft and tempered light over all the scene. How holy and how calm they seem!—Beautiful yet mysterious things! A thousand wild imaginations in turn possess me, as I gaze upon them; sometimes I fancy them the eyes of God, so mildly bent upon me, and a holy awe steals over me and my very breath is held as I continue to gaze. *Again* I wonder *what* they are—*Can* it be true that that pale, melancholy star is in reality a brilliant sun, exceeding our own a *million* times in size and splendor; the nucleus of a system in comparison of which even ours is mean and insignificant? I must even believe it. Yet, sweet star, I would rather see thee, as I see thee now, the beautiful centre of a *few* tremulous rays, than imagine thee in all this dazzling glory. But hark! I hear a rich and solemn sound breaking upon the silence of the night. Slowly it floats along; the mountains too have heard it and lend their echoes and now all are richly blending into one full and

swelling harmony with which the air is filled—a while it lingers in the valley, as if loth to leave the silent scene, and then slowly mounts into the pure heaven to which alone such harmony belongs—; fainter and fainter it becomes, and *now* I hear it not, although my ear is still thrilling with its dying note and would fain persuade me that it is not gone. Would that I could hear it again! And yet after all it was only the foundry bell striking the mid hour of night and would in the day-time have been deemed harsh and unmelodious. Oh Night, how hallowing are thy influences! How potent and yet how sweet the charm thou exertest over all things! Hours could I stand here gazing upon and wondering at thy beauties and yet still find something new to admire in thee, something, which had escaped me before, often as I have looked upon thee, blessed Night!"

Upon receiving their Diplomas, the graduating Class, as was customary, were allowed a furlough of three months, and Julius left West Point to spend his vacation with his relatives in Philadelphia and Wilmington and with his family, then living in St. Louis, where they had been settled since 1839. His friends and acquaintances among Professors and Cadets all bade him a tender farewell, wishing him every success and yet loth to part with one whom they had each and all learned to revere and love. The very soldiers, barbers, porters and others who had any thing to do with the Academy, were sorry to see him depart, and many of them felt a lump rise in their throat, and the unbidden tear would steal down their honest and roughened visages, as he kindly told each and all of them good-bye; for he had always treated them with such uniform kindness and gentlemanly politeness. If any of my readers doubt the truth of my words let them visit the Military Academy and ask any of the old soldiers and servants, who were there in his time, if they recollect "Cadet Garesché," and their kindling eyes and eloquent tongues will soon proclaim their ready remembrance. As J. Howard Payne said so truthfully "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like Home," I can also safely assert that be those we love ever so far away, let it happen that we never again see them on this earth; still we cannot forget them, their image has interwoven itself too closely around our hearts to bear being rudely torn away. Years may come and go, our very lots may change owing to the various vicissitudes of life, sorrow aye deep, deep sorrow may be our portion, we may visit other climes and make other friends:

but our recollections of those we once truly loved will always remain, and the ruthless hand of Time, the Destroyer, will only strengthen the links of those hallowed chains. How therefore could those, to whom Julius now bade adieu, forget his kindly and genial manners, forget the young Officer who as Cadet had left such a lasting impression!

Many, very many years afterwards, one of the most noted chargers used in the Riding School by the First Class, a very beautiful and spirited animal, full of fire, and as such greatly sought after by the cadets, who considered it an honor to ride him in the exercises of the Riding School, was called "Garesché," in respect to the memory of Julius. And it truly seemed as if the fiery animal knew after whom he had been named and appreciated the fact, to judge from his ever proud and gallant bearing.



## CHAPTER V.

Julius joins his family in St. Louis—narrow escapes from imminent death—joins his Company and military history therewith—receives degree of A. M. from Georgetown College—his letter to Alexander descriptive of the Provincial Council in Baltimore—receiving Holy Communion monthly in full uniform—chastising an insulting civilian—detailed on Recruiting Service—promoted First Lieutenant—departure for the Mexican War—remarks of Col. Joseph Stewart—important and flattering positions assigned to during the War and afterwards—noble conduct about duel an insulting officer tried to force on him—departure for St. Louis on Leave—Retreat at Florissant to determine whether or not he should embrace the Religious life—meeting with Mariquitta—his personal appearance—description of Mariquitta—their marriage.

IN the summer of 1841 Julius joined his family at St. Louis, and once more had the pleasure of approaching the Sacraments. Strange to say! he who had always been so exemplary in his whole conduct, and was afterwards so regular in his religious duties, had not been to Communion for a long time, owing to a scruple suggested by one of his cousins. The three, Bauduy, Willie,\* and himself were very intimate, and devotedly attached to one another, and one day Willie suggested that he had found a difficulty in going to Communion, since he could not be sure that he would refuse a challenge in case he received one. This scruple, for the first time presented to them, soon took possession of the other two, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the women of the family, they refused for a long time to go to Confession, saying there was no use, as they could not bind themselves. Willie by the advice of his Mother,† subsequently

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\* Wm. V. Keating, grandson of Baron John de Keating, and now a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, Pa. His sister Amelia married Peter Bauduy, Julius' maternal Uncle, and some years subsequent to Peter's death entered the Carmelite Convent of Baltimore, of which she was for a long time Superior. She there died a most edifying death, in July 1886.

† Lalite Keating, only daughter of Baron John de Keating, married to her Cousin and early left a widow, entered the Visitation Order in 1844, and



Mother Mary Joseph of the Visitation, consulted Father Barbelin of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, and had his difficulty removed. The others, not so fortunate, experienced theirs for some time: and now when Julius approached the Sacraments, after taking a week or more to fully prepare himself, he did it in such a devout and humble manner as greatly impressed his younger brothers, who could not but admire his perfect Faith and his conscientious care in self examination.

It was also during this visit to his family that he for the first time, as he afterwards assured his brother Frederick, began to entertain the presentiment that he would eventually die a sudden death. It appears that his father owned about three or four thousand acres at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and a difficulty having occurred between himself and some parties who had leased from him a right to cut wood on the land, it became advisable to put an armed party on the premises, to secure his rights until the Courts could decide the issue. Julius, his brother Alexander, and Snitowski (a Pole) formed the party. In looking out for a camping ground they discovered a log cabin near the banks of the Missouri. At the moment of their discovery a wood-chopper appeared, and being asked whether they could occupy the cabin he answered "certainly, as it had been abandoned, for fear it would fall into the River." Being asked further whether there were any danger of its thus falling within the next two or three days (for the Missouri was a treacherous and at times a turbulent stream and was considered to be often very dangerous, because it was constantly undermining its banks and carrying away large tracts of land) he replied in a positive manner, "Oh, no! not for two or three weeks, and possibly not for this Season." Accordingly without a misgiving Julius and his party took possession. During the night Alexander dreamed several times of thunder. He awoke,

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was for a long time Directress of its Academy in Frederick, Md., and subsequently held the same position in Georgetown, D. C., where she died in 1873, after a most edifying life, and mourned by all who had known her. She took the name in Religion of Mary Joseph and was known as Mother Mary Joseph. She was one of Julius' favorite Aunts, and of all her nephews he was the one to whom she was most attached.

and, as he did so, the sound of thunder continued. He arose and went outside and looked all around, but could not see even the sign of a cloud—only a beautiful sky spangled with stars met his gaze. At this moment the sound was renewed, and he thereupon discovered that the thunder was nothing more nor less than the crash of falling earth—that the space in front of their cabin, which, when they retired, was from fifteen to twenty feet in width, had almost disappeared. Running hastily back he awoke Julius and called his attention to the matter. Together they went out and Julius stretched himself on the ground, listening intently. Then suddenly springing up he cried out: “*step back as you value your life, for we are standing on only a shell,*” and at the same moment sprang back himself. They were not a moment too soon in heeding his warning, for they had hardly sprung back when the ground whereon they had just been standing gave away with a heavy crash and tumbled with a thundering sound into the dark and roaring River beneath leaving the cabin partly hanging over the raging waters, and carrying away that part within the cabin where their camp equipage of kettles etc., was placed. Snitowski imprisoned within could not have escaped, for there were but two openings to the cabin—the door and window—and both now looked out upon the raging River. But Alexander climbed up the outside projections of the logs and pushing aside the weather pole (a pole that is substituted for nails to fasten down the clap boards, which are themselves a substitute for shingles) and the clap boards assisted him out.

Julius and Alexander considered their escape as most miraculous. Pent up within the cabin it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, for the weather pole would have prevented, and it would have been exceedingly dangerous to jump into the River. It would have been a sheer plunge of at least twenty to twenty-five feet into a seething, rushing, treacherous stream. Before they could have risen to the surface of the water they would have been hurled into the *chevaux-de-frise* formed by the newly fallen trees and drowned. And even if they escaped this danger, it would have been a swim of miles to cross to the opposite bank, because the River had overlapped its regular width of one and a half to two miles, and they would certainly have per-

ished in its swift, impetuous current. They gave most fervent thanks to God for their preservation, and attributed their narrow escape to the special intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whom they had always borne a special devotion, instilled into their hearts by their good mother.

Julius' second warning of death, as he subsequently informed his brother Frederick, came as follows. Many years afterwards, in 1852, he was walking from Louisville, Ky., to visit the country home of his cousins, the Bernoudys, not far off. It was a dark night. Suddenly he heard the sound of an approaching train, and being near-sighted and slightly deaf, was for a moment bewildered. He knew a railroad had been built there since his last visit, but the darkness prevented his seeing its precise location. At a loss what to do, whether to go forward or back, his perplexity increasing as the sounds came nearer and nearer, he at last made a dash for the bank, which he saw dimly outlined against the sky, and immediately *a train of cars rushed over the very spot he had left*, almost grazing him in its passage. He mentioned this incident to his brother, saying he was convinced that he would ultimately die a sudden death. It was a calmly expressed conviction, and they did not discuss it.

On the 1st of October following, 1841, per Orders received from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington City, Julius joined his Company at Madison Barracks, Sacket's Harbor, N. Y., and now entered upon his new and important duties. As a cadet he had been merely a learner; as an officer, he was now to put into practice those lessons he had learned, and learned so well. Thoroughly devoted to his profession and a rigid observer of all its requirements, when the order came, proclaiming that his graduating vacation was over and that he must at once repair to the Company to which he had been assigned, he lost no time in obeying its mandates; but, tearing himself away from his beloved family, relatives and friends, he hastened to Madison Barracks to report to his Commanding Officer. This Post, situated on the northern boundary of New York State, on the banks of Lake Ontario, was deemed a very important one, owing to its close proximity to the Canadian Territory, and was in consequence strongly garrisoned. About this



time the Canada Border Disturbances were going on. It was not long before Julius made many and warm friends here, both among officers and soldiers. The former were quick to appreciate his military talents, his quiet but perfect performance of his duties, and his many noble and high toned qualities of heart as well as mind; whilst the latter quickly perceived that the glittering outward symbols of the officer contained the heart of a true man, one always ready to listen kindly and patiently to their petitions and to redress their wrongs if in his power. He soon won the respect and love of all who served under him; for, though a great disciplinarian, he was yet no martinet. Always just and true in his dealings with others, he expected the same of them. He had no desire to impose on others, neither would he permit imposition on himself. Even now, as throughout the remainder of his life, he faithfully complied with all his religious obligations, never allowing human opinion, selfish or other motives to prevent his following all the dictates that his religion commanded.

He served with his Company, (Co. K, 4th Artillery) at Madison Barracks until June 25, 1842, when it was ordered to Fort Columbus, N. Y., where it arrived on the 30th and remained till July 6. Then it proceeded to Fort Monroe, Va., arriving there on the 11th of July and remaining till the 15th of November, when it was ordered to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., arriving at this Post on the 16th November, 1842. Julius remained here until June 10, 1843. Then, having obtained permission, he went on Leave until October 9, 1843, when he returned to his Company and remained on duty with it at Fort McHenry up to July 3, 1844, when he again went on Leave, returning to his Company September 3, 1844, and remaining on duty with it thereafter at Fort McHenry till November 4, 1844. He then proceeded with his Company to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., arriving the following day and remaining on duty there till September 22, 1845, when he returned with his Company to Fort McHenry, Md., arriving the ensuing day and remaining till May 28, 1846.

In 1842, he received the degree of A. M. (Master of Arts) from Georgetown College, D. C.

In a private letter to his brother Alexander he gives the following very beautiful description of the opening of the Sixth Provincial Council in Baltimore on the 20th of May, 1846.

"Last Sunday, the day on which the Council was opened, was truly one of the most memorable of my life. When I saw that long train of the holy priests of God sweep up the Cathedral aisle, and dwelt upon the countenances of these men, of chaste hearts and mortified passions, as with firm step and eyes somewhat proudly raised, as they slowly marched along, I felt some envy for the heroic constancy which had enabled them to consecrate themselves to God, and thus make one long living sacrifice of their whole lives! It was a heavenly spectacle and well might a Catholic feel proud of it.

"The Cathedral was absolutely crammed, there must have been in it at least 2,500 persons, of whom a great many were Protestants. The choir was in full force and never sang better, but with all my love of music, I could listen to nothing so long as that procession was moving. You cannot imagine any thing more gorgeous—so many beautiful little acolytes, looking like as many little cherubs, so many seminarians, so many priests robed in rich vestments of all hues and colors, and then those venerable bishops—how I wish, my dear friend, you could have been there! And yet all this, great and beautiful as it was, was but a small part of what I enjoyed that day; the crowning glory of all, and never was there a richer crown, was BISHOP PURCELL's sermon. I had heard him once before, when I was your guest in St. Louis, but that was so long since that I remembered neither his features nor his voice. When he commenced I could not help thinking to myself with a feeling of sincere disappointment, 'this man is undoubtedly a *good* preacher, but surely on such a glorious occasion, there needed an *eloquent* one. What an oversight! What will Protestants think of our clergy, when such a man is put forth to preach on a day like this!' Another thought which passed through my mind was: 'it is related of some of the great orators, to be sure, that in the commencement of their discourse their voice was harsh, and their ideas flowed sluggishly, and it was only as they warmed with their subject, that the power and the eloquence that were within them, were displayed. But I am afraid that *nothing is to be hoped for here!*' The sequel proved how greatly I was mistaken, for before I knew it, I was hanging on every word that fell from his lips, listening with the most eager and rivetted attention, enraptured, enchained by him! Never have I heard such language, such clear and lucid argument, such musical emphasis and intonation, accompanied at the same time by such graceful gestures! He is truly an orator; and I cannot imagine that there is his equal in the country. Once the thought struck me that God must have inspired this man, for I never could have conceived, that one could be so eloquent and yet so logical; so fluent and yet pursue his subject with so much method and



regularity ! He began by saying that there were three links in the chain which connected God with man, these things only was it requisite to learn in order to arrive at a Knowledge of the true religion. The first was, is there a God ; the second, has God spoken ; and the third, what has He spoken ? Upon this foundation he built his argument, and in a two hours discourse completely covered the whole ground he had assumed, and proved most fully and conclusively that the Catholic Church is the true and only Church of God. Nothing did he leave unsaid—to such a compendious argument, so convincing a proof you have never listened. As M.— our friend, observed, when he had wound up one of his arguments, one could not help saying, ‘ Well now you had better stop, as it is impossible to add another word to what you have said, you might spoil all by going on,’ and yet scarcely had you formed the thought, when he would produce another link, which you saw at once had yet been wanting to the chain and would proceed to rivet it in the same masterly unanswerable style.”

Whilst stationed at Fort McHenry, Md., Julius used to go every month to Holy Communion in full uniform. He did not do so for mere show, nor to parade his uniform or rank. He was too humble in his ideas to do so through any vanity. He did it simply, because he thought that he gave thereby greater honor and glory to God.

About this period of his life the following incident occurred. I have already spoken of the scruple that for a time restrained him from frequenting the sacraments, because he fancied that on occasion he might not be able to withstand the temptation to send or accept a challenge to the duello. When on duty at Fort McHenry an unfortunate affair, in which he was concerned, nearly led to such a trial. There was, as usual, some jealousy between the young civilians of Baltimore and the junior Officers of the garrison in their social relations. One evening Julius, with one or two of his brother Officers, had been to some entertainment and was standing for a short while in the rotunda of Barnum’s Hotel, when a young civilian, very much under the influence of liquor, tried to force him into a quarrel. His conduct at last became so very aggressive and insulting that Julius, who had till then returned no answer, drew back and struck him a blow that sent him staggering back. At once the by-standers interfered and Julius’ friends led him away to his quarters. Every attempt was made to induce Julius to apologize, but he

stubbornly refused, though he knew that according to the ideas of the times he was almost sure to receive a challenge. However, though he made no apology, the challenge never came. It cannot be doubted that if sent Julius would have refused it; for later, during the Mexican War, when thus tried, he proved himself so true to the teachings of his Church.

He was detailed on Recruiting Service at Elkton, Md., till May 31; at Lynchburg, Va., till July 25; and at Lewisburg, Va., till October 14, 1846, when he was ordered to join his Company to take part in the Mexican War, then in hot operation. Whilst on Recruiting Service he was for a short time temporarily transferred from Co. K to Co. E, same Regiment. He was promoted by law First Lieutenant June 18, 1846. He proceeded to the distant scene of War, where he served on General Taylor's line of operations. Disembarking at Brazos Island, Tex., November 3, he left there on the 5th and camped opposite Quarita, Mexico. Left there by steamer for Tampico, Mex., landing on the 23rd of November. On the 23rd of December, he proceeded with his Company to Camargo, Mex., arriving on the 31st of the same month.

When it became evident that a war with Mexico was inevitable, the officers of the Regular army were naturally anxious to be selected for active service and pressed their claims. Now, in such matters, Catholics are, and must be, rigid in principle. They can not volunteer in a doubtful, still less in an unjust war; though, when they already belong to the army, or are by lawful act of government called to arms, they may and must obey the call, unless they positively know the cause to be unjust. Julius was attached to his profession, was keenly sensitive to any imputation on his honor, was reasonably ambitious of distinction, and was conscious of his abilities; yet, believing that the war was at least of doubtful justice and forced upon a weak and inferior State, he felt that he could not in conscience volunteer. He, therefore, did not press his claims, thus making for the sake of principle a great, an heroic self-sacrifice. When he arrived at Camargo, Mex., the tide of battle had rolled back to the interior and beyond some passing alarms from guerilla bands he saw nothing of the War.

He was stationed with his Company at Camargo till July 21, 1847, when he was detailed on special duty with Col. Wm. G. Belknap, who became a warm friend and manifested the greatest esteem for him, at Headquarters Army of Occupation to Nov. 13, 1847, when he rejoined his Company at Camargo. Part of the time, viz., from July 21 to Sept. 25, he was attached to Company I of his Regiment, the 4th Artillery, at Pt. Isabel, Texas. He was thereafter detailed in charge of the escort, which was to protect the supply train from Camargo to Monterey, Mexico. After the performance of this duty he returned and served with his Company at Camargo.

Herewith I insert a letter of Col. Jos. Stewart U.S.A., retired, regarding Julius.

"We were cadets together for three years, and in 1843 we served together at Fort McHenry, and then again in Mexico. He was a most upright and conscientious man, courteous and considerate to every one, rather reserved, but with considerable latent humor, which was occasionally betrayed by a quiet smile at a good thing or a humorous remark made in his quiet manner. No one could be in his company long without being impressed with the perfect purity of his character. He was always very deliberate in his gait and actions, yet as a boy but few could enter more heartily in a game of football than he. I do not think he ever had an enemy in the world. The fact of any one feeling enmity towards him would have stamped such a one as a bad man.

"In 1847 he was stationed at Camargo whilst I was in Monterey. He came to Monterey on a visit and I tried to make his visit as pleasant as possible. I told some friends—a Mexican family that I visited—that I would be glad if they would allow me to bring him to call on them. Mexicans are very particular about introductions. They told me certainly—that they would be glad to see any of my friends. I then told them that whilst he was a most estimable young gentleman there was one objection to him that many would regard as most serious—that I thought nothing of it myself and that I hoped they would overlook it. I saw that they felt uneasy and they asked what it was. I told them that he was a very devout Catholic. They were greatly relieved, saw the joke and said it certainly was a most serious objection, but that for my sake they would overlook it.

"His piety was of the truest but most unobtrusive kind, but it was as palpable as any feature of his face. The most careless could see that any indelicacy of language in his presence would be grossly improper."

Julius was detailed as Acting Assistant Adjutant General to



Col. Wm. Davenport, 1st Infantry, Commanding the District of the Rio Grande, Headquarters at Brazos, Tex., and served in that important position from July 12, 1848 till October 18, 1848, giving the utmost satisfaction to Col. Davenport, as evidenced in his Orders, No. 21, in which he pays a high compliment to Julius' readiness and ability.

On November 16, 1848, he went North on Leave, and joined his family in St. Louis.

It was at this period of Julius' life, during his service in the Mexican War, that his former scruple about the duello was to be tested, and he was to come forth from the trying ordeal gloriously triumphant. A young Officer of Virginia Volunteers had died and been buried at the post (where Julius was then stationed), and his friends applied to Major H, the Commanding Officer, for permission to disinter the remains and send them home. The permission was granted, the hour named, and soldiers were in attendance to do the work. Major H, Julius, and one or two more of the Regular Army Officers were present, as a mark of courtesy. The Volunteer Officers were late, and the Major at last gave orders to commence, without waiting for their arrival. Scarcely had they done so before the tardy ones approached, but their loud conversation and the tones of their voices showed that they had sat rather too long at the table. One of their number, whom I shall call A, said rather boisterously that he himself would dig up poor B, the deceased. But he soon proved that he was not in a fit state to do the work, for he had hardly taken the spade from the hands of the private than he stumbled and fell. Major H thereupon signed to the man to resume his work, and the friends of A tried to induce him to withdraw. But their efforts were fruitless, for with an oath A flung them off and endeavored to wrest the tool from the soldier. In so doing he again stumbled and fell prone in the already open grave. At this unbecoming conduct Major H indignantly ordered them "to remove that drunken fellow." Julius and his brother Officer were standing near, and, though pained and shocked, Julius had neither interfered nor spoken, but now he whispered aside to his companion, as though in excuse, "the poor fellow has been drinking too much." After a

few minutes, during which the Volunteers were talking in low but decided tones to themselves, in a group apart, one of them advanced towards Julius, and, in a respectful tone, said, "Mr. A would like to speak with you." Thinking that some excuse or explanation was about to be made, for which he was chosen as intermediary, Julius at once walked over to the spot. To his astonishment, however, A in an angry voice asked him, "did you say that I was a drunken fellow?" Julius was about to answer No, but recollecting the remark he had made to his brother Officer, and, in his scrupulous regard for truth, not wishing to give the categorical denial, which indeed he could have done, replied, "I did make some such remark but——" "Well sir," said A, interrupting him, "you are a —— liar." Julius was indignant and righteously, but, knowing that he was mistaken for Major H and that A in his present state was not prepared to hear reason, bowed and withdrew. He felt certain that under the circumstances a gentleman, and such he supposed A to be, on learning of his mistake after he had become sobered, would hasten to retract the insult. He accordingly kept his room the next day as much as possible, in readiness for the retraction or apology which he expected and which was his due. When the long hours passed and none came he became very much worried and wrought up to a most painful degree. He had never had an occasion to show his courage on the field of battle, he had not volunteered in the War, he was a Regular Army Officer and a graduate of West Point, and the one who had insulted him was a Volunteer, what therefore would be thought of him? His brother Officers had always loved and respected him, would they continue to do so, with their notions of honor? Many would, he knew, but would there not be many who would send him to Coventry and make life unbearable? Long and long did he pace his room in an agony of mental strife. On the one hand all his better feelings pointed out the heinous crime towards God's justice and mercy he would be guilty of if he fought; on the other the Tempter showed all the poignant disgrace he would bring on himself, all the ignominy and scorn he would receive should he not. False honor said "fight;" conscience rebuking "thou may not." "Fight or re-



sign" said Honor; "Bear your cross" said Conscience. Possessed of a naturally hasty and passionate temper the struggle was the more severe. Few were there who knew of the fearful volcano of passion which sometimes raged in his breast, but which his manly, noble and true Christian spirit would never allow to break forth, nor to obtain the least sway over his will. All that day he struggled and waited, but no message came, no one came near him, so that he knew not how his conduct was regarded. He passed a sleepless and wretched night, no one but God knowing his inward agony of feeling. By morning he had come to a resolve. He would go to A's quarters and insist on an explanation and retraction. "He surely cannot refuse it, but should he do so, well then circumstances must decide! He deserves to be horsewhipped, but *I will not fight a duel!* Self defence, that is another thing." Major H met him as he was going on his errand, and seeing by his features and whole bearing what was in his mind stopped him. "Where are you going?" "That, allow me to say, is my affair." "No, Garesché, it is mine also. You are going to have it out with A. Now the insult was to me and through you only by mistake. It is my duty to take it up, not yours, and I will not permit you." "But I will have to resign." "No, Garesché, you are a Catholic, and you know that you can not consistently do this thing. No one expects it of you, they all know your principles, and should you persist in your present intention I would have to order you under arrest."

Julius thereupon retired to his quarters and all his brother Officers learning of his mental trouble and doubts, in the fraternal spirit and delicacy of feeling that characterizes the gentlemen of the Army, and with a spontaneity of feeling that did them justice, made it their duty and pleasure to drop in by twos and threes, and without alluding to the difficulty set his mind at rest by showing him that to them his conduct needed no explanation, his character no adventitious support.

Some time subsequently, a convoy of wounded came to the post and the commander asked Julius if he could kindly make room for a young Volunteer Officer, who was just recovering from a severe wound and needed only rest and recreation.

Julius readily assented and cheerfully shared his quarters with the wounded man, tending him with the greatest kindness and as though he were his own brother. The young gentleman, who belonged to the same regiment as A, was grateful and became quite intimate with him. One day, apologizing for alluding to the subject, he said, "I wish you, Mr. Garesché, to know that the unfortunate incident was discussed among us, and, though we follow another code, there was *but one sentiment* and that was, *that you had acted rightly and A shamefully*. Moreover, he was a coward, and I have proved it; for though he acknowledges the code duello, and belongs to a noted fighting family, I publicly insulted him on one occasion *and he dared not take it up*."

Julius now fulfilled a promise he had made some years previously to his brother Frederick. When the latter, in 1845, had determined to embrace the religious life, he had some correspondence with Julius in regard to it. In a letter that Julius wrote to him occurred this expression: "I wish that I had the courage to take the same step." Acting upon this text Frederick, with a neophyte's headlong zeal, spoke, urging him to make a Retreat under the direction of a member of the Society (Society of Jesus.) Julius had some conversation on the subject at the time with his spiritual director who did not recognize in him the signs of an undoubted religious vocation. The step was therefore deferred, but a promise was passed that at the first convenient time he would make an eight days Retreat. This promise was now recalled to him. Accordingly, soon after his arrival in St. Louis, he went out to Florissant, some eighteen miles northwest from the city and the Novitiate of the Western Province of the Society of Jesus, and there, under the pious instruction of Father Gleizal, S. J., a most saintly priest, made a Retreat, resolved to enter the religious life should God call him. His assiduity and military punctuality at every one of the numerous exercises were the marvel and edification of the Fathers of the College. At the end, instead of resigning his commission and entering the Company of Jesus, a step which his friends thought would be urged upon him by the zealous Father who gave him the exercises, Julius arrived at the calm decision that he should not only continue in the Army but even

enter the state of matrimony. In these Retreats it is forbidden to the director to influence the subject in his choice, he must merely aid his reason and judgment in coming to a decision by himself. Julius' decision was fully approved by his director. And he then returned to his mother's house, and, announcing the result, asked her, after the French custom in such matters, to select for him a wife.

According to habit long established in France and its Colonies marriages were always arranged and brought about by the parents of the contracting parties. To them was left the right of arbitration in such matters and hence marriage was more often *de convenance* than of love; there were always certain settlements necessary to be made before the ceremony could take place; certain financial matters etc., that had to be attended to. Frequently marriages were arranged when the subjects were babes in the cradle. It did not follow, however, that such unions were productive of unhappiness.

Julius, like his brothers, had the highest esteem and love for his good mother, even more so perhaps, and he thought that her selection would be all that he could desire for a partner in life. He was not mistaken, for her choice even exceeded his anticipations, and the fair young French girl he was soon to meet was in every respect worthy of him, worthy of becoming his partner for life, the sharer of his joys and the partaker of his sorrows.

In those days St. Louis was mainly French in its characteristics and inhabitants, who retained many of their customs and manners, and, being closely drawn together by the ties of nationality, mingled together a great deal. The French are proverbially a gay, happy and vivacious race, fond of entertaining their friends and enjoying themselves and making those around them feel happy and contented, and it is not to be wondered at that at this epoch St. Louis should be the scene of many a pleasant gathering, many a happy meeting.

Julius' mother some few months previously had made the acquaintance of the family of Monsieur Edward de Coudroy de Lauréal, a French émigré from the Island of Guadeloupe, West Indies, and soon became very much attached to his eldest daughter, Mariquitta, a charming and very beautiful girl. She



frequently invited her as well as her next younger sister, Nancy, to her house, and manifested great interest in these young creoles. Her own eldest daughter, Mary, was but a few years younger than Mariquitta. Mrs. Garesché was very anxious that Julius should meet her young favorite, for she knew no young girl she would rather see him marry, and we may rest assured that she was not sorry that the occasion now presented itself of seeing her fondest and wildest aspirations realized.

She had frequently spoken to Mariquitta of him in the most glowing terms, so much so as to excite Mariquitta's curiosity, who naturally felt a great desire to meet this wonderful young man, of whom she had so often heard but never seeing had commenced to look upon as a mythical personage.

'Twas on the last evening of the Old Year when her curiosity was gratified and his Mother's dream realized. Mrs. Garesché had been lately a little indisposed and Mariquitta called with her sister Nancy to inquire after her health. They were ushered into the dimly lit library where to their astonishment they beheld her earnestly engaged in conversation with a tall, handsome young man clad in military dress. Mrs. Garesché at once rose and coming eagerly forward proudly introduced her long looked for son, Lieutenant Garesché of the Army. The sisters were immediately struck with his fine looking appearance, polished manners and gentlemanly deportment as well as by the truly filial devotion he so tenderly and beautifully showed his beloved mother. Soon after this Mariquitta and her father accepted an invitation to dine with her. Julius was charmed with Mariquitta's manner, modesty and whole bearing even more than by her fair grace of form and movement.

She had been carefully educated under the watchful eye of a mother, superior in mind as in piety to most ladies of her society, and that of a father, of known piety, whose culture and accomplishments were the admiration of the graduate of West Point.

Julius was then a tall, handsome young man of twenty-seven years; erect and military, yet easy and graceful in his carriage; and possessed of an easy and elegant flow of language added to most charming and winning manners. Though naturally reserved, never pushing himself forward, there were few whose



conversational powers equalled his own. His mind was rich and highly cultivated; his views broad and enlightened, sound and practical, yet free from all bigotry, all uncharitableness. His enunciation was clear and distinct, his voice sweet and melodious. His deep set gray eyes, covered with bushy eyebrows, though very near-sighted, were beautiful and full of expression; his nose was large but well formed; his mouth small, well shaped and filled with two rows of pearly white regular teeth; a glossy black and silken moustache crowned his upper lip; (in those days officers of the army were not allowed to wear beards, simply moustaches and goatees); and his high and broad white forehead surmounted by a mass of dark black hair crowned his *toute-ensemble*.

Owing to his extreme near-sightedness his face generally wore a solemn look, but in conversation this solemnity disappeared.

Before mentioning his love to Mariquitta he first asked her father's consent, knowing this to be the French custom, and, receiving a most favorable answer, then proposed and was accepted.

It was Mariquitta's first winter in Society. Exceedingly beautiful, of a gay and happy disposition, and highly gifted in mind and heart as well as in personal attractions, she was receiving a great deal of attention and was eagerly sought after by the young gentlemen of St. Louis. Warmly attached to her own family, she did not feel that same almost idolizing love for Julius as he from the very first felt for her and which remained the same through all his after life, even to the moment of his death. His was intense and absorbing love from the very beginning; hers love that increased only after marriage. And then it became more and more ardent until it, too, amounted almost to idolatry. Her children can best testify to her loyalty and devoted attachment to his memory as her Parents and his brothers can to the beauty and devotedness of her married life. Pious and every way exemplary in her own conduct she was a fitting consort for the pious officer. Neither had ever to regret the step and their marriage tie formed a bond of union that even Death could not break. Their courtship was of short duration. Scarcely six weeks elapsed between their first acquaintance and

the nuptial ceremony in the old St. Louis Cathedral, celebrated by Bishop, now Archbishop, Kenrick. On the 19th of February, 1849, the tall, manly, handsome soldier clasped hands and joined souls with the lovely fair being, who stood by his side like a flower bending on its slender stalk.

Before proceeding farther I will give a brief outline of her family.

## CHAPTER VI.

Family of De Coudroy de Lauréal—Mariquitta's parents—herself.

THE family of De Coudroy de Lauréal, an old Catholic one, though living in the Island of Guadeloupe, West Indies, since the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, belonged to a very ancient and noble race from Aix in Provence, France.

The first of the name who appears as living in Guadeloupe, and the progenitor of that branch of the family, was Armand de Coudroy, who came into that colony about 1690 with his wife, noble like himself and formerly a Demoiselle de Lamotte. The family continued always to hold a distinguished position among the nobles of this Island, which, like other French colonies, contained cadets as well as elder sons of the old *noblesse* of France. Many of the members of the family, as also their connections, were conspicuous in the annals of French history for their courage, daring and wisdom as military and naval commanders, as also for their statesmanship as magistrates and piety as Religious, and lastly for great and even remarkable beauty of face and figure. Catholic and royalist in their sentiments, when the French Revolution broke out they espoused the cause of the Bourbons and suffered for their loyalty.

Of Armand's two sons, Armand, the elder, died young and without ever marrying. Jean Charles de Coudroy, the younger, was Knight of the royal and military order of Saint Louis, and Lieut. Colonel Commandant of the Quartier du Moule, Guadeloupe. He married in 1732 Demoiselle Dorothee Victoire Boyvin, also of an old and noble race, located for a long time in the Colony. Of his five children by this marriage the eldest, Marie Victoire de Coudroy, was married in 1754 to Jean Baptiste Papin-Dupont, descended from a noble family of Brittany. Their grandson, Léon Papin-Dupont, who died at Tours, France, March 18, 1876, aged 79 years, was surnamed, in consequence of his great piety and sanctity of life, "The Holy Man of Tours."

The third child and second son, Nicolas Léon de Coudroy was given on the death of his father the surname of "De Lauréal," and was thus called Nicolas Léon de Coudroy de Lauréal. He married in 1761 Demoiselle Marie Madeleine de Bruny de Châteaubrun, of an ancient and noble family, originally from the South of France.\* She was a woman possessed of most exquisite beauty and, too, of such a rare type and perfection, not only of face but also of figure, as to command universal homage, and was regarded as one of the greatest beauties of her day. She was first cousin to the Bailly de Suffren, a celebrated French Admiral, who, when quite young, joined the order of the Knights of Malta and afterwards engaged in the French Navy, where he distinguished himself by his courage and superior ability. Their children were eight in number. Her husband held the eminent position of Commandant of the Militia of St. Anne; of St. Francis; and of the Moule. She died during the emigration to St. Christopher in 1799, and he at St. Anne, Guadeloupe, in 1787. They were common grandparents to Mariquitta's parents, who were thus first cousins, their fathers being sons of this couple. Of these eight children, I shall only make mention of two, as they are so intimately connected with Mariquitta's own immediate family, being respectively the fathers of her own parents.

Nicolas David Remy de Coudroy de Lauréal, the fifth child, was born at Moule, Guadeloupe, on the 23rd of December 1773.

\* Her father, Bruny de Châteaubrun, was an Italian nobleman who came to reside in Provence, France, where he purchased of the family of Mirabeau, the dominion and castle of La Tour de l'Aigle. About the year 1700 he went over to Guadeloupe and there espoused Demoiselle Marie Lecointe.

Her younger sister married the Sieur de Villiers, the oldest of three brothers, the youngest of whom married Demoiselle de Varicourt, whose brother, called "Le Beau Varicourt," was massacred at the palace of Versailles in 1789, while defending the door of Marie Antoinette's room against the assassins come to strangle her. His head was carried by these ruffians to a hair-dresser of St. Cloud, who was compelled by them to curl and powder the hair, after which it was borne on the end of a lance by the ruffianly escort to the Royal family alongside the very windows of the carriage that bore them as prisoners to the Tuilleries.

One of the ladies of the Varicourt family, the Marchioness de Villette, was several times mentioned in Voltaire's verses under the title of "La Belle et Bonne."



When quite young he was sent to France to be educated, and received his course of instruction at the College of Pont-levoy, after which he entered as a cadet into the royal navy serving under his relative, the Admiral de La Jaille. When the Revolution broke out, though still very young, following the example of his elder brothers, Léon and Jean Baptiste, he entered the Army of the Princes, serving with it until its dissolution when he went over to England and pursued the same fortune as his brother, Jean Baptiste, and like him received the commission of Major in one of the newly created regiments of negroes in the English Antilles. When by the peace of Amiens these regiments or troops were disbanded, he remained at Trinidad, his last military stopping place, and there married in 1800 Demoiselle Nancy de la Peyrouse, niece of the celebrated French navigator,\* Count Jean Francis Galoup de la Peyrouse, of an ancient family of Provence. In 1818 he went over to France and there bought the beautiful estate and castle of Limours near Paris. He was for many years the Mayor of the Commune of Limours, but in 1830 handed in his resignation, not caring to hold office under any other but his legitimate King. He died at his property of Limours at the age of 66, and his body rests in the cemetery of that parish, surrounded by the loving remains of his wife and four of his daughters. Of his eight children, Léon and David died at an early age; Adèle married in France in 1825 Adolphe de Belmont, of an old and noble family; Marie Madeleine Octavie, born in the United States, in the State of Rhode Island, in 1809, during a hunting visit of her father, was married to her first cousin, Edward de Coudroy de Lauréal: Louis, born at Trinidad in 1812, was educated at the military school of St. Cyr and served for many years with his regiment, the First Zouaves, with great distinction in Algeria, under General Bourbaki. He was wounded at the capture of Abd-El-Kader's Smalah and afterwards distinguished himself at the storming of Laghouat, and with just enough strength left from a cureless attack of chol-

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\* Jean Francis Galoup de la Peyrouse, born of a noble family at Albi, France, in 1741, died in 1788. Entering the Naval service at an early age he served under Count d'Estaing in the American War of Independence and commanded the ship "l'Amazone" at the siege of Savannah, Ga.

era dragged himself as far as the Crimea where he fell mortally wounded at the battle of the Alma, while most gallantly leading on his men to the assault of the Telegraph tower. The cross of honor, which he had richly merited at Laghouat—for he and his Zouaves, with General Yusuf, are said to have been, really, the first who penetrated into the town,—together with the announcement of his promotion to be Major, were soon on their way from France to him;—but long before they could reach the Crimea, he was dead. A headstone was placed in the cemetery of Limours near his parents and sisters bearing the date of his death, the 17th of September 1854. Antoinette and Céleste entered the Convent of St. Clotilde in Paris as Religious, and after a holy and devout life lie interred in the family burying ground at Limours, where also reposes their youngest sister, Léontine.

Going back to the children of Nicolas Léon de Coudroy de Lauréal and Marie Madeleine de Bruny de Châteaubrun I shall take up and speak of the sixth in age, Charles Evremond de Coudroy de Lauréal, born at Moule, Guadeloupe, in 1783. He was not sent to France to be educated like his brothers, on account of the Revolution. He fled with his mother to the Antilles on the occasion of the uprising of the negroes in Guadeloupe: and entered, at the age of fifteen, the regiment of which his brother David was Major and served with it for many years. Upon his return to Guadeloupe he married in 1805 Demoiselle Marie Charlotte de Rochebrune, belonging to an ancient and noble family of the Limousin, France. He was appointed by the Governor of Guadeloupe Commandant of the Quartier du Moule, and afterwards Mayor of the Quartier, when in 1830 it was transformed into a Commune. The political events of 1848 decided him to repair with his family to the United States, where he died at Limours, in the parish of Carondelet, Mo., on the 18th of February 1852. He had six children: Edward, Mary, Celia, Angèle, Alexis, and Amelia.

Edward, the eldest, born in Guadeloupe in 1808, was educated in France, after which he studied law and was admitted to practice, but never made use of his profession. He was married on the 12th of October, 1829, to his beautiful first cousin, Marie Madeleine Octavie de Coudroy de Lauréal, at her father's castle

of Limours near Paris. From this marriage there sprung seven children, viz: Mariquitta, Nancy, Madeleine, Octavie, Marie, Adèle and Joseph. The year following he returned with his young wife to Guadeloupe and established a commercial house with his first cousin, Jean Baptiste de Coudroy de Lauréal. The partnership continued for four years, after which Edward continued the business alone until 1848, when owing to financial reverses and the troubles then taking place in France he settled his affairs and with but scanty means came over to the United States and settled at first in St. Louis, Mo., and afterwards on a small property, which he bought in the vicinity, some ten miles south from St. Louis and four from Carondelet, Mo., and which, in respect to his wife, he called "Limours", after her father's castle. Though formerly in affluent circumstances and owning a handsome plantation in Guadeloupe, his family had by various mishaps and the unexpected disasters of 1848 lost the greater part of their possessions, so that when he came to the United States he had comparatively but little fortune.

A man of fine intellect, he possessed in addition to other accomplishments great talent as an artist, and several of his paintings ornament the walls of the little Catholic church in Carondelet, Mo., his present home for many years. Aristocratic by birth and lineage, he and his wife possessed all the polish and courtesy of the old French school and inherited the great and wonderful beauty of their grandmother, Marie Madeleine de Bruny de Châteaubrun, which legacy they in part transmitted to Mariquitta and several of her sisters. Pious and exemplary Catholics themselves, they endeavored to rear their children also in the fear and love of God, and spared no pains in giving them a finished and complete education.\*

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\* Of their children, Nancy, born in Guadeloupe, in 1832, was married in 1852 in St. Louis to Robert A. Bakewell, Esq.: Madeleine, born at the castle of Limours, France, in 1835, was married to Dr. N. L. Hornsby of Carondelet, Mo., and died in 1873 leaving a large family of children: Octavie, born in Guadeloupe in 1837, married Mr. Rodolphe Desbonnes of St. Louis in 1865 and died two years subsequently, leaving an only child: Marie, born at Versailles, France, in 1842, was married to Jno. F. Slevin, Esq., of St. Louis, in 1861, and died in 1873, leaving five children: Adèle, born at

Mariquitta, (Marie Louise Charlotte) their eldest child, was born at Guadeloupe, July 6, 1830, on the De Lauréal plantation, belonging to her paternal grandfather. She made two voyages with her Parents to France; and on the occasion of her second voyage made her First Communion at the Convent of St. Clotilde in Paris, where two of her mother's sisters, Antoinette and Céleste, were at the time Religious.

Good, modest and pious as a child, Mariquitta retained these characteristics throughout her whole life. An excellent daughter, she became a devoted wife and mother. Carefully educated and possessed of a fine mind, she was proficient in all her studies. Her manners were as winning and agreeable as her face was sweet and beautiful. A charming and brilliant conversationalist, she was always the centre of an admiring circle.

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Guadeloupe in 1844, married in 1875 her brother-in-law, Dr. N. L. Hornsby : Joseph died when a baby.



## CHAPTER VII.

Departure of Julius with Mariquitta for his post in Texas—their early married life there—his appointment as A. A. Quartermaster and A. Commissary of Subsistence of the Post—Mariquitta's return to the homestead of Limours—scourge of the Asiatic Cholera and Julius' tender devotion to the afflicted.

ON the 3rd of the following May Julius set out with his beautiful fair bride for his distant station in Texas. A long and wearisome journey down the Mississippi River and thence across the Gulf of Mexico brought them to his post, Point Isabel.

It was a happy trip for him and he felt not the discomforts attendant thereon. It was unalloyed bliss to be alone with the being he loved so tenderly and so devotedly. He could in the nobleness of his heart appreciate her sorrow at leaving her family from whom she had never as yet been parted, and far from feeling jealous or discontented thereby he but strove the more by every possible and delicate attention to soften the sting of separation; to make her sensible that henceforth his great love would be for her not husband alone but also father, mother and sisters, all in all, a sanctuary to which she could always have recourse to in grief as well as in joy; a love around which her own affectionate heart could gradually twine its tender tendrils till merging into his it would become irrevocably bound up in it, never to be destroyed even by the fell hand of Death.

Shortly after rejoining his Company at Point Isabel, he was appointed Acting Assistant Quartermaster and Acting Commissary of Subsistence of the Post. These extra duties though flattering, were exceedingly burdensome and added to his necessary duties with his Company gave him but little rest and occasioned great fatigue; still he never murmured but complied to the letter with all their requirements.

In the Fall Mariquitta's health failed to such a degree as in-

duced him, painfully as he felt the separation, to send her back to her Parents, and she returned to the homestead of Limours.

The following letters describe their life up to the time of her departure and delineate her growing and intensifying affection for him.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"DEAR, DEAR PARENTS,

"It is just the hour I parted from you yesterday for perhaps an indefinite time. My heart is rent at the thought of our last Adieux, and I offer to God all my grief that He may soften yours, and give you complete rest of mind and body. If any thing could dissipate the bitterness of my thoughts, it is certainly the proofs of affection that *my Jules* has given me from the moment of our separation. I feel deeply grateful to him, and I love him with all my heart. But can I ever forget you, my dear Parents! The recollection of your tender love and of all that you have done for me will never leave me! Oh! no, I feel that even now the thought of you will always be present to my mind, and that my most ardent desire will be to find myself once more among you. As I was telling Jules this morning I would give any thing on earth to possess the gift of seeing and knowing every thing that happens to you each hour of the day.

"I fear that the long drive you were compelled to make on leaving me must have tired you exceedingly, especially my little Sisters; but I so particularly recommended you to God at that moment, and I suffered so much that I hope my prayers and the offering of my grief have been granted through the motive that I had. O my dear, very dear Parents, how can I ever console myself for our separation! I feel my courage sinking when I think that every moment takes me farther and farther from you.

"We are at Memphis since three o'clock this morning, and I fear that we will start before I have time to tell you all that my heart would say. I shall be very happy if in your first letter you can inform me that Papa's cold has left him, that he is less tormented by his business affairs, and that he hopes to terminate them successfully. You have both suffered so much this last year that I sincerely hope your trials are ended and your happy days are about to recommence. You know how unhappy I should be if I thought you were not happy.

"Yesterday I said the office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for you all. I shall say it every day for your intention. My next letter will be for my dear little Sisters. I close this one, but should the steamboat remain here a great while I shall continue it.

"Adieu, dear Papa, dear Mamma, I embrace you both with all the affection of my heart as likewise my Sisters and little Brother. Jules also embraces you very affectionately.

"Your loving daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"POINT ISABEL, May 19th, 1849.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"Three months ago to-day I pronounced the terrible *Yes* which forces me now to be so far from you. On the 19th of February at this hour I was desolate and overwhelmed with grief. I had not as yet started for the church but I had already received your blessing, and I felt, O my beloved Parents, that in this blessing you told me good-bye and confided me to God; because only He can now console and help me to bear the cruel pains which our separation causes me. I wish no longer to speak of this, for I am not understood; I concentrate in myself all my affections for you. I know that you are praying for me; for I feel strong and altogether resigned. I will draw from prayer, from correspondence, and from study the necessary helps to accept Point Isabel with patience, and I can there be almost happy when I shall know you are at your ease and in good health. Dear, dear Parents, if my loneliness and deep sorrow could count in heaven and gain for you the happiness which I so ardently desire; if you could enjoy all the happiness, which, without cessation, I beg of God, I could endure all, even our separation. I would say to myself, they are happy, and I would be consoled.

"We are since the day of our arrival at Captain Hunt's. He and his wife are very kind to me, but I cannot get accustomed to their table. Bread is not known in this house; it is replaced by a species of cake which I like beyond measure, but the first mouthful of which made me sick. When I am keeping house I can procure for almost nothing different things from the West Indies, such as crabs, crawfish, little fish, good lemons, and even melons. I wish to become a gastronomist, to enjoy occupying myself in the kitchen, and above all never to be idle, otherwise melancholy would rapidly gain on me. Nevertheless, yesterday I was gay and I hope frequently to be so when I receive good news from you.

"How is dear little Joseph, is he commencing to cut his teeth? Dear little child! how delighted I would be to fondle and pet him as also *Dôle*,\* and Marie! Speak to them frequently of me, for it would be too cruel if on my return they should no longer know me.

"How is dear † Mrs. Nidelet, and her children? Remember me most affectionately to her. I will write very soon to her as also to Leonie ‡ de Pombiray. I intend writing to Guadeloupe and France; for, not having any thing to do, letter-writing will make my time flow by agreeably.

"I wish to do nothing, my own darling mother, without consulting you, and although a great distance separates us, yet by the medium of the pen you may still continue your advice and guidance; I long to become pious in order to become brave and strong.

\* Pet name of her youngest sister, Adèle.

† A friend of the family living in St. Louis.

‡ A cousin of Mariquitta.

"I do not yet know when we may be able to take possession of our home, we are very well pleased here, but I cannot get accustomed to the table. This is the principal reason for which I desire my home. I do hope it will be a lovely little home, for Catherine is an excellent servant and perfectly devoted to me, and so thoughtful of all my wants. Her little boy has the appearance of being dreadfully spoilt, but I hope by training him well, to make him worth something. The house of Captain Hunt without being pretty is agreeable and fresh, surrounded by latticed porches, I wish mine would be as convenient. You need not worry about sending me any thing, dear Mamma, as Jules bought all I need in New Orleans, and promised should any thing be wanting to send there for it.

"I am really ashamed of the expenses I caused you and which I could have easily prevented had I not been so silly with Jules, but now the day of childishness is passed, I am becoming an experienced woman, and all my fear of my husband is entirely gone."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

"POINT ISABEL, June 20th, 1849.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I am very grateful for your two letters that caused me so much pleasure, and I thank God, who is, you say, so good to you now. We have been blessed, we must acknowledge, in the two families, and we have good cause for thanking God that all our relatives have escaped not only the fire but also the cholera.

"You did well, dear Mother, to recommend to us the devotion of this month, but we were in advance of your wishes and commenced from the first of the month.

"We are still at Captain Hunt's and will probably remain here for three weeks more. They are very kind and attentive to us, but we long for our own little home. Catherine, although a little stubborn and tenacious of her own opinions, is an excellent woman and continues to give us much satisfaction. She is no doubt the best we could have had, and I thank you, dear Mother, daily for your choice and your thought of our bringing her. I now see that her little boy too will be of great assistance; he can already do many little things, and is of a very gentle character. Think that Captain Hunt pays \$15 a month to a woman who does scarcely as much as Catherine!

"The weather that was very stormy since our arrival, has returned to its ordinary state, that is to say, bright heavens and a fresh breeze, almost without interruption.

"Mariquitta has made great improvement in English and everybody notices how correctly she is learning to speak it. I am in hopes that within four months she will speak it fluently. She will never forget you and she misses her dear family constantly—away from you her happiness will never be complete; but were it not for that I feel she would be very happy. She is gay, amiable, and loves me, I truly think, a great deal.



It is useless for me to add that I love her with all my heart, and yet I feel my love increasing daily.

"She wishes to do a mass of things for each and every one of you, and has already finished a pair of cuffs, or, I think more likely, a collar, besides three-fourths of a large handkerchief; but I will acknowledge that I would prefer her working for you in some other manner than by *embroidering*. It is a work which alone is sufficient to ruin her eyes, when one works, as she does, *all day long*, day after day; but worse than all when she continues it, moreover, at twilight, you will agree with me that she will destroy her sight. She frequently complains of her eyes and nearly every day is obliged to bathe them in rum; but as she still now and then mistrusts my judgment and my remonstrances she will not believe all I tell her on this subject.

"She is losing her hair in such a manner as to worry both of us. I gave her some oil I had made use of on my own, which did me much good; I hope it will have the same effect on hers.

"I am much obliged to David\* for his good opinion of me, and with the exception of a little prejudice, I can frankly say I am very fond of him.

"Embrace my Father and Sisters tenderly for me.

"Your very devoted Son,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"POINT ISABEL, July 1st, 1849.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"It is this evening that we are awaiting the steamboat. I shall be very disappointed and very disheartened if I have no letters from you. I cannot inform you of the exact time of the departure of our two steamboats, but we always hope to see one of them arrive on Sunday. Consequently, they leave New Orleans every Thursday. Try, I beg of you, never to miss one, for otherwise I shall be so anxious, so unhappy. My only happiness here is receiving your letters. I think all through the week that Sunday appears too far off, and yet when it arrives I am worked up to an anxiety, impossible to describe, until I have read the first few lines of your letters and see that they contain no bad news. Oh! how sad I feel far from you! If I had not such a good husband, I do not know what would become of me; but still I do not see much of him, as he is absent all the day, his occupations being so numerous and he is not yet thoroughly conversant with them. When my melancholy becomes too strong I lay down and go to sleep until he returns and awakens me. The rest of the time I work whilst thinking of you.

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\* David de Coudroy de Lauréal, a cousin of Mariquitta who had been very much in love with her. Julius here laughingly alludes to his love, pretending to be jealous.

"It is true that I have all by myself made the handkerchief which I had taken to embroider. It is finished and well finished. I shall send it to Nancy or to Toto\* (I have really forgotten to whom I had promised it) in the box which I shall dispatch to you next week. I will send by the same means, my good Mother, the cuffs bearing a rosebud design. It is not at all true that these little pieces of work are ruining my eyes. That is a notion of Jules', who likes to do a good deal himself. He is just now plunged into a meditation which evidently does not inspire him a great deal, for unceasingly I am compelled to awaken him to prevent his falling off his chair.

"I have just received your letter of the 17th of June, dear Mamma, as also the letter of Nancy, David, and Aunt Celeste.† I do not know why, but I was thinking that I would not receive any to-day. I was feeling so desolate in advance that to prevent myself from crying I went over to Mrs. Abadie's‡ to have recourse to her piano. On entering she handed me my letters, and without asking her to excuse me, so excited was I, I returned home at once. If you often think of your child I can assure you that she does not forget you and that she loves you as much as it is possible to love one in this world. What you tell me of Toto has caused me great pain. Poor sister! Since yesterday, the idea of her sickness returns again and again to my mind and makes me feel very sad. Nancy's letter greatly affected me. I am proud of her noble heart and I hope, my dear Parents, that no husband will come soon to carry her away from you. Jules is very much touched with the manner in which you always speak of him. He told me last evening that he felt more for you than he could express and that the idea of seeing you again frequently occupied his mind.

"How happy I would be if we could return to St. Louis for some months! I am sure that when my Jules would know you perfectly, and you would know him better, you would both love each other dearly. You have not deceived yourselves in your first judgment of him. He is indeed worthy of esteem and affection. Now that I know him thoroughly I would have great difficulty in finding many men as good as him."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"POINT ISABEL, July 22nd, 1849.

"Sunday is my day of rest, my dear Parents, and I avail myself of the pleasure of writing you a few lines of friendship and affection, for I have not had the opportunity for a long time to write you a word. Besides my ordinary occupations which give me little leisure, at the end of every month I have a number of papers and reports to prepare to send to Washington, and at the end of every quarter an additional number. With the end of

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\* A pet name of her sister Madeleine.

† Her maternal aunt, a Religious in the Convent of St. Clotilde at Paris.

‡ Wife of Dr. Abadie, the U. S. Surgeon of the Post.

July I thus had these two series of papers to prepare, and although I did not wait until the end of the month to commence my papers, still I was not able to finish them before the middle of July.

"Thus you understand my silence and will excuse it. Yesterday was the first day I could take since our return from Fort Brown.

"I was invited to a large fishing party, being promised every success with my line, as every precaution had been taken, and that I could even anticipate catching turtles. I allowed myself to be tempted, after having hesitated some time, and towards nine o'clock A.M., we started, a party of fourteen, in two small sailing boats. The wind was strong and favorable, so that we arrived in a short time at the first stopping place. We threw our nets to catch turtles, and in other parts of the river threw our lines; but the fish must have been cognizant of the conspiracy drawn up against them, for they would not even bite at the bait, and the same fate awaited us all day. Only one poor, miserable fish was caught; for I do not count the five or six wretched catfish that were willing to catch on to our lines because we did not wish them, nor did their sea companions seem more enthusiastic over them when we used them as bait.

"But in spite of ill-luck we amused ourselves immensely, we had wine, ice, and plenty to eat; several of these gentlemen sang passably well, and one of them, a great friend of Mariquitta's, even brought his favorite instrument, the jaw of a horse, so we even had music. We sailed up the lagoon for 12 miles above Point Isabel; we had our sail cut off close by the wind and again, after we had cut it off and replaced it by a new sail, the head of this new one was smashed and we were carried away by the tide, even in the very last place we had stopped. It is useless to tell you we were compelled to *jump into the water*, as we had already amused ourselves in walking in the lagoon; but we were obliged to work half an hour as hard as possible to push our boat into deep water. After we succeeded we had just time to enter our boat when we saw an immense shark very near us, so that altogether our day was one full of adventures but I enjoyed myself as well as I could away from my dear little wife.

"In four or five days, I think, our house will be finished, and we are delighted, for it is rather trying to live with strangers, especially when their tastes and manners are different. I do not like to be dependent on others, for at times one is obliged to be a slave to their habits when one lives, by favor, in their houses.

"Mariquitta, no doubt, has informed you of her impressions of our trip to Fort Brown. We stopped at Mrs. Chapman's, a charming woman from the East, who made quite an impression on Mariquitta, and I was very well satisfied. Oh! how I wish that some of Mariquitta's dear relatives of Guadeloupe could come and live with her when we are in our own little home; for I fear a husband, no matter how much loved, can scarcely suffice a young girl, educated as she has been, and she needs some companions of her own sex.



"We had the misfortune not to hear from you last week, which nearly threw Mariquitta, poor little woman, into despair! I know it was not the fault of any of you, and I am prepared for this to happen every now and then; for, although you may write every week, your letters may miss the boats at New Orleans and there will thus be a double mail the following week. But in order to prevent this I beg of my dear Sisters not to wait, as heretofore, till you are ready to write, so as to put their letters in the same envelope, but to write whenever they feel so disposed, and then send their letters immediately; because, if every week two letters or a packet of different letters start from your house, one will be sure always to come with the New Orleans boat.

"Good-bye, I embrace you, as well as my dear Sisters, with all my heart.

"Your affectionate son,  
"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her sister Madeleine.*

"PT. ISABEL, August 11, 1849.

"DEAR TOTO,

"From what you say of the progress you have made in English, I imagine that in spite of all eulogies I receive of the manner in which I speak this language, you are all the more proficient.

"Jules is delighted with the idea of receiving a purse made by you all. My own darling husband bears you, as well as the other members of our family, a true and sincere affection.

"All the charming and interesting things you tell me of dear little Joseph only increase my longing to see him. Dear little darling, how I will hug and smother him with my kisses when I return!

"Thank you, darling, for your wishes for my happiness; I think it is secured for the rest of my life, and I permit myself to desire you to have a husband like my Jules, but not before five or six years. I can wish you nothing more advantageous to your future happiness. If you only knew how good he is, how he loves me, and does every thing, in his power to render me happy! I love him with all my heart.

"Jules also wished to write to you by the packet, but, as he is so dreadfully busy, it will be impossible.

"Good-bye, my dear Sister, Jules and myself unite in kissing you most tenderly.

"Your devoted Sister,  
"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"PT. ISABEL, September 10th, 1849.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"This morning I received yours of the 12th, 22nd, and 26th of August. On the impulse of the moment I take my pen to pour forth all the happiness they gave me. Jules was not as happy as I, for he, poor fellow, learnt of the death of a cousin in the East, and of the sickness of Alexander which preoccupies him a great deal. He was so busy this morning that he had



not time to read his letters till now, but indeed he is never as wildly anxious as I am.

"I received this morning a long and lovely letter from Mamma\* Didi, and an eight paged one from David† de Belmont, both of which I will keep till I reach you. When I think it is only fifteen more days before I leave my own beloved Jules it almost breaks my heart and I ask myself again and again, will I ever have the courage. My husband is so good to me since the last three months, so attentive to all that can cause me pleasure, that I love him devotedly. His least indisposition sets me almost crazy. If he ever became very sick I think my dread and uneasiness would set me crazy or kill me, but, thanks be to God, he is perfectly well and the climate of Point Isabel is very beneficial to him. He insists that with my pranks and gayety I throw him off his dignity and that he never was so guilty of nonsense in all his life; but I am very grateful for his taking part in all my childishness and sometimes we spend hours in amusing ourselves in a manner worthy of Dôle and Joseph. Oh! how I love my own darling Jules and how grateful I am that you made me marry him!

"For the last four days we have had dark, damp, and rainy weather, but this afternoon the sun is shining so gorgeously that I hope it foretells fine, bright, and sunny weather. I am delighted to hear that the Summer was so charming in St. Louis and hope it will be succeeded by a like Autumn and Winter.

"I can see you in your little home living a quiet, gentle and loving life.

"I despair of ever teaching Catherine to cook, she is full of conceit about her culinary abilities, and in spite of my instructing her again and again she makes no improvement. Poor Jules, if, during my absence, he is dependent on this girl, I fear he will starve!

"Your own darling daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

In the Winter of 1849, Captain Domingues' Spy Company, which had been mustered out of service at New Orleans, arrived at Point Isabel bringing with it the Asiatic Cholera in a most malignant form. A large portion of the inhabitants, citizens and soldiers, were swept away by this fearful disease. During its terrible visitation Julius was indefatigable in his attentions to the sick, visiting at all hours the Hospitals, and by his cool and calm bravery did much towards allaying the universal dread and apprehension and inspiring confidence in the minds of all.

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\* Augustine Lemercier de Pombiray, married to her Parents' first cousin, Jean Baptiste de Coudroy de Lauréal.

† Count David de Belmont, her first cousin, and a brilliant young Artillery Officer in the French Army.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Removal of the troops to Fort Brown—remarks of an old lay Brother—Julius' great assistance to the Church and Mgr. Odin's testimony—forcible incident of Julius' humility of character—his letter to Mariquitta's mother on occasion of Octavie's First Communion—birth of Julio—Julius' wrongful arrest by his Commanding Officer—his ardent desire to see his wife and little son.

IN February 1850 the troops at Point Isabel were removed to Fort Brown, Brownsville, Tex., and Julius repaired thither with his Company.

Brownsville is situated on the left bank of the Rio Grande, immediately opposite the Mexican town of Matamoras, and about thirty-five miles from the Gulf of Mexico. During the Mexican War Col. Brown, commanding some of the American troops, constructed the fort bearing his name. Around this spot some French and American merchants settled down as well as a number of Mexican families and thus Brownsville was founded. In 1850 it was already a tolerably good sized town, containing a fair population, chiefly Mexicans.

The following are Recollections of an old lay Brother who accompanied Father Telmon of the Oblate Fathers in 1850 from Canada to Brownsville.

"If Mr. Garesché continued his life up to the moment of his death as I knew it in Brownsville, I can truly say he is a Saint. When Fathers Telmon, Soulerin and myself landed at Point Isabel in 1850, Mr. Garesché received us with open arms and conducted us to his own quarters where every possible attention was shown us. Three or four days after our arrival the American Camp was transported from there to Brownsville. Thereupon he took us with him and conveyed us to Brownsville in his Government ambulance. He was so good to us, and as long as we had not the means of subsistence he personally provided for our wants. Mr. Garesché was such an excellent Catholic, that he served Mass every Sunday, in full uniform, and never allowed a month to pass by without going to Communion. In a word there are few like him either in their conduct or in their deeds."

Julius greatly assisted Mgr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston, in building the little Catholic Church of Brownsville, it being erected almost entirely by his own exertions. Moreover, it was due to his earnest appeals that Catholic Chaplains were allowed in the Army. Some years afterwards Mgr. Odin recounted to one of Julius' relatives that he had given great edification to himself and every one else by his piety and regularity in his religious duties, and that when he would enter the Church to say his daily Mass he frequently found him there, kneeling in profound meditation before the Mass which he often served.

The following incident forcibly illustrates Julius' touching humility of character.

On a certain occasion while drilling his Company one of the men, whom I shall call Smith, was rather intoxicated and made several blunders. Julius immediately rushed up to him greatly excited and exclaimed "Smith, what in the devil do you mean?" He had hardly spoken the words in the excitement of the moment when he blushed like a girl at the strong language he had just used and repented it in his heart. When the drill was over and the First Sergeant was about to dismiss the Company he stepped up and said "Wait a moment, Sergeant", and then walking up to Smith took off his cap and before all the men humbly said "Smith, I beg your pardon for having spoken as I did." Then replacing his cap he turned around and directed the First Sergeant to dismiss the men.

Such an act of true lowliness of mind must certainly have found favor in the sight of God; to humble one's self so in the presence of and to one's inferiors!

The following extract from a letter of Julius' to Mariquitta's mother portrays his reverential love for the Adorable Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. It is on the occasion of his learning of her younger daughter Octavie's First Communion.

"FORT BROWN, May 11th, 1850.

"DEAR MAMMA,

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"I present you my hearty congratulations on Octavie's First Communion. I should have been most delighted to be present. It is always such a beautiful and touching ceremony to see a band of young girls ap-

proaching for the first time in all the purity and innocence of their young age the Communion Table; what a satisfaction to their parents and those interested in their welfare!"

On May 30th, 1850, while on a visit to some relatives in St. Louis Mariquitta gave birth to a beautiful little boy, Julio. He was baptized Marie Pierre Jules Garesché.

From June 21st to November 21st, 1850, Julius was wrongfully placed in arrest by his Commanding Officer, Maj. Giles Porter, on frivolous and unjust grounds. Naturally indignant and knowing his own utter innocence he determined to lay the whole matter before the proper military authorities, a rightful privilege that the military law accords, and ask that a Court of Inquiry investigate the causes of his arrest. To a sensitive and manly nature like his it was a severe trial to be thus unjustly deprived of the privileges of his rank. His feelings were intensified, his suffering increased by the absence of his darling little wife whose dear society was daily more and more missed. Religion alone sustained him in this trying ordeal. His longing for Mariquitta increased and became unspeakable. He wished, moreover, to see his little Julio, his beautiful baby; to fondle it, caress it, and witness its charming little ways. He had willingly sent Mariquitta back to her parents, owing to her sick condition, but the separation had caused his love a severe pang. He had voluntarily sacrificed his own pleasure for her good, knowing she would receive better nursing from her mother than he could give. And now, as always subsequently, when compelled to be absent from her, he felt the separation most keenly; still he did not now, nor ever afterwards, allow this sentiment to interfere with his duties either towards God or man; did not permit his own unhappiness to interfere with his natural kindness and courtesy to all.

In the latter part of Summer he wrote to Mariquitta a most touching letter, begging her to return, expatiating on his love for her, his longing to have her again and his ardent desire to see his dear little Julio.

At the time the baby was a little unwell and Mariquitta dreaded under the circumstances making the long trip; but moved by her Julius' pathetic appeal, and knowing that he was



ignorant of the child's slight indisposition, which was after all but trivial, she tore herself away from Limours and her family and set forth to join him.

The circumstances of their reunion and the death of Julio and Julius' tender devotion to his sick wife and dying child are beautifully described in the following letters.

## CHAPTER IX.

Departure of Mariquitta with her baby to join Julius—their arrival at Fort Brown and its death and her own severe illness—Julius' perfect and most tender devotion to his dying child and herself.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

“Sept. 25th, 1850.

“DEAR, DEAR PARENTS, the boat will not leave this evening, and I am very vexed that we have been thus deceived, for otherwise I could have passed another good night with you. I am afraid that you did not arrive in time for the last omnibus and that in consequence you must have been compelled to make the whole trip on foot. This thought torments me.

“*Sept. 26th.*—My very dear Parents, I did not start until late this morning. My son did not pass a bad night, although there was an immense quantity of mosquitoes and the heat was intense. I cannot remember ever having suffered as much from the heat and I have made amends for my wretched night by sleeping to-day nearly two and a half hours. The boat goes exceedingly slowly and constantly stops. As for my boy, up to the present he is perfectly well. Being compelled to occupy myself with him is a real blessing for myself as it diverts my sad thoughts. Still, whilst passing before Carondelet, my heart became so full, so heavy, that but for him I could not have been consoled. Limours, dear Limours, Ah! when shall I see you again! Can Jules ever love me sufficiently for the immense sacrifice I am making for him? Dear Parents, I beg you to take good care of your health and do not overwork yourselves. It is for your children you are working, and as we look upon you as our dearest gift, it is with grief we see that too often you do more than you ought. My little angel is well but seems homesick. He now has only me to caress him and that does not seem to content him. Poor little one! when will he be able to return to you? To-day I realized to the full my position and became so sad as to feel well-nigh discouraged. I trust God will give me the strength and patience, so necessary, and that in compensation for the worriments that I shall endure he will give good health to you, to Jules and to my dear little Julio. Whenever poor Julio cries every lady on board has some remedy to advise, one Whiskey, another Paregoric, another a Cordial; but, as you may understand, I do not profit by their charitable advice.

“*September 28th, Saturday.*—We are still only thirty-five miles from St. Louis, caught on a sand-bank. I am commencing to hope that we will

be obliged to return to St. Louis. The Columbus passed us yesterday about three o'clock, and I am beginning to regret that I did not take it in preference to the Atlantic which is so overloaded that she is compelled to give some of her freight to each boat that we see descending. Last night was very fresh. The temperature has totally changed. Since last evening the boat has made such frantic efforts to leave its resting place that every moment I expected it would go to pieces.

"Although Julio has not a suffering air, still I fear that he has only eaten enough to keep himself from dying of hunger. I would give a great deal to leave the boat and return to St. Louis even but for a day; but to leave at present would be such a difficult thing that I dare not venture it unless through extreme necessity. It is rumored that by this hour to-morrow we will be at Cairo. However, I can hardly believe it, since we are always at the same spot.

"The boat has just started and thus I have lost the hope of returning to St. Louis. I shall try and finish my letter to-day, so as to mail it to-morrow from Cairo, and I am taking advantage of the sleep of my dear little angel. I have never seen him so pretty as just now, he laughed in peals with me and caressed me so graciously.

"Adieu dear Papa, dear Mamma, I tenderly embrace you both, also my Sisters, Grandfather, my Aunts, Uncle Callard and all my St. Louis relatives.

"Your dear daughter,

"MARIQUITTA.

"Sept. 29th.—We are now making good speed."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"September 30th, 1850.

"MY DEAREST PARENTS,

"I am writing to you from Cairo. It is now five days since I started and I might have remained with you up to to-day. Ah! what a difference if I had but listened to Mamma Didi! Since two nights ago my son has been ailing; he has taken cold and I believe had a little fever all night. His nose was stopped up, and his little hands were burning; he vomited unceasingly, and could get no rest laying down, so impeded was his respiration. I spent the night in rocking him in the rocking chair. Yesterday morning I found him better, I rubbed him with twenty grains of quinine and kept him all day in the cabin. Last evening one of the ladies on board rubbed his nose, temples, chest, feet and hands with mutton-tallow and he slept well the first part of the night. His cold is over, I believe, but it has given him the colics since yesterday morning. If we continue the route as well as we began it I cannot tell when we will arrive and in all probability I shall not reach Fort Brown before fifteen days. Fifteen days more to pass among strangers, without a friend to assist and console me in my moments of despair; for I can call by no other name

what I experience when I see my angel suffering and feel that I shall be incapable of nursing him properly if he should become seriously ill on this unlucky boat!

"*Tuesday.*—My dear Parents, we are still at Cairo; but my son is better to-day, so that I feel more calm in spirit. There are so many babies on the boat and they make such an uproar that it is impossible for my Julio to sleep. I shall be indeed curious to know when we shall arrive. I fear we shall miss the boat to Brazos; but I shall not grieve if my son is well.

"*Wednesday.*—We left the sand-bank this morning and leave Cairo this evening. Adieu, my dear Parents, I embrace you very tenderly as also my sisters, grandfather, and all my aunts and uncles.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

"FORT BROWN, October 9th, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"The mail arrived from St. Louis this morning, and I received but one letter, from Dr. Abadie, and a line or so from my darling little wife. The Doctor's letter was dated the 15th September, and Mariquitta's though not dated, must have been of about that time, for she would have left, she said, had it not been for the sickness of Julio, on the morrow,—and the 15th had been chosen for the day of departure. I feel a little worried about my son, though Mariquitta appears to experience no fears, and I so long for their arrival or, at least, to have better accounts. I would also love to know, my dear Mother, that you are well. Mariquitta writes that you are suffering from very high fever, the result of the fatigue caused by the packing of her trunks. I am grieved to hear this, and sincerely hope by this time it has disappeared and that each day finds you better settled on your property, and that you can be freed from care and trouble, as also from the fatigue that my poor Mariquitta and Julio must have imposed upon your maternal affection. You will now have the opportunity of re-establishing your health; because you must be exhausted, my dear and good Mother, and have need of rest. I long to hear you are in better health and have regained your strength, for I bear you a much truer and deeper affection than you dream of. I can thoroughly sympathize with all you endured last year in body and soul; and when I reflect that the greater part was caused through my wife and child, all my interest and affection for you, dear Mother, are further increased by my gratitude. Believe me when I say, I will do all that depends upon a man to make Mariquitta's life as bright and happy as a sun-beam.

"I expect my own sweet wife, by the 'Globe',\* on next Monday, and, having obtained permission, I will leave Sunday for Brazos to meet and welcome her home. Every thing promises her a fortunate trip, and I hope this

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\* One of the steamers between New Orleans and the Brazos.



time she will not fail to come to crown my happiness. One must acknowledge that after a long and cruel waiting, rendered more trying by constant uneasiness and fears and a long series of disappointments, succeeding each other, I have at least the right to wish the return of the one who is dearest to me in this world!

"I have heard nothing of my Court of Inquiry and it may be I will have to remain in arrest two or three more months; but if Mariquitta is here, I will joyfully resign myself.

"To-day I received a letter from an Officer of my Regiment who writes from the Headquarters of General Twiggs that the General appears to have no idea of our Regiment changing forts this winter. I am delighted, for we have a pleasant home and, excepting servants and society, have all that is necessary to make us happy and contented.

"As soon as Mariquitta arrives I will let you know, my dear Mother; but, in the meantime, have no fear, for I can assure you there is no need. The ocean is calm in October once the equinox is over, the storms are over long before this date, and besides I have written to the proprietor of the line of Steamers recommending my wife and child immediately to the care of his Captains, which he will not fail to do. There is a stewardess to each of these Steamers, and I feel sure that Mariquitta will have every attention. With this certainty I embrace you most affectionately as well as all the family.

"I assure you, you may believe with perfect confidence in the affection of

"Your devoted Son,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"October 10th, 1850.

"MY DEAREST PARENTS,

"To-night we arrive in New Orleans and I profit by my last quiet day to write. I long for news from you, and yet I fear it will be some time before I shall be thus gratified. If I only knew you were all in good health it would give me courage to continue my travels. Fifteen days in which I know nothing of either you or Jules! My Julio is my little Guardian Angel, without him this suspense would be unendurable. He sustains my courage by his lovely baby ways; and I am so delighted to see him well, gay and happy, that I feel a lively gratitude towards God who protects me in so marked a manner. Nearly all the ladies and all the children have been sick, but not for one moment have I felt any indisposition, and for the last five or six days my Julio has been all I could desire. He is so much more knowing than when we left you. I am so proud and happy with my darling boy that there are times I feel it borders on idolatry, and I fear God will punish me. I have already written to you four different times, twice from Cairo, once from Memphis and once from Vicksburg. This letter makes the fifth, all of which letters I hope will reach you, and I also hope that you are not too worried about my son and self.

"I have finished Toto's slippers and Nancy's cape, also Jules' slippers, and have hemmed his pretty cravat. You see I have lost no time in keeping myself busy, this has prevented me from thinking too much.

"October 11th.—We arrived last night, my dear Parents, and my baby and self are in perfect health, I hope it is the same with you. Do not worry about me, for God is ever watchful over me. It really appears that the Globe has waited expressly for me, for it always leaves Thursday and this time it leaves on Friday. I hope to arrive Monday at Brazos and Tuesday at Fort Brown.

"Good-bye, my darling Parents, I embrace you most tenderly as also my Sisters, Grandfather, Uncles and Aunts.

"Your devoted and loving daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"October 20th, 1850.

"MY DEAREST PARENTS,

"I finally arrived this morning at Brazos. I have left the boat and am at Major Chapman's waiting for Jules who has been notified of my arrival. Our voyage was long; but not too severe. I was only sea-sick once. My little Julio is suffering a little, but I am in hopes it will be nothing."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Uncle.*

"FORT BROWN, Wednesday, October 23rd, 1850.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"The enclosed letter for Mr. and Mme. Edward de Lauréal announces to them the sad news, sad for us who lose him, that our dear little Julio has left us to wing his flight to God. But my poor Parents loved this child so much, that I feared to announce this loss directly to them and so, with the advice of Mariquitta, I rely on your goodness, to deliver this letter to them with your own hand and to impart the news to them as gently as possible. My dear wife supports this misfortune with a resignation which astonishes me, but, it is true, that from the very beginning she had no hope. She is pretty well now, excepting a nervous headache.

"The letter for my Parents will tell you all. I am writing in great haste, so please excuse me. A thousand kind regards to my Aunt, as also to all the rest of the family. Mariquitta embraces you all very tenderly.

"Your affectionate Nephew,

"JULES GARESCHÉ."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Wednesday, October 23rd, 1850.

"MY DEAR, DEAR PARENTS,

"My Mariquitta arrived Thursday with her child, very, very sick; he had caught cold on the steamer. The Doctor on seeing him told me all hope

was at an end, but he treated him so well, that the poor little angel became better. Every body thought so, the Doctor himself even saw a glimmer of hope, when all of a sudden, Monday in the afternoon the child began to suffer so dreadfully, and the remedies seemed to have so little effect that we sent for the Doctor several times. He came again towards three o'clock in the morning, and said there was but one last hope, to prepare a hot bath.

"The bath was ready, they undressed Julio to put him in, when he commenced sinking so rapidly that the Doctor cried out, 'It is useless.' He thought, as we all did, that the child was dying. Mariquitta then wished to take him, and held him on her knees for nearly two hours, each minute of which we thought would be the last. In spite of my entreaties she would not loosen her hold of him, until at last exhausted nature compelled her to lie down. She lay next to him, and little by little fell asleep or dozed, I was kneeling by them: what a long and cruel agony! One would have said Julio would not die, and yet God had stayed his death; we all prayed. The good Priests said their Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Peter for him, they had made a novena in thanksgiving for his recovery—we even tried to obtain a miracle in his behalf, by Father Telmon's advice, who was with us in his last moments: we gave him to God, we consecrated him to the priesthood, and giving him a teaspoonful of holy water to swallow awaited the result, whilst the Priest went to say his Mass again for him. On my knees at the foot of the bed I united my intention with the Priest's, and scarcely had I finished my prayers for the Elevation when my boy died; the watch which I held in my hand marked precisely a quarter to eight. Mariquitta slept still, a moment afterwards she awoke, touched him all over, saw he was no more, took him herself and went through the painful ordeal of dressing him, then placed him by her side and remained thus a half or three-quarters of an hour. I could no longer keep an account of time after that. Looking at him she murmured 'That is not my child, that is not my beautiful Julio, my own beautiful little angel, what corpse is that?' The poor little darling was dreadfully changed by his long sufferings. Mariquitta was calm, she shed not a tear; finally they carried her from there into an adjoining room, where she was put to bed, and they hastened to give her medicines, for she suffered fearfully from her head and back. Father Telmon endeavored to console her, she answered him quietly but was not consoled. At last a nervous spasm seized her, she tossed about her arms and legs, thrust every one from her, and asked why they thus tormented her. I had no courage left, to see her heart-rending grief, and my own deep rooted sorrow—for Oh! I so dearly loved my child! to think that had I left them at Limours God might have spared me all this, this thought was maddening; but Father Telmon spoke to her again, reminded her, how happy her child now was, that she still had her husband, and told her many more consoling things. She was moved, throwing her arms around my neck (I was kneeling at her feet) she answered 'Oh! yes, I love him well.' I was



weeping, I still weep at the thought of that dreadful night; they left us alone after having given her an anodyne. She slept, dozing several times during the day and night; she was very gentle, very calm and very reasonable, and this morning she is much better, although she still suffers much from her head and back. I have contrived to make her laugh several times, I was myself astonished at my success. If not for her head-ache, one would imagine a month had elapsed since the death of her child, but she never hoped to be able to save him, three or four times she believed him to be dying. Saturday morning we could scarcely doubt the fact, we were all around him, his breathing was so feeble one could scarcely distinguish it, his eyes were dim and glazed as in death, so I suppose the effect is the same as if she had lost him sometime ago. I gently forced her to take a rest, and she has slept nearly all the last two days, although before reaching me she passed four entirely sleepless nights with him. All that now is the matter with her is nervous emotion, her pulse is regular, she has no more fever, and is looking well—and I hope with God's grace she will overcome her great grief. Every attention, assistance and sympathy were amply lavished upon her by the Officers and soldiers of the Garrison, the inhabitants of the city, the passengers on board of the boat, all ceased not to speak of her and Julio, all offered their services. Miss Marguerite Bennett, whose family has been intimate with ours for many years, with an old negro servant, a woman of great experience, stayed with us almost all the time. We have an excellent servant who also lately lost her first child. The Doctor was unceasing in his visits. Dear little Jules, he was buried yesterday at five o'clock. Father Telmon had the kindness to allow him to be buried in the Church as near the Communion rail as possible. In order to please my darling little wife, I gave her and Miss Marguerite full liberty to do as they wished, and they have done all possible in this country. As there is no mahogany here, they ordered a double coffin of white pine faced inside and outside with white satin finished off with a silver fringe. Mariquitta was pleased and above all at the thought of having her darling buried in the Church. Father Telmon by his consoling words does her so much good. I have requested him to sleep in the room next ours, and he accepted with the greatest kindness.

"I learnt yesterday that I am to be tried: when my case is decided, if Mariquitta wishes; I will try to obtain a Leave and take her to you. I would like to write to you at greater length but Mariquitta likes to have me near her, and I scarcely ever leave her. She has just awakened from a sweet and gentle sleep; her color is good and she looks well. I leave you to go and chat with her, to make her laugh and talk. She loves me as I told you I longed to be loved, and I am wrapt up in her.

"Good-bye, my dear, dear Parents, she unites with me in embracing you tenderly as also our little Sisters.

"Your affectionate Son,

"JULES."



*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"October 26th, 1850.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED PARENTS,

"Do not worry too much over me, until now God has given me a courage that I do not understand and I cannot attribute it but to one cause. It is that I am not yet capable of understanding the loss I have experienced.

"Oct. 30th.—The mail has not yet arrived and, as I am stronger now, I hope to be able to give you some details of the terrible event that has deprived me of all my happiness. If I had remained at Limours I would still be happy and still possess my angel; but fate has decreed otherwise, and I must bow to its decree. Oh! my darling Mother, in saying good-bye to you, I knew I must also bid good-bye to my angel.

"The evening of our arrival at New Orleans I determined to sleep aboard in spite of the entreaties of good Mr. Connelly. Alas! why did I not listen to his entreaties! I would then still be a happy Mother; and now I have no longer my son. The Captain of the *Globe* fearing I would be devoured by the mosquitoes offered me his room on deck. This room though small had seven openings. I did not pay attention to this, and as Mrs. MacDonald was constantly complaining of the heat and I was tired I was incapable of thought. During the night Julio had on only his cotton petticoat and dress, and I allowed Mrs. MacDonald to take them off without putting on others. A little while afterwards the breeze blew up and when I awoke my child was icy cold, but nevertheless did not appear to suffer, because he was laughing and playing near me. The following morning he commenced to have colics and to cough quite frequently, but always the same little cough that used to amuse us so much. This was on Saturday. During Monday or Tuesday night he did nothing else but nurse and cry, and did not sleep at all. He coughed a great deal Tuesday night and I felt so uneasy that I called in a Doctor to see him. He came to my sorrow and gave Julio a strong emetic that the poor little fellow never vomited. The following morning he gave him two strong doses of Calomel. I recollected that Doctor Abadie gave it to Joseph and as the thought of my dear little Brother cruelly tormented me I let him do it. Towards noon my child was dying, he grew pale, blue, convulsions set in and I thought he was going to pass from me. In the evening he was a little better, but the night was terrible. The following morning we arrived at Brazos. Jules was not there, it was a moment of despair. The fever grew very high. The eyes of my darling assumed a terribly fixed appearance, and I expected every moment to see him die. On landing he became better till evening but he did not sleep that night. Major Chapman was a true friend to me, walking him a great part of the night, and helping me give him the remedies prescribed by Doctor Jarvis. At times the convulsions were so strong and the cries of my child so heart-rending that I was on the point of smothering him in my arms in order to end his horrible sufferings. The

next morning Doctor Jarvis found him much better. He told me not to despair as I did, that the doctor on the boat had really placed the life of the child in danger; but that I had now nothing more to fear, that every thing was going on well and I could proceed to Fort Brown.

"I entered the carriage only half satisfied and very, very anxious. Jules met me half way. He was so happy to see his child, that he would not believe all my sad presentiments. Immediately on arriving at Fort Brown he went for a young but talented Doctor from Brownsville. This Doctor on seeing my child considered him lost. He ordered a hot bath and took Jules aside, to say he would attempt all in his power but there was nothing for him to do. I understood all and a terrible despair took possession of me. Shortly after my arrival Miss Bennett, the Colonel's sister, and her old negress entered. They at once tried to warm my poor little angel, whose extremities were icy-cold. They succeeded and during the last four days of his life they nursed him night and day. My first thought on seeing my son die was the hope I would soon follow him; but Jules' despair changed my sentiments. When I saw him at my feet begging my pardon and acknowledging his being the cause of the fearful misfortune that overwhelmed me, I could no longer blame him and I felt I was still needed on this earth. Sunday and Monday I had some hope, the physician seemed more confident, he followed the disease with so much care, and appeared to be so interested in Julio and besides during the six days in which my child had been so ill, I had so implored of God to take him from the first day of his sickness, if he were to continue his excruciating sufferings, that it appeared to me impossible to lose him. On Monday for a moment I thought him saved and before the picture of the Sacred Heart I wept tears of gratitude in thanking God for the immense favor I thought He had granted me. Those were the last tears I shed.

"I was near my child in his agony, I held him in my arms in his last moments, yet I did not see him die, for I left the room but for a moment, and when I returned I found nothing but a little corpse. That sight did not bring forth a single tear. Jules was sobbing near me, but I no longer felt any thing. I dressed my child myself and then lay down by him. A moment afterwards I leant over to look at him; he was so disfigured that I felt my strength failing and allowed myself to be carried into the adjoining room. Since, I have not seen him! he is gone forever! They gave me a strong dose of laudanum and ether, and, in the evening when I awoke, I learned that my child was no longer in the house, that he had been buried in the Church, at the foot of the Communion Table. I have no longer any courage, my life seems a terrible void. Jules has promised to take me to Limours to stay some weeks. Indeed, it ought to be a great comfort for me, and yet the idea of returning to the place so filled with the memory of my child terrifies me.

"*November 4th,*—

"The mail has not yet arrived, my dear Parents. I long for it and yet

dread it, my heart is so filled with dark and sad presentiments that it appears to me impossible to hear any thing good. Jules does all he can to distract me; Miss Bennett and the Officers pay me every attention. Every day I take a drive or a horse-back ride. At times I feel entirely well, but whenever the thought of my darling comes it brings back the nervous head-ache. Jules was frightened by my thinness the day of my arrival. He thinks I have since improved a great deal, all that see me are of the same opinion. Therefore, my dear Parents, you need not worry yourselves about me.

"*November 9th.*—I fear that the delay of the mail has made you anxious, and this thought torments me. However, you must not get worried if sometimes a month passes by without hearing from me. The North winds, which we have every week, greatly delay the passage of the steamers, and, as the *Globe* was condemned after her last voyage, we have now only one boat to carry the mail. The weather has been very severe for the last three days. It must be intensely cold at St. Louis.

"You have also been tried. Your two dear little boys have left you forever. Ah! my God, have pity on us! do not overwhelm us! I went to Communion on the morning I left St. Louis; you, my dear Parents, blessed me and my child, Grandfather also, these benedictions made me feel strong and yet God did not listen to you, He has taken away my son, I have no longer a child. My beautiful little Julio is under ground, under that damp and cold ground. Ah! if I knew he would have found his death here who could have induced me to leave Limours! Ah! Limours, dear Limours, how my heart was broken in leaving you!

"Yesterday, dear Mamma, I received your letter of the 1st of October and one from Nancy dated the 28th of September, and the long twelve paged one you wrote to Jules. Dear, dear Mamma, forgive the pain he caused you. The passionate love he bears me is the cause. He could no longer reason, he was almost crazy; would you believe, my dear Parents, he was so glad to have me that the death of his child does not afflict him? He suffered only on account of my own sufferings; he continually tells me that now he is perfectly happy, that he did not think he could have such great happiness; that he is intoxicated with delight. You can have no idea what effect his words produce on me. They cut me to the heart and at times render me indignant. Ah! indeed it is not thus I loved my son! The affection that I bear you, my husband and my sisters is certainly strong, yet that which I bore my Julio was a hundred times stronger. It was adoration, worship. I loved him too dearly. God has punished me; but the punishment was too great, it has crushed me and has closed my heart against all that is sweet and consoling. I no longer know how to pray, in fact I had prayed so, so hard on my knees, holding my dying son in my arms, I cried to heaven to spare him. Anyhow he would have died in coming here; for, in spite of every effort, Jules could not find a wet-nurse. God wished this beautiful little Angel, He did not find me worthy of keeping



him, I was not capable and He united him with Joseph;\* but how He made him suffer before death, what terrible sufferings that poor little angel endured, and that, too, during eight days, without interruption! How often I have regretted they prolonged his agony! When I recollect his smothered cries, and the contortions of his face, I feel as if they were going to commence again. Ah! nevertheless, my child, if you have left me do not forget me; God must leave you the thought of your poor desolate Mother! One consolation for me is that he can now pray for you, and that he can now render you all you did for me. I never cease recommending you to him, I tell him to remember how you loved him, all you did for him.

"November 10th.—My poor Jules is sick in bed since yesterday with fever and cold. It is nothing up to the present, still it is always better to take precautions from the very beginning. I beg and implore of you to be prudent against the cold. Does Nancy intend going soon to St. Louis? I do not wish that the death of Julio should hinder her enjoying herself this winter. I know how much you all loved him, but he is now a perfectly happy little angel, so it is only we who should deplore him. Far from blaming my sisters if they amuse themselves I hope they will on the contrary keep me posted about their pleasures.

"Jules is feeling better, he is up and intends writing to you. I can assure you that he is very sorry for having caused you grief.

"Good-bye, my dear Parents, do not worry yourselves concerning me, my husband loves me to distraction and does all in his power to make me happy. I embrace you most lovingly as also my Sisters.

"Your MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her sister Madeleine.*

"November 14th, 1850.

"DEAR TOTO,

"I have not yet written to you and therefore I write this letter. My last one to Papa and Mamma was so sad that I am sorry I sent it. Whenever I speak of my son, and to you I cannot speak but of him, all my sorrow returns and I cannot find a single gay thought; and yet, will you believe it, you who have seen me with my Julio and who know whether I loved him, whether any thing else could occupy my mind, how my passionate love rendered me sometimes ridiculous; will you believe that since the death of this little idolized angel I laugh, I talk, I amuse myself just as if I never had known the happiness of being a mother and that this happiness has been taken away from me? I only feel about me an indefinable emptiness and I cannot find what is missing.

"Nov. 16th.—I send Mamma Didi, by the young French priest who leaves us to-day, a box in which I have placed some bonbons for you all

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\* Her deceased little brother.



and four little pieces of cloth which have never served my angel and of which Mamma can make aprons for Adèle and Marie.

"*Nov. 18th.*—I have had no news from you all since the 8th October. I feel accordingly very anxious and tormented in mind, above all on account of Grandfather who was very sick when Mamma last wrote. I have found my poor Jules very thin and greatly changed. The Court has not yet assembled. I hope that as soon as it has terminated Jules and I can then start for St. Louis. Good-bye, dear Sister, I tenderly embrace you as also Papa, Mamma, Nancy, Tavie, Marie, and Adèle.

"Your affectionate sister

"MARIQUITTA."

## CHAPTER X.

Julius' release from arrest—desire to have his innocence proved by a Military Tribunal—his description of his position in the Army in rank—Mariquitta's grief over the loss of her Julio and resignation to the Will of God—life of herself and Julius at the Fort—Brother Roudet's remarks—Julius' great charity to the poor—his intense love for Mariquitta—flattering encomium of the Inspector General on excellent appearance and drill of his Company—regard of his Superiors for him—intention of General Brooke, Military Governor of Texas, to take him as his Aide-de-Camp to California and desire of his Lieut.-Colonel of Regiment, General Walbach, to have him appointed as his Adjutant should he receive the command of the Regiment.

THE letters succeeding are descriptive of Julius' release from arrest, his anxiety to have his innocence established by a military Court, and touch upon other interesting matters.

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Thursday, November 21st, 1850.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"I have again risen from an attack of sickness which compelled me to keep my bed with a high fever and a dreadful head-ache, all of day before yesterday. Mariquitta seems better when I am sick, which fact convinces me more and more that her sickness is purely nervous; the distraction which is caused by her solicitude for me, a solicitude which seen in the absence of all danger does not rise to real anxiety, and the necessity of *occupying herself*, which her interest in me imposes, operates as a very salutary diversion for her and drives away sadness and all morbid thoughts.

"I have just received my liberty and thus am given back the command of my Company and ten dollars additional pay per month. This pleases me, for I was sick of being so long deprived of all the privileges of my rank, and also indignant with the treatment I have received; for, will you believe it, after having been thus placed in arrest for five long months, without having been either judged or condemned, simply through the caprice of a contemptible Commander, I am refused all justice! The answer of the General is equivalent to that. He tells me that it is impossible to assemble a Court at this moment, that my accusation will remain on file, to be considered *one of these days, if it be found necessary!* I understand well the meaning of this. I never expected to receive justice

from this General, so I had asked it of General Twiggs, but the latter, it seems, did not wish to implicate himself and my foreboding has turned out true. I shall now address myself to General Scott, though I know that he too will refuse to enter in it for fear of offending Generals Twiggs and Brooks; for it is always thus with the great ones of this world, they are always willing to sacrifice the low to please themselves, one for the other. After that I shall petition the Senate and the House of Representatives. I have very little hope from that quarter, still I shall have the satisfaction of then having exhausted every possible means. After every thing has been done my present feelings of disgust and impatience will have attained their height and I shall be ready to embrace any honorable calling which will guarantee me a sure subsistence for my family. But I do not intend making such a venture until I have well weighed the step. There are twenty-four First Lieutenants in a Regiment of Artillery; of the eleventh in the list that I stood at the beginning of this year I am at this moment the fifth. Just now there is a project before Congress which if approved, as it is to be hoped, will take away two of our Captains and at once place me third; and of the four ranking Captains of the entire Artillery corps, with its forty-eight Captains, we have *two* who could become Majors immediately and I would thus be placed at the head of the list. You can accordingly see that I have sufficient grounds of hope of becoming a Captain in at least two years. This would give me a monthly increase of \$10 pay. The following year, that is to say in September, I shall have seen ten years of service and for each period of five years of service there is a monthly increase of \$6 of pay. Again, in mounting another grade, one can aspire to becoming a commander of a post, which is another increase equivalent to the value of our rations, which would be for me—if I could to-day command a post—\$24 more per month. Add to all this the fuel, the rent of a house, the physician's and druggist's bill which we are spared and which in St. Louis could well amount to \$400 or \$500 a year, and you will see that my position is not only an assured but a fine one. One must not forget either, that if I remain in the service, my widow has the right for five years to a small pension which to-day would not be less than \$15 per month, if it is not \$30, and which would augment with my increase of rank. Therefore, for me ever to decide on leaving the service, I must be offered as good a position and one as well assured.

"I leave you as Mariquitta wishes to add a word. She will tell you that she is contented with me and thoroughly convinced of my love; with that love which increases each day and which regards all that she loves, and which is too great not to render her happy. Therefore, have no anxiety about her. Embrace for me my dear little sisters and thank Toto and Tavié \* for the cravats which they had the goodness to send me and which

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\* Mariquitta's little sister Octavie.

I consider, as also your own, (for which I also thank you,) very pretty. I have already worn them with pleasure. Adieu, I tenderly embrace you and beg you to believe me

"Your devoted son,  
"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her sister Nancy.*

"December 3rd, 1850.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I received yesterday your letter of the 17th October without having fresher news. Is it not really discouraging? I wish to write to you, I have the best intentions; yet I doubt of my being capable. Since the death of my little adorable angel I have no longer any ideas, I can no longer do any thing. I used to love to write but now it is a painful task, even when I write to you all. I spend hours in thinking what I will say and yet no thoughts come. Jules frequently tenderly reproaches me with becoming lazy; but what can I do now that I have no longer my baby? I have a servant who does all the work of the house, I have no sewing to do, and besides I am tired of every thing. Every thing worries me, every thing seems tiresome. I seem to be always awaiting something, I am like a traveller. Ah! what good it would do me to be again at Limours! Then I could again work with pleasure, because then I would be aiding you all. I recall with such emotions of pleasure when we would go in the evening searching for fuel around the house. Oh! happy time why art thou gone! When I returned to our little room I would find my son and oh! how beautiful he was during the last days of his life! How I loved him! I loved him too much, and perhaps that is why God took him away; but it was very severe in Him to punish my love thus, it was too hard for me. I prayed with such fervor when I supplicated Him to leave me my child. It is very sad to think that God does not grant all our petitions.

"I am making butter nearly every day. Jules churns it. The parish priest of Brownsville, Mr. Telmon, takes his meals with us since my arrival, which annoys me somewhat; for, though Jules has a sincere friendship for him, he does not at all please me. There is talk of his being changed, and I would be well contented. The weather is detestable to-day and I can assure you I frequently ask myself what Jules can find so delicious in the climate of Texas. He joins me in embracing you all.

"Your best friend,  
"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"December 12th, 1850.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"I received this morning your letters of the 15th, 23rd, and 25th of November. I had had no news of you since the 19th of October and I was very much worried, I can assure you. New Year's day approaches,



It will be the first I have passed far from you. I sent you my daguerrotype and that of Jules' by a young priest; but the boat on which he was voyaging has been lost and I am greatly afraid that the daguerrotypes, the bonbons which I sent my sisters, and my watch are now at the bottom of the sea. For four or five days we have been experiencing intensely cold weather. We have had ice and snow, and one night a little dog, of which Jules was very fond, died from the cold. These wintry days have done me good and I feel so much better that I imagine, if I could only pass a winter in St. Louis, I would regain my girlhood's health. I found my husband very much changed; but he has picked up a great deal since and now is perfectly well. He loves me more passionately than ever, does every thing he can to make me happy.

"December 13th.—Jules has finally decided to make the trip to St. Louis. He wrote to-day to Gen. Brooke for Leave of absence and I hope that within two months we will be near you. Jules begs to be remembered to you and embraces you very tenderly. He is suffering somewhat to-day and cannot write.

"Your loving child,  
"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Sister Nancy.*

"December 13th, 1850.

"DEAR SISTER,

"Yesterday I received yours of the 15th November. If any thing could console me in my deep and untold grief it would certainly be the proofs of affection that my family have shown me. Your letter, as well as those of Mamma, Papa and Toto, made me cry a great deal, but at the same time relieved me. I feel if I could only find myself once more in your midst I would feel almost consoled.

"I do not reproach you for not accompanying me on my journey, you could not nor ought not to leave our Parents, you are so necessary to them, and besides, dear Sister, you are so young, you would not have known any better than myself how to prevent the imprudence which killed my child. Ah! if my poor Mother could have seen how her Julio suffered, what a sorrow it would have been for her! Before that fatal voyage I knew not what it was to suffer. The agony that lasted about five hours was so dreadful that beautiful as my boy was he became horrible, nay frightful. Exhausted, overwhelmed, I left the room for one moment; when I returned I found him a disfigured corpse, with a repulsive expression. And think, dear Sister, I can no longer see him otherwise. Every night when I close my eyes I hear the last wail of my child, his smothered cries, and I see him in the embrace of death. How horrible this memory is, how I long to fly from it! Joseph was not half as disfigured as Julio, and he did not suffer as much, besides his sufferings lasted only three days while Julio during eight days and eight nights knew no rest. At times I begged the Doctor to do nothing more, to let him die, for he suffered too much, and

then again I was full of hope, I felt so grateful to God who had spared my child that I wept tears of thanksgiving. And, nevertheless, He had no pity for my affliction, He took from me my child without listening to my supplications and promises. When I go to Church I see before me my poor little darling laid out, and then buried in the cold ground, all decomposed, and worm-eaten, and then I say to myself what more can I ask of God. These sentiments afflict Jules; but he is not dependent upon me. Oh! I assure you, the loss of my child was too great for me, I feel it more and more every day.

"Good-bye, dear, dear Sister, I embrace you tenderly and Jules joins me.

"Your affectionate Sister,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Dec. 23, 1850.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"The mail is about to leave and it is so dark that I can scarcely see, but I do not wish this mail to leave without a letter from me, to express the gratitude I felt in reading the proofs of your great affection and sympathy in this, our hour of need. I must also thank you for the \$90 you had the kindness to send us as a present; it will be very useful now if, as you say, you do not really need it.

"Do not think I waited till the last moment to write you a hurried note. I had already prepared a little letter for you, but Mariquitta did not find it altogether to her taste, and although I had forbidden her reading it, the wicked little thing tore it up. Therefore, as you see, you must blame her. I would also have liked writing to you by the last boat, but I was sick that day, and lacked courage.

"As Mariquitta has no doubt told you, I requested a Leave to take her to you, in hopes that the cold of a Limours winter and the pleasure of seeing you again, would be more beneficial to her health than all medicines. But do not base your hopes too much upon this Leave, I beg of you; for, in the first place, it can be refused; and secondly, though granted, as I trust, it may be two months before I hear, and in two months who can foretell what may happen; and thirdly, I frankly acknowledge that if Mariquitta is altogether convalescent during that period, I will be greatly tempted to remain where we are, until there is another change for our Company, and this may very probably occur within the next six months. Do not be worried about Mariquitta, it is true she is not altogether over her nervousness, but thanks be to God, her health is *constantly* on the *improvement*. In the last month I, others, and even herself see the change and that she is recovering her strength, flesh, and even her gayety, and all this much more decidedly than you would imagine.

"I am truly sorry to think of the long time that has expired since you last heard from us, the seven weeks must have appeared interminable. I hope God came to your assistance.

"Good-bye, dear Parents. Embrace most affectionately for me my Sisters, tender a thousand thanks to all the family, especially to Aunt Mary and Mr. Callard\* for all their kind and affectionate sympathy and believe me,

"Your devoted Son,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"December 25th, 1850.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"My Christmas passed more gayly than I would have imagined. I went to the midnight Mass and received Communion. About mid-day we had an elaborate Egg-nog which a dozen persons honored. Every one was gay and in the evening we attended a little supper at one of the young officers' quarters, and another about 9 or 10 o'clock at Miss Bennett's. Dancing was proposed and I was not sorry that they could find no violins, for I should have been compelled to join the others and I no longer care for dancing. How quickly one can change in this world! I, who as a young girl doted on balls, am afraid now to see a quadrille formed.

"December 29th.—The thought that I shall soon be at Limours renders me so happy. Shortly after our arrival there Jules proposes making a Retreat at Florissant under Father Gleizal, so that I shall be alone with you ten days. Then he intends passing a few days with each member of his own family. I hope that he will spend the longest time with you, in order that you may become thoroughly acquainted with him. The idea of the trip commences to please him and I think it will do him good, for he has experienced so many annoyances during the past year from his superiors that I imagine a change will be very beneficial. He is a little indisposed to-day, it is the fourth indisposition he has had since my return. I do not know whether it is my imagination, but it seems to me that his health is not as good as it was.

"Oh! my dear Parents, take good care of yourselves, husband your strength, so that you may spend many more years with your children, who cherish you and who would have no more happiness were you to leave them! The death of my child was indeed a cruel blow to me; but I now deeply reproach myself with the little submission I showed; for it was a blessing of God to choose my beautiful little angel rather than one of you, or my husband, or one of my sisters. I sincerely regret all the feelings of doubt and despair that I allowed myself to be carried away with; since Christmas day all those feelings have disappeared, as if by enchantment, and I now feel ashamed of my want of courage when God is so merciful to me. Pardon me, my dear Parents, for the profound sorrow that my letters must have caused you; but truly up to Christmas day I was not mistress of myself; my sorrow overpowered me so that I allowed myself to be drawn

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\* Monsieur Callard, married to Mariquitta's paternal Aunt Mary.



away by all sorts of horrible thoughts which rendered me perfectly miserable, removing me every day farther and farther from God. Finally, on Christmas night, the infant Jesus blessed my Communion, and, though I did not yet experience a sensible fervor, I felt myself altogether changed. I love to imagine my Julio happy, for up to the present time I could not believe in his happiness; I see him beautiful, joyous with Joseph and Léontine,\* praying for his poor Mother, for you, and for all those who loved him so dearly. I do not wish any more to despair of being one day reunited to him and I am going to endeavor to become as pious, as fervent, as I have been impious since my misfortune. Ah! truly I was not worthy of keeping my angel, he was too pure for me and it is necessary that I should become good, so that God will no longer take away the angels that He may send me. I intend going to Communion again on New Year's day, so as to commence the year well: it seems sad to pass this day far from you; but the hope of returning soon to Linours gives me a *superb* courage. Ah! what a happiness and how I long already to arrive!

"I think that you will have in Jules a great assistant for your poultry-yard, because he has a perfect passion for chickens. I think, also, that he will regale himself with pleasure on clabber, for we have been deprived of it for over a month. With two cows we have not had sufficient milk for our own consumption, without thinking of clabber. If Jules would listen to me he would sell these two wretched beasts that have among their faults the need of food, and that is a great item at Fort Brown; but no, he imagines he cannot replace them advantageously and therefore continues to keep them.

"I commenced on board the 'Atlantic' a long letter to Aunt Clémentine; I spoke a great deal about my Julio and recounted his pretty ways; alas! the last news I had to give her was the death of this pretty little darling. I commenced my letter so gayly, how terribly surprised therefore must she have been with its ending! Poor Aunt! you say that she is suffering very much from a sore knee. I certainly ought not to complain when I compare my position to hers. Like myself she has lost a dear child; but then she has not like myself a father, a mother, and a good husband to console her and soften her grief."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Jan. 21st, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"I have so seldom the opportunity of writing to you that I am going to profit by the last few moments that the 'Globe' affords. I am a little tired by my last evening's Ball. I did not amuse myself as much as at Major Chapman's, every one had the appearance of being bored. Jules is de-

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\* Léontine de Coudroy de Lauréal, her mother's youngest sister, who died at the Convent of St. Clotilde in Paris in 1850, at the age of 18.



lighted with my piano. I play constantly and charm him to that degree that he falls asleep. Is he not a gallant husband? Father Telmon leaves us to-morrow. Six weeks ago I would have been delighted, for then I could not endure him; but I have finished by liking him very much and it is with intense sorrow I now see him leave. We will then be without a priest. I accept this as a patent against all mortal sicknesses. The air is most delicious to-day, real spring weather. Would that you could enjoy it at Limours; but it is more than probable that the weather is far from being mild in St. Louis and its environs! The newspapers say that the cold is most intense in the North and this thought gives me great anxiety. May God protect you, my dear Parents, and preserve you for many, many years for your children's sake! I am constantly thinking of you and of my sisters and my heart is relieved of a great load when I receive good news of you all.

"Good-bye, my dear Parents, I embrace you a thousand and a thousand times as also your dear little children.

"Your child who loves you,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Extract from a letter of lay Brother Roudet.*

"In 1851, while I was still in Marseilles, France, I knew of Mr. Garesché. I heard even from the mouth of Rev. Father Telmon that this good Lieutenant had rendered the Church of Brownsville and himself, in particular, every possible service; and that when this good Priest was sick, a frequent occurrence, good Mr. Garesché conveyed him to his own house and nursed him himself. He would be seen during the night walking in the chamber of the invalid in his bare feet for fear of awakening him. In recompense for all the signal services, rendered to himself and his parishioners, Rev. Father Telmon, on the occasion of his visit to Rome, asked and obtained of his Holiness a Medal of Honor\* for his benefactor, and for his wife a magnificent and exceedingly costly pair of beads."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FT. BROWN, January 29th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"I really went to the Ball yesterday and enjoyed myself a great deal. In starting, I expected to return at midnight, but I found myself unable to leave before three o'clock this morning. Then I was so tired I could hardly keep awake and was unable to rise before one o'clock this afternoon. Jules feared that the Ball would make me sick, but, aside from the fatigue I experienced then, I am perfectly well and feel entirely rested; but my poor husband ought to be worn out. In the first place, he could not enjoy himself much, as he does not dance, and then since eight o'clock

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\* The Cross and Knighthood of St. Sylvester.

this morning he has been on his feet, and has not been able to take a moment's repose. I truly spent a very agreeable evening. There was an attractive gathering of well-dressed ladies, the music was good and everybody had the appearance of enjoying themselves. I missed only the first quadrille, because I had not as yet arrived. I danced all the rest, and even the Mexican quadrille, which is very graceful and very gay. I will teach it to my sisters when I go to Limours. The Mexican officers gave me three little perfumed flowers, which I am keeping for Nancy, Toto and Tavie. This Ball was given in honor of the election of President Arista. It is said that another will soon be given, on the occasion of the marriage of General Avalos. I enjoyed myself so much at the first that I am in hopes of going to the second. One can obtain at Brownsville every thing requisite to arrange a very pretty toilet and I am so spoilt that I have only to mention any thing that I desire and I have it immediately. Decidedly I was created and placed in the world to be nursed and spoilt. It is a vocation that is not at all disagreeable to me. I receive all I wish, I buy every thing that seems good to me, and yet, when I think of your straitened circumstances and of the sacrifices which you are obliged to make, I regret leading such a peaceful and such a happy life, and I say to myself that I am not worthy of the happiness I enjoy.

"On my arrival here I could not at first forgive Jules for having caused me to make a voyage which had caused the death of my child. I reproached him with it and we were both very unhappy: but he has done so much to prove his love for me that I feel no longer displeased and I feel certain now that we can live together in perfect harmony.

"*February 7th.*—No boat as yet. It is feared that it was lost during the last Norther. I am enjoying good health as also Jules, and I wish I could be sure that you are all likewise. Unfortunately, I do not know when I shall have news of you, and, as I fear you must be anxious about me, I will endeavor to send this letter by a schooner.

"Good-bye, dear Papa and Mamma, Jules joins me in embracing you tenderly, also Nancy, Toto, Tavie, Marie, Dôle, Uncle Callard, Aunt Mary, and all our relatives in St. Louis."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, February 14th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"The Globe has not yet left Brazos, on account of a strong Southern wind which prevents her departure. This gives me pain, to think that you will still be so long without news of us.

"There is at Brownsville a poor English family consisting of father, mother, and three little children, in whom we have greatly interested ourselves. But for Jules I do not know what would have become of them; he has already rendered them great assistance and is even now on the point of lending them again forty dollars. My husband has a noble and

generous heart and I hope that his charity will be blessed in our children if God will give us others.

"Dear Mamma, I have just made a little bird pie; but I doubt if it succeeds as well as yours, for it is the first time that I have ever attempted it. Our poultry-yard succeeds marvelously. We have at this moment two broods of the most beautiful young chickens that one can imagine; our servant takes perfect care of them. I have really been very fortunate in finding such a woman at Brownsville. Her sole fault is she scarcely understands any thing about the kitchen; but then it gives me pleasure to teach her. I have shown her how to make an omelette to perfection, and this dish has formed our breakfast every day for the past week.

"For an hour Jules has been eating up some bonbons which he bought for me, and I fear I shall not find a single one left when I have finished my letter. Please, therefore, excuse my shortening it.

"Adieu, dear Papa, dear Mamma, I tenderly embrace you as also my sisters, Aunt Mary and Uncle Callard.

"Your cherished child,

"MARIQUITTA.

"February 15th.—I wrote yesterday to Grandfather in English. It is my first attempt and Jules was enchanted."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

"FORT BROWN, Feb. 22, 1851.

"DEAR MAMMA,

"I have longed to write to you for sometime past, but I have been so busy with other writing, that I really am not always at liberty to do as I wish.

"We have received many letters from you lately; all good, bearing excellent news about you. These letters do a great deal of good to my darling little wife. We are charmed to learn you are all so well, that all is in a prosperous condition and that the refinery\* is so successful. After so many dark, lowering clouds, so much sorrow, so many misfortunes, let us hope a brighter future is about to dawn for you. The good God is not inexorable, and when He sees we have learned to suffer with patience and that we are always submissive to His Holy Will, He no longer exercises us so rigorously; for the lesson is no longer then necessary, it is only with an end to our spiritual advantage that He sends us crosses and trials.

"Mariquitta has no doubt told you that she wrote to Mr. Rochereau to send you the \$90 you had the kindness to destine for us. We do not really need it, and you have already done too much for her during her stay at Limours to permit our accepting that of which you have so much more need than we. I would have told you so from the first, if I had not feared you would have attributed it to pride, and you would have thus been hurt. For this reason I have always abstained from speaking even

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\* An enterprise Mariquitta's father had engaged in with his brother.

to Mariquitta, thus it is on her own responsibility she returns this money to you. Do not think, however, my dear Parents, that we are less grateful; we fully appreciate this new trait of goodness and generosity which seems never to tire of thinking of us.

"I am very grateful, dear Mother, for the tender exhortations you address to my Mariquitta that she may be more submissive to the Divine Will, and that she become humble and penitent, to the only source, from which she may hope to draw true consolation. She now feels much purer sentiments on this subject, and I think if we only had a priest she would again be very pious and approach the Sacraments much more regularly. Formerly she would not hear of pious reading nor of the Beads; now each day she regularly says with me, when there occurs nothing to hinder us, two pairs of Beads and allows me also to read to her a chapter of the Imitation.\* Moreover, she is gayer, more playful, and God blesses our household; I think there are few husbands and wives who love each other with as much tenderness as we; we are devoted to one another, and we never now have the slightest quarrel; I will acknowledge it was not always thus. *She* becomes much wiser, more reasonable, and *I* less rigid, less difficult. You will be satisfied with us when we arrive at Limours.

"As for this, I am not yet sure as to the time, I have not heard a word about my Leave; but as I am sure they will not refuse it, I prefer it as it is; for I prefer not leaving before May or the last part of June. Though Mariquitta is somewhat of the same opinion, still I feel positively sure, once the Leave is in my hands, I shall no longer be able to restrain her impatience. I do not think she will ever become accustomed to live so far from you,—she loves you so truly,—she loves too much sometimes for her own happiness; but it is impossible to begrudge her, and if her exquisite sensibility causes her pain at times it also procures her moments of the most intense happiness,—happiness which is unknown to colder hearts and less refined temperaments.

"My paper is at an end, and I have only space to say, dear Mother, that I love you and Father with all my heart as also my little Sisters and I long almost as much as Mariquitta to be with you all, when I hope we will learn to know and love each other more and more perfectly.

"Kiss every one for me and believe me always,

"Your devoted Son,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, March 18th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"We have just received yours of the 13th and 21st of February. Your news about Tavie, dear Mamma, has done me good. I was very anxious about the poor child.

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\* The Imitation of Christ by St. Thomas à Kempis. Julius read a Chapter of it every day.



"Behold two boats, and yet Jules has not received a line from his family; he says nothing, but I know that he feels pained! If such a thing should occur to me, I do not know what would become of me; though I know well that I should not bear it as bravely as he does.

"I have now to exhort you to practice a virtue which I have not myself. After the manner in which the matter has been arranged we shall not probably leave before the end of June or beginning of July, for which dose of patience it is necessary for me to provide. I was so happy in thinking that we should start next month; but at least I shall be recompensed in another way for my submission to the will of my Savior and Master. In place of four months of Leave that he counted in the beginning on asking Jules applied for six months. Is not this delightful? From the tone of the letters he has lately received from San Antonio\* he has decided on re-demanding a military court and this is the cause of our voyage being delayed. He continues to entertain a strong hope of obtaining the reparation he desires.

"The heat commences to be strongly felt. I see from your letters that it is not the same in St. Louis. If Jules obtains his furlough I can enjoy the next winter. I say enjoy, because I am thoroughly convinced that the cold weather agrees infinitely better with me than the hot. It is just the contrary with Jules, and it is truly unfortunate that there should exist so little sympathy in our temperaments.

"Mrs. Chapman left last week for a two months' trip through Mexico, Miss Bennett will leave in the early part of next month, and I will therefore be the only lady in the garrison, which will be passably annoying. The Captain of a boat offered to take me and Jules to go and pass fifteen days at Brazos, so as to eat oysters and crabs; I do not think, however, I shall go, as I do not enjoy such parties.

"I thank Marie for her good intention of writing and beg you to send me her first attempt. Dear little Dôle appears to be very sagacious. I hope she, too, will not forget me. It seems to me that two months must have elapsed since I last heard from Toto and I think that she has become charmingly lazy. Certainly a little boil ought not to prevent her writing, I will therefore accept no further excuses.

"I am daily making cakes, I may say compelled to make them, because nearly every evening one or two officers, sometimes many, come to play cards with us, and it is the custom to offer cakes and cordials. I wish to perfect myself in making pastry, during the three long months that still separate me from you, so that on my arrival at Limours I may be able to give a little feast to all the family. You will permit me, will you not?

"I am now in excellent health, Jules also. I am gaining strength, my appetite is excellent, and I do not despair of arriving at Limours in a very plump condition.

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\* Head Quarters of the Military Department of Texas.

"Adieu, dear Papa and Mamma, I embrace you tenderly as also my Sisters.

"Your cherished child,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, April 9th, 1851.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"We received by the last mail yours of February 27th, but I have not had the time to answer it before this, being excessively busy with a Military Court of which I was constituted the Lawyer.

"We know well how busy you are, my Father, and how little time you have to write, so that we can always excuse your silence. Besides, be it you or Mother, it is one and the same, when the family write as regularly as they do; we have, therefore, no cause for complaint. I myself when I write, though my letter be addressed to the last one who wrote, intend it equally for all the family.

"We were delighted to hear Octavie is rid of her cold, and that the rest of the family are well. The illness of poor little Céleste\* considerably pre-occupied us, but we now have reason to hope she is much better.

"I was so happy to know you were pleased with Mariquitta's last letters; it is not often she allows me to read them, but I had every reason to believe that the first she wrote from here were full of sadness. This sadness is now entirely passed, and, with the exception of bad dreams which she frequently has, she no longer looks upon the death of her son other than as a Christian Mother should. She is ordinarily gay and laughing and rarely has the 'Blues', as she formerly had; when after receiving excellent news from you, she would abandon herself to imaginary fears and foolish uneasiness, of which the foundation was probably a dream she had had the night previous, in which she saw one of her Sisters sick, and again it would be a dark day or a clouded sky that would give coloring to her thoughts. It is true that seeing the effect this weakness was having upon her health I was without pity for it; for these detestable Blues were always the cause of a dreadful nervous head-ache. But, happily, all that has passed away: I scarcely can remember when she last had a head-ache. Undoubtedly, her nerves were to blame, and, as she is now almost entirely recovered, I hope she will have no relapse.

"As you observed, a perfect union now exists between us. I will acknowledge that in the beginning we had two or three very serious disputes. Mariquitta was in a dreadfully nervous condition, and she ended by irritating my nerves so that I soon became as nervous as she. Thus when a difference arose between us it went far; but all that is buried in the past, and has been replaced by a solid affection and a perfect understanding between us.

"Since our marriage, with the exception of the last three and a half

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\* Céleste de Coudroy de Lauréal, a cousin of Mariquitta's.

months, in spite of *much* love on either side, our happiness and union seemed never to be realized, both having passionate and proud natures—she accustomed to be spoilt by every one—I accustomed to receive applause for all I did—we clashed together frequently and quarrels consequently arose and each believed him or herself in the right and thought that the other lacked love. Time was necessary to close the gap and make us understand each other; but I never despaired and now all fears on that subject are forever hushed and at an end; and we can now frequently laugh together over our old disputes.

“As to my Leave it is still uncertain, accordingly I wish to prevail upon Mariquitta to leave soon, so as to make the voyage with her Grandfather.\* The season is now favorable for crossing the Gulf, there is a new boat of the Line, and its Captain’s wife, who is on a visit in the garrison since the last two weeks, is very fond of Mariquitta and will take every care of her. If she waits till I can go, she will only die of *ennui*, as, at this moment, there is not a lady left in the garrison and I, full of this Court, preoccupied and worried, would have a bad influence upon her. Whereas to go to you, would do her good, and now that her affection for me is so fully proved, as I have already described, I am no longer determined to keep her so rigorously near me.

“Good-bye, dear and loving Parents, I embrace you with all my heart as well as my Sisters and remain

“Your devoted son,  
“JULES.”

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

“FORT BROWN, April 12th, 1851.

“DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

“I am awaiting a lady who is to remain with us two or three days, and if she comes to-day I will probably have no more time to write to you by the Yarth† which starts Tuesday morning. I am a little annoyed at being obliged to receive this lady; whom I do not know from Adam or Eve; but these kind of services must be mutually rendered in the military life, and it would speak badly for Jules if he did not exercise hospitality like the other officers. I resign myself, therefore, with a good grace.

“My poor Jules is always occupied; I think it high time that he should have a little vacation. He hopes to have some news to-day about his Court. He pretends that the moment he has some money he has a desire to spend it, and indeed this is only too true. He is so generous that I am obliged to check him. As I once wrote to you he gave a poor man at first eleven dollars, again forty-four, and again twenty-five, the whole sum amounting to eighty dollars. It is true that the last two sums were only

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\* Her Grandfather was at the time in New Orleans, on a visit to his nephew David.

† A steamer between Brazos and New Orleans.



loans, but I am perfectly sure that they will never be returned and we may accordingly consider the whole as lost. Unfortunately, our assistance only gave but little succor to the poor Richards. Their position has not become more brilliant and on the last occasion that we visited them they painted their misery in such sad colors that Jules again wanted to loan them money, but this time I hardened my heart and did not allow him to follow the impulse of his too generous heart; for if he employs so great a part of his money in this manner, we would finish by ourselves becoming very poor. It is true that having no children and being in the Army our expenses are not great. I beg of you, dear Parents, never to speak in your letters of what I have just written, because Jules would be displeased; he does not like his good deeds to be revealed.

"*April 13th.*—As the lady I was expecting has not yet come I profit by the occasion to write to you again. Miss Marguerite Bennett left this morning. Our parting greatly affected her. I am now the only lady in the garrison. Many would be delighted with my position, but since my marriage I have cared so little for the society and the attentions of men that I value very little such a brilliant position.

"We intend spending one or two days next week at Matamoras so as to follow the exercises of Holy Week,—at least Friday and Sunday, provided Jules be not hindered by his duties. His increased occupations and the heat have taken away his appetite, but I hope it will be restored at Limours.

"Adieu, dear Papa and Mamma, Jules joins me in embracing you tenderly, also Nancy, Toto, Tavié, Marie and Dôle.

"Your cherished child,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, April 16th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"I am all alone for a few hours and I am going to pass some of this time with you. In answer to my solicitations Jules consented to go with the other Officers to Matamoras to visit General Avalos.

"There was general excitement in the garrison to-day. The Inspector General arrived the night before last, and this morning inspected the two Companies. Jules' Company merited his admiration, and when the parade was finished, he expressed to Jules in the most flattering terms the satisfaction his had given him. Since my arrival here it was always a source of great annoyance to me to see all the trouble Jules took with his Company; but to-day he was amply repaid, he looks as happy as possible.

"I insisted upon his going to Matamoras with the Inspector General and the other Officers, for it pains me to see him refuse all distractions and amusements that I cannot enjoy with him. I do not believe in a wife rendering her husband a slave to herself, and if mine is lovely enough to desire never to leave me unless duty calls, I should now and then show my appreciation of his love and devotion.



"What I am about to tell you will greatly surprise you. We were very near leaving for California. The Governor of Texas, General Brooke, who has just died, was about to be sent to California as Commanding General of the Troops, and he was going to take Jules as his Aide-de-Camp. It would have been a very brilliant and advantageous position, and yet if it had occurred I would have been very, very sorry; for the distance that now separates me from you would have been nothing in comparison to what it would then be.

"This resolution of General Brooke does honor to Jules and has gained for him renown, but at the same time the death of the poor General prevented his making Jules the formal offer, the acceptance of which would have made me so unhappy. One of Jules' friends wrote to him by the last mail that an old\* General, whose name I have forgotten, counts on asking Jules to become his Adjutant if he obtains command of the Regiment. With this I will be charmed, as it brings us East, and I will make the most sincere vows that the old General obtain this command. I tell you all this without the slightest fear of wearying you, for I know how much you love my husband, and feel sure you will be always delighted to learn in what high esteem he is held in the Army.

"*April 17th.*—The days are very warm now, but from half past six the evenings are delightful.

"Our house is perfectly situated for summer, and if there be the slightest breeze we are sure to enjoy it, by leaving our doors and windows open.

"*April 20th.*—I am so happy to-day, Jules promised me this morning that if they do not give him his Court he will himself travel with me. What a difference in travelling with him from travelling alone!

"Dear Mother, I have just received yours of the 3rd of April, Tavie's of the 2nd, and Aunt Angèle's of the 6th, and all the news is so sad, it is far from giving me bright and happy thoughts.

"Jules no longer cares for his Court, for he now clearly sees what his Superior Officers think of his affair with Major Porter, and not wishing to overwhelm the old gentleman he prefers now that the Court should not assemble. I long to learn the decision about all this and to receive the Leave, for I am so anxious to go to St. Louis.

"Last Saturday the Inspector General, Major Chapman and several other Officers took supper with us.

"I cannot thank you enough, dear Mamma, for your regular correspondence. Not a single mail comes without one or two letters from you. They always do me much good and make our separation less painful.

"Adieu, my dear Parents, Jules joins me in devoted love to you and our Sisters.

"Your loving child,  
"MARIQUITA."

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\* Probably Gen. Walbach.

## CHAPTER XI.

Arrival of Abbé Domenech at Brownsville—his remarks—the Jubilee—Mariquitta's description of Julius' intense love for herself—her dangerous illness and birth of Louise—Julius' beautiful devotion to Mariquitta, his pious resignation and devout gratitude to God upon her recovery—her promise to God to invite Abbé Domenech to take his meals with them.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, May 7th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"What does it not cost me to live so far from you! This separation prevents my being perfectly happy, especially when I learn that the \* refinery has miscarried. I think continually of your position, above all of my poor uncle's and I become very sad.

"That lady of whom I spoke to you in my last letter is still here; her child is very nearly the same age mine would be and the sight of it recalls so vividly my little darling. I cannot bear to see this child in the arms of Jules, for it seems to take a place it has no right to and I say to myself that it is only my Julio who ought to be there. He would now be so interesting. Ah! why did he not die on that Sunday that he was suffering so much! I had not yet learned to love him so devotedly and my sorrow would have been less painfully acute.

"*May 13th.*—Jules has a little fever since last evening; it is not much, still I long to see him on his feet.

"*May 14th.*—I left my letter yesterday to receive a † priest who has just come to us. I am not particularly pleased with his manners, still the sight of him gives me great pleasure.

"Jules had no more fever during the night, he has now risen. It is very ridiculous on my part to worry myself as I do, each time that he is a little sick; for all the officers of the garrison make fun of me and say that Jules pretends he is sick purposely to have me nurse him.

"The Jubilee commences for us next week. It is so long since I have been to Confession that the idea of going soon costs me a great deal.

"Adieu, my dearly beloved Parents. Jules sends you a thousand loving wishes.

"Your cherished child,

"MARIQUITTA."

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\* An enterprise in which her Father and his brother Alexis had engaged.

† Abbé Domenech.

Abbé Domenech, a young French priest, then recently ordained, in his subsequent description of his "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico," tells the following after his arrival as Parish priest of Brownsville.

"The church of Brownsville rose opposite Brown's fort, in the midst of a wild, uncultivated, unenclosed country. The presbytery formed part of the building, which consisted of a square structure of four chambers, one being the sacristy; but there was not even a particle of furniture in it; and hence the first night I was happy to sleep on the boards. Next day a young officer of the garrison gave me a settee bed, bed linen, blankets and a few chairs, offering me also his table and his purse. I really had need of these kind offers, being almost penniless at the time, and I therefore gratefully accepted them. Without them I hardly know how I could have settled down in my destitution. This good officer's name was Mr. Garesché, an excellent Catholic."

He further adds :

"The news of my arrival soon spread among the ranchos around Brownsville; and reckoning upon a large auditory on the following Sunday, I got my letter of appointment translated into Spanish, adding a few words of invitation to my parishioners to come and see me, that I might thus, the sooner learn the spiritual wants of their different localities. In reality the church was crowded with Mexicans, Europeans, and Americans, of every shade of religion. The reading of my letter gave them satisfaction, and from that day forth I had numerous visits. During the week, Monsieur and Madame Garesché were the only ones who visited the church. The fervour of the Catholics did not go quite so far; but I rang the Mass bell, said the Mass and served it for the most part alone. To try how far religious ceremonies might attract the people, I organized, in a hurried way, a kind of choir, and endeavored to celebrate the month of May with the ceremonies usual in France. May being nearly ended, my success was very poor; for out of a population containing about ten or twelve thousand, in the neighborhood of Brownsville, only twenty-five celebrated the Communion."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, June 2nd, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"Astonishing discovery, Jules is suffering more than myself from the heat! He is becoming a little lazy and, I think, would like to excuse this imperfection under pretext of the heat. He gave me great anxiety for the space of eight days; but his health is altogether restored and his appetite has returned.

"We made our Jubilee yesterday. It is really shameful for the City

of Brownsville to see the small number of Catholics who followed our example. Out of 7,000 or 8,000 Catholics, there were but 10 who made the Jubilee. This is rather discouraging for the young missionary priest who has arrived, but as he is very zealous and has engaging manners I am in hopes that he will re-animate the fervor of the Brownsville people.

"When I leave Texas I will leave behind me the remains of the being I loved so well. Far from forgetting him I think of him constantly; but I do not like to speak of him. I do every thing in my power to drive away his image; for, although resigned, I cannot still rejoice at having an angel in Heaven. I know that there he is perfectly beautiful and contented; but then he would also have been happy here, I loved him so much. He has left behind him a void which can never be replaced for me. Since his death I have become superstitious. It seems to me that I have produced in Jules that same absorbing and passionate love that I bore my child and this thought at times terrifies me. I fear that it was on account of that too passionate love God took him away and that He will punish me through it again, but at the same time I say to myself that God is too good to punish so severely the feelings I endeavor so hard to subdue and I ask Him frequently to purify and sanctify what is displeasing to Him in my affections. A great consolation for me is the thought that the tomb of my child was placed in the Church, for it will never be profaned. Though for some reasons I did not like Father Telmon I can never forget that I owe to him such a great blessing. Adieu, dear Papa and Mamma, I embrace you most tenderly as also my dear little Sisters, Grandfather, and my Uncles and Aunts.

"Your cherished child,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, June 13th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"I had the *blues* very strongly the other day whilst writing to you, and I am very sorry to have saddened you by my letter; but my heart was so heavy, on account of your painful position, that it was impossible for me on that day to hide from you how miserable I felt over your loss of fortune and the impossibility I found of being able to do any thing for you. It is, indeed, very painful to me to enjoy a comfort which you have not and to lead a life so sweet, whilst you are working so hard. I sometimes bear an ill will against Jules for not entering into all my ideas and I become enraged when he tells me that I exaggerate your embarrassed circumstances, that you do not suffer as much as I imagine from your reverses of fortune; but, on reflection thereafter, I see clearly that I am wrong in thus getting out of temper in such a case, for really I cannot ask my husband to love you as I love you and to sympathize with you as I, your child, should do. All that I have, all that I am, I owe to your tenderness and to your assiduous cares, whereas he has scarcely known you, and then



only in a time of confusion. Since my return I am convinced that he loves you, as well on account of what you have done for me and his child as on account of the affection which you evince towards him in all your letters, and I do not doubt but that when he will come to know you in your interior and your very inmost feelings he will experience that admiration and that filial love which you merit from such just titles and which I desire so much for him to see.

"June 24.—Jules is altogether happy to-day. The Court, which is to judge him, is in session since yesterday. It is no longer a chimera; but, in truth, I would have preferred that it should not have become realized. Here has Jules been in arrest for possibly four months, and although he says that he has experienced many annoyances during this time, I fear that in all probability he will lose the command of his Company, which brings him ten dollars per month. May it happen that after all he may not have to regret having insisted so strongly on this affair. The officers here are the ones who are his judges, and as they are all horribly disgusted with the conduct of the old Major, I cannot believe that they will find any thing prejudicial to Jules, and so much the more since lately two of them endeavored to bring forward other charges against Major Porter. In fine, it is to be hoped that every thing will turn out for the best and that once the Court has terminated we can go to find you. Jules desires it almost as much as myself and, really, he has experienced so many vexations within the past year that he needs a period of repose.

"Adieu, dear Papa and dear Mamma, I embrace you very tenderly, as also my Sisters, Grandfather, Uncles and Aunts.

"Your dear child,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, July 7th, 1851.

"MY OWN DARLING PARENTS,

"My long silence is to be attributed to quite a dangerous illness I have had. But since the last ten days I am in a state of convalescence, though still very weak. First, I had a very high fever which lasted from Sunday night till Thursday morning. The Doctor was compelled to make use of very violent remedies, and, after a great deal of suffering, I gave birth on Saturday morning, June 21st, at five o'clock, to a beautiful little girl who lived six hours. She was baptized under the name of Marie Louise Octavie by Father Domenech, who was kind enough to allow her to be buried in the Church next her little Brother. I have had two children, but both have flown far from me. I have not even a hair of my daughter, I did not even embrace her. Immediately after her birth, she was carried far from me, and I had not the courage to ask for her. I knew she could not live and I did not wish to see her, for fear of loving her. I had hoped to go to Limours, but alas! 'Man proposes and God disposes;' but away with all murmurs, for He has preserved me to those who love me.

"How can I paint to you the feelings of my heart when I learnt from the lips of Jules that there was no longer any hope, that I must resign myself to quit this world. To express the emotions that tortured me, would be impossible. To die without seeing you once more, without receiving your last farewell embrace, without asking your last pardon for all the trouble I caused you as a young girl! No, God was too good. He saw it was above my strength, that my death would not be calm, and He granted me life. I wish to prove to Him my gratitude and be resigned to my solitary life; but it is so hard, the murmur is ever ready; I miss my children so much and feel more intensely our separation than I ever did before. I have need of seeing you again, my own dear Parents. Oh! my darling Mother, how hard it was to suffer without you near my bed, to take care of and console me! No one can replace a Mother near the sick bed of her child, and above all a Mother like mine; and yet Jules was all devotion. During the ten days of danger, he never left me an instant; taking no rest and no food worth speaking of. I do not understand how he endured all this without falling sick; but, with the exception of having grown very thin, he is well; but all the violent emotions he has gone through have left him very nervous. Oh! how sweet to be loved as I am! I have a husband who is goodness itself for me; a Father, Mother, and Sisters who love me more than I deserve to be loved. With so much to make life happy, how can one blame me for wishing to live!

"I have often heard you say, dear Mamma, that when you were so low, you thought of God and Judgment and not at all of those you would leave behind. With me it was just the contrary, so I do not think I could have been so ill. Wednesday morning when Jules told me I was lost and despaired in consequence, I became bathed in tears; I felt my heart break; and I thought only of him and you. I clung to his neck with all my strength and I felt it impossible to leave him. Oh! my dear Parents, without knowing him you cannot imagine what a treasure I possess as a husband! Since my illness I can better appreciate his worth. During the little sicknesses I had on my arrival here the Doctor was always making fun of Jules' fears and uneasiness, but I clearly saw this time that the great proofs of my husband's deep love far from lowering only elevated him in the eyes of the Doctor. One of the three women who nursed me told me yesterday that she had never seen a husband love his wife so dearly. Though surrounded by strangers, I was perfectly nursed during all my sickness. The Doctor \* was devotion itself; he came six or seven times a day and slept two nights here, in order to watch me more closely. He now understands my constitution perfectly. He says my fever had all the characteristics of Yellow Fever, except that I did not have the vomitings.

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\* Dr. Watson of Brownsville, the same who was called in during the illness of little Julio.

"*July 10th.*—Jules' Court suffered by my sickness, which caused it an interruption of fifteen days, but now the Court is going on well, in fact much better than Jules hoped. Old Major Porter frequently becomes confused, contradicts himself at each question put to him and thus gives a great advantage to Jules. If the old gentleman is not considered sufficiently culpable for trial, Jules will know within two months whether he is himself acquitted or not. If acquitted he will put in his application for Leave immediately and we will spend the winter with you. If, however, Major Porter is tried, it will probably be in New Orleans; and then, as soon as I arrive in that City, I will take a boat and fly to St. Louis.

"I am now much better. To-day I was able to dress my hair quite prettily and make my toilet slowly. Jules was so glad to see me thus, his emotion was so strong, that I saw big tears course down his cheeks, and, after holding me in his arms for a few moments, he threw himself on his knees to thank God, I suppose, for my recovery.

"He is now for me what I remember you were to Papa, dear Mamma, after his shipwreck. When he is obliged to leave me for a while on his return you would imagine we had been separated for years; he embraces me and smothers me so with kisses. Yesterday I was wicked enough to count the kisses I had received during the day.

"Oh! how charming it is to feel alive and feel I am still of this world, when I was so near leaving it! And then the love of my Jules makes me so happy and proud. Many a time during my illness I would say to him: 'Oh! if my Mamma and Papa could see you now they would love you as much as their own children; you are so good, so devoted to your little wife, without you she would die.'

"*July 15th.*—For the last five days I have been studying diligently my Spanish, I wish to be persevering, to prove to my husband I can be so sometimes. He is convinced my ardor for study will not last more than eight days, and I wish to show him the contrary. I am making great improvement in English, especially during the last month, in which I speak nothing but this language. But, in compensation, I am forgetting my French; Jules likewise.

"Good-bye, dear Papa and Mamma, I could write twenty more pages, but I suppose you have more than enough. I embrace you tenderly, as also my Sisters and all my relatives.

"Your own dear child,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, July 10th, 1851.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"You cannot imagine to what anguish I have been a prey for the last month, but, thanks be to God, for the last ten days or two weeks Mariquitta is out of all danger and in a state of convalescence. To-day she played on her piano several times and can now walk about the house.

"A little before five o'clock on Saturday, the 21st of June, she was delivered of a beautiful little girl, that I wished to baptize at once, as the Doctor thought she could not live long. But she lived six hours; God who had preserved her so miraculously already upon this occasion, did not will that she should lose her baptism, and it appears since, that my baptizing her was not necessary. Father Domenech, whom I had immediately sent for, arrived very shortly, and baptized her under the names of Marie Louise Octavie. Mariquitta had always counted on calling her Octavie. In the afternoon our little darling was buried; four young Officers carried the bier to the Church, and she was placed beside her brother by the kind permission of Abbé Domenech. I do not think that I shall ever be able to forget how sweet to my heart was the first cry of that little darling, that I feel I should have loved so much! with, at the same time, the cessation of the moans and cries of my dear Quiquitta, which had so long torn asunder my heart!

"On the day Mariquitta was suffering so much she made her Confession and the next day received the Holy Viaticum. From the very moment of that Confession she commenced to feel better and her convalescence dates from that day.

"The doctor who attended her during all this illness is the same one who attended our little Julio. He is a young Irishman in whom we have the fullest confidence, and who has always shown himself a very good friend to us. He is just now the physician of the garrison, the attending Surgeon being on leave.

"Oh! how I suffered! how I suffered during that sickness! My dear Parents, I did not see *one ray* of hope of saving my wife, her death sentence seemed pronounced, and I did all I could to resign myself to the will of God. But when I thought of you, saw your desolation on learning the death of your daughter, felt you would reproach me for that life so dear, my courage failed, I felt I never could look upon you again. I thought I had suffered before in my life, but I never experienced any thing comparable to the desolation and despair of that time and now that it is all over I can plainly see the hand of God and the signs of His ever vigilant goodness.

"My Court is progressing nicely; they had the kindness to adjourn during the dangerous part of Mariquitta's illness. I am almost sure that they are already thoroughly convinced of my innocence. I shall have a brilliant acquittal.

"I am sorry to learn that Toto is still suffering, but I hope, as you say, that her sickness is not serious. I sympathize with you very sincerely in all your trials, all your disappointments, but I always hope, and I endeavor to persuade Mariquitta likewise, that a better time is reserved for you and that it will not be long before it will reveal itself. God loves to aid those who placing all their confidence in Him courageously do what they can to aid themselves; but He loves also to try them, to exercise their patience, so that their reward may be greater hereafter.



"I must now bid you Adieu, my dear Parents, for my time is very limited. I embrace you with all my heart as also my dear Sisters and Grandfather. Give my loving regards to all the other members of the family and believe me ever

"Your affectionate and devoted Son,  
"JULES."

*Extract from a Letter of Mariquitta to her sister Madeleine mentioning a promise she made God.*

"FORT BROWN, July 16th, 1851.

"DEAR TOTO,

"Though I have received no letter from you for the last three months and though I owe answers to Nancy, Tavie, Mène\* and Dôle, still you shall receive the first letter, on account of your being just now an interesting invalid.

"When I was very ill lately, I promised God that if He would restore my health I would in gratitude invite Father Domenech to take his meals with us. Thus he has been with us for more than two weeks."

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\* Pet name of her sister Marie.

## CHAPTER XII.

Julius' sickness—his absorbing interest and occasional disheartenment about his Court Martial—application of General Walbach to have him detailed as his Adjutant—Mariquitta's sadness over the loss of her children and longings to return to Limours with Julius—her resignation—termination of the Court and transfer of Major Porter—Julius' and Mariquitta's subsequent nobleness to him—her present from Pope Pius the Ninth and Julius' decoration from him of Knight of St. Sylvester through Father Telmon—Julius' great joy thereat and intention rather to sacrifice his official position than give it up—his application for Sick Leave—Abbé Domenech's remarks—Julius' departure on Sick Leave for Limours with Mariquitta—additional remarks of Abbé Domenech.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, July 30th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"I received this morning your letter of the 13th, and the thought of all the anxiety you have been suffering on my account causes me pain. You have now no reason to torment yourselves about me, I was never so well since my marriage, I have the appetite of a wolf and eat nearly all through the day.

"Jules is just now suffering with dysentery, but it is his own fault, because he will do nothing for himself; still it does not prevent his attending to his duties, and he is altogether absorbed in the composition of his defense. The Court drags along in a disheartening manner and I find it necessary occasionally to encourage my poor husband; yet he is surer than ever of having a brilliant reparation, and I think therefore he ought not to torment himself about these details. I believe that the excitement he has been in during the past six weeks in consequence of this Court has occasioned his present indisposition. Nevertheless he looks happy at the turn his affair is taking and I sincerely hope that he will be altogether satisfied with its conclusion. He received a letter this morning from one of his friends which states that Gen. Walbach made an application to have him detailed as his Aide-de-Camp. Jules fears that the application will not be granted and I shall then be very sorry, for I would much rather live in Baltimore than in Texas.

"August 1st.—The dysentery of Jules has departed and I am delighted, because I was very worried. The prosecution of the Court is finally terminated, Jules will commence his defense to-day and he hopes that it will proceed rapidly. The venerable Porter renders himself every day more

despicable and all the officers here think that he will be tried in his turn. I have no reason to pity him, because for over a year his conduct has been intolerable.

"August 5th.—The Court of Jules is making rapid progress. He expects to finish this week with all his witnesses excepting Captain Hunt who is daily expected. If he arrived yesterday by the Yarth then the Court's papers can be sent to San Antonio next week, and as Jules will at the same time write for permission to demand his Leave of Gen. Twiggs, we can start by the end of September, the best season to travel. If, nevertheless, they do try the old Major, Jules would necessarily have to remain, as he will be the strongest witness against him. Jules feared greatly that the Court would not allow him to set forth his too overwhelming proofs against the Major; but they have and have given him full liberty and since his defense has commenced he is in the seventh heaven, and I also, for it does me good to see him so happy.

"I do every thing in my power to drive away the Blues which so frequently will seize me. I study Spanish, I play on the piano many hours daily, in a word I try not to have an idle moment and I plainly perceive that it is the best means of dissipating the sad thoughts that will assail me, especially since my illness. The loss of my daughter was a cruel disappointment for me. I say disappointment rather than sorrow, because never having known her, scarcely seeing her, her death has not been a real sorrow. I regret her loss, and very sincerely, as I had hoped she would replace the void Julio left. However, let the Will of God be done!

"Forgive me, my dear Parents, for afflicting you with painful recollections. I have done so almost thoughtlessly, but at least I can tell you that a great consolation in my last sickness was the knowledge that my dear little Octavie scarcely suffered. She only remained in this world long enough to receive baptism and then went to enjoy an eternal happiness. During the time I shall still be far from you I am going to try and become sweet and patient and subdue my temper so well that I can really prove to my Sisters I love them for ever. Nevertheless, I think that since my return to Texas I have become a little better. The sorrows I have experienced have greatly changed my character and apparently for the best. I scarcely ever become angry with Jules and if a slight cloud should arise he dissipates it himself and almost instantly."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, August 15th, 1851.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"To-day is your\* feast-day, and I went to Communion for your intention and also for that of my dear little Sisters, who are likewise Maries.

"Yesterday I spent a part of the afternoon in arranging the Altar with

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\* Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Father Domenech. In recompense for it I suppose he will bring me at dinner time a beautiful little picture. Jules would like to have the Irish priest, Father M. also take his meals with us. I have not as yet decided, though my conscience reproaches me with this want of generosity; but I trust I can soon resign myself, for I believe that the difference we make between the two wounds poor Father M. Yet it is somewhat annoying always to have strangers with you. It is true that my sacrifice will be a more meritorious one, still it will cost me dearly.

"I have just received your letters of the 31st of July. Oh! that I might go to you at once, my heart turns towards you, and yet I cannot leave my Jules! I can easily go now, as the departure of Capt. Hunt affords an excellent opportunity; but then I feel that I ought not to go, that I ought not to leave my husband. I am going to the Church to implore God to direct me. It would cruelly cost me not to go, and yet it would be even as great a sacrifice to go, even though I feel that Jules does not need me just now as you do, my dear Mother. He knows that my health is at present good and is therefore not anxious like yourself. His Court is progressing favorably. He is confident of being acquitted. Major Porter has received orders to leave the post and every thing is happening according to Jules' wishes. After suffering for some time his health has returned. It was his various annoyances which rendered him sick and the cause once passed the effects have also disappeared. Again, he might not receive his Leave. Moreover, I would not go to St. Louis but for two or three weeks.

"I support the loss of my children much more philosophically than you may imagine. It is true that sometimes the thought of them renders me for the moment sad, but ordinarily I am very gay.

"A mother has so many sorrows, so many anxieties, that really when I consider the matter in a reasonable manner I feel that it would be better for me never to have children. You know how much I would love them, how anxious I would be about them, and how my anxiety would even render me sick. I know that my children are much happier in Heaven than they would ever be with me, they are ignorant there of the sufferings of this world. I am now altogether reconciled with my position, all the misgivings that overwhelmed me after the death of my Julio are gone; I can pray. I go every morning to Mass and try to become pious, and all this does me good. If I could but visit you with Jules I could wish for nothing more! There are times when I really feel proud of having given two angels to Heaven.

"*August 25th.*—A night of rest and an afternoon of reflection have calmed me, and I think that it will be more prudent for me not to go with Capt. Hunt. The Court terminates to-morrow or the day after. Jules will then apply immediately for his Leave. We will have no objection to travelling in October or November. There is no danger to apprehend then, and besides with Jules I can have no fear. Courage then, my dear Mother, and do not worry yourself further about me.



"We are in raptures over the manner in which the affair of Major Porter has ended. Jules is so contented as to be almost crazy with joy. The officers of the garrison are so delighted at the departure of Major Porter that in celebration of this great event they have been doing nothing all night but sing and drink. All the garrison is jubilant.

"I am very glad that Limours is commencing to yield you something. I have a great wish to see the *improvements* which have been made since my departure, but let us resign ourselves to the will of God."

The Court-Martial convened at Fort Brown to investigate the causes of Julius' arrest found him innocent of all the Charges preferred, and his perfect innocence established the injustice and contemptuous behaviour of his Commanding Officer, Major Porter, were fully exposed. Julius was triumphantly acquitted, and the good news was hailed with joy by the entire garrison. The consequence of the matter was that Major Porter was transferred by the Military Authorities to another Post, to the great joy of the officers and garrison of Fort Brown, who all detested him cordially for his many acts of tyranny. He was himself tried in Washington in 1852-53, for his unofficerlike and wrongful treatment of Julius, and his old age alone saved him; still he received a severe reprimand.

Here is where Julius displayed so fully his unvarying charity, even towards this man who had made him suffer so grievously; for in speaking to his wife of the result of the Major's trial, to which he had been summoned as principal witness for the prosecution, seemingly forgetting all his own past injury and suffering, he says, that he feels so very sorry for Porter, that after all he is an old man, and old men are sometimes very disagreeable, and that every one seems anxious to rid the Army of him, and it would be painful to himself to see this old gray-headed officer chased out of the Army, guilty even as he is. Moreover, when subsequently the Major was sent to Fort Brown in charge of some troops and remained there a while in command of the Post, Julius and Mariquitta, seeing how lonesome he was in this garrison, where he was so universally detested, and that he appeared to be sorry for his past conduct and anxious to become friendly, made it a point whenever they met him on the streets of Brownsville always to speak courteously and never to allude to the past, and thus his forced stay in Fort Brown became a little brighter.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, August 29th, 1851.

"MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"I had the happiness to go to Communion this morning, and I can assure you I prayed fervently for you and my little Sisters.

"Captain Hunt must now be near New Orleans; and I grow sad when I think I also could be so much nearer you; and yet I applaud myself for having had the courage to have renounced so tempting an opportunity, for without me my poor Jules would be too lonely. You, dear Mamma, have Papa and my Sisters to console and distract you; but during my absence who would take care of Jules if he were to fall sick; and unhappily his health is not as robust as it used to be? I can assure you, dear Mamma, it required very strong reasons to prevent my flying to you when I learnt by your letters of August 2nd and 4th how anxious you were for my return, and how worried you were about my health.

"I would love to write to you every week, but that is impossible, for I never know when the Steamers sail.

"Nancy was 19 lately and I am in my 22nd year. Are you aware that we are growing old? We are no longer children but grown up people, I especially, I feel as if I were thirty.

"Father Domenech has given me a purse; and I take up the Church collection regularly. This morning at Mass I took up quite a good contribution.

"I must stop till to-morrow, for Vespers time is drawing near.

"*Sept. 1st.*—I am much better, and if I could but spend the winter at Limours, I feel that I could regain the health and roundness of my girlhood, still I am resigned to the Will of God. He knows better than ourselves what is good for us and when I speak seriously with Jules or to myself I think we ought to be delighted that the happiness of our children is insured, and not regret them any more. I feel that with them for our intercessors in Heaven, we can never be lost, for God always listens to the prayers of his little Angels, and would my Julio forget me? Oh no! it is impossible!

"*Sept. 5th.*—I commenced reading the poem of 'Roland the furious', but I do not think I shall continue it, for it is written in too exaggerated a style. Father Domenech has some very interesting books which he lends us. The other day he lent us 'Les Trois Mousquetaires.' Jules found it so beautiful he read it in one day, but I had the courage to return it without reading, fearing it would cause me to neglect my Spanish.

"*Sept. 6th.*—Thanks to Father Telmon, Jules has been created by His Holiness a 'Knight of St. Sylvester'. He is charmed with this great honor and intends doing all he can to obtain permission from Congress to accept it. He told me this morning that if as an Officer he could not wear this Cross he preferred resigning from the Army and undertaking some other profession or career; for as an American Officer he can receive no present

from a foreign Court. Father Telmon is going to give me a handsome pair of beads which the Pope is to bless for me.

"Adieu, my dear Parents, I embrace you most tenderly as also my Sisters, Grandfather and Uncles and Aunts.

"Your own devoted child,

"MARIQUITTA."

Julius was the first and only American citizen who ever received this Cross and Knighthood of St. Sylvester, and up to the present date, 1886, no other American has been thus honored.

Being doubtful as to whether under the Constitution of the United States he could as an Officer of its Army receive and retain this Decoration of Pius the Ninth he wrote to his brother Alexander, a distinguished lawyer in St. Louis, now the Hon. Alexander J. P. Garesché, LL.D., for his legal opinion. The answer was in substance that he could, since it did not denote a title of nobility but of religious honor. Julius had, however, made up his mind that he would rather resign than give it up, and from now to the moment of his death he always felt the greatest pride in this Pontifical decoration.

For explanation of the Cross and Knighthood of this illustrious Order see Chapter XLV.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Sept. 24th, 1851.

"MY DARLING PARENTS,

"For a while I thought that instead of writing to you I would have the pleasure of surprising you with a visit, but unhappily the reality has not justified my hopes. Jules continuing to be sick, always suffering with derangement of the stomach, Doctors Jarvis and Watson had both given him a Sick-leave, thinking that a change of air would be beneficial; but Captain \* Phelps, the Commanding Officer of the Post since the departure of Major Porter, will not take the responsibility and says Jules is not sufficiently sick to require a Sick-leave, in short he refuses his approbation.

"Jules has written again to General Twiggs to ask for a Sick-leave and Doctor Jarvis has strongly endorsed his letter, so we will certainly leave very soon, either with this Leave or with the one we have wanted for so long. We may not be able to go before a month, but this time we will positively go, and this would amply satisfy me if I had not received this morning your letter in which you speak of the serious illness of my little

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\* Capt. J. W. Phelps.

Sisters. I partly regret not having gone with Captain Hunt and yet what would my poor Jules have done without me while he was sick! Doctor Watson gave him yesterday powders that have been very beneficial. He is better to-day than he has been for some time.

"Being almost sure that we will start by the next boat Jules wished me to pack my trunks, but I have been disappointed so often that I have not the courage to commence this work until I am sure of our going.

"Poor Father Domenech, who has been sick for these last four days, received to-day very afflicting news about his family. He has lost his Grandfather, Father, and one of his Sisters. I sympathize with him far more, knowing from what you say how near I came to losing one of my little Sisters.

"I must now close, for the carriage is at the door, and it is better for Jules to go early to his drive than late.

"*Sept. 25th.*—Jules says if after his Leave he be ordered back here he will leave me with you. What do you think of that, dear Mamma? You must excuse him for not writing, for since his Court is over, he has conceived a perfect horror for writing and spends much of his day in reading light Literature, to rest his brain and help him forget this affair of Porter.

"Good-bye, dear Papa and Mamma, kiss most affectionately for me and Jules my little Sisters (especially Tavie and Dôle who have been so sick), also Grandfather and all the family.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

Abbé Domenech again says:—

"One morning I was roused very early to administer the last Sacraments to one of the best Catholic ladies of Brownsville, Madame Mariquitta Garesché, wife of that good artillery officer who on my arrival had offered me his purse, his house, and his best services. I was attached by ties of devoted friendship to those two superior natures, who loved me as a brother. Madame Mariquitta, as I used to call her, had lived a long time in Paris, at the Convent of St. Clotilde. When at Brownsville, I usually sat at the table of my good friends, with whom I had many a conversation about my distant native land. On the occasion of my illness, Madame Garesché bestowed on me all the tender cares of a Sister of Charity; so that it was with the most profound emotions that I administered the last consolations of religion to this holy soul, full of resignation, who had so often aided me."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, October 7th, 1851.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"We were greatly disappointed this morning. Not a word about the Leave and not a line from any of you. Happily, your last letters were excellent and that thought assisted me to bear my disappointment. The



greater part of our packing is done and we firmly hope to be able to start by this boat.

"The health of Jules is not much improved. One day he is well, the next sick. The medicines have done him no good and the doctor will give him no more; for he assures Jules that it is his worry of mind which causes his present sickness and that he only needs a change of air to recuperate. My poor husband is so demoralized by these delays, that he told me this morning, if he only had something else to do he would tender his resignation. To see him thus makes me dreadfully unhappy, still I know that his sickness is not dangerous, though it is very severe. Poor man! he has during the past year experienced here so many vexations and trials that it is absolutely necessary for him to leave this place.

"Jules has just returned from the doctor's and brings me good news. He is almost sure that we can start by the first steamer. The doctor has said that we must prepare ourselves, and I am in hopes that when you receive this letter we will be already at New Orleans. The Fannie will be here, I think, on Monday and we will have time to place every thing in order before our departure. I count on you, my darling Parents, and on my good little Sisters, to make my Jules forget all his miseries.

"Since the hope of starting next week has returned I feel that my courage has also returned, and I am going to continue my packing. I trust we will find you all well. Grandpapa and Jules can mutually console themselves. The temperature commences to be refreshing, an excellent thing were it not for the dampness of the atmosphere, which is very prejudicial to Jules.

"I shall not write at greater length to-day. Since I think of my going I feel as if I could write no more, that I have nothing to put on paper, that only in talking I shall be able to satisfy myself.

"Capt. Phelps has finally given the Leave and we will start by the first steamer.

"Adieu, my dear Parents, Jules joins me in tenderly embracing you as also our dear Sisters, Grandpapa, Uncles, Aunts and Cousins.

"Your dear child,

"MARIQUITTA."

On October 16th, 1851, Julius left with his dear Mariquitta for Limours, on Sick-leave. He was very ill with the Texas dysentery.

Abbé Domenech herewith adds:—

"Sorrow and sadness just at this moment fell to my lot. My cherished Jules (Mr. Garesché) left for the United States. In the friendship of this pious Christian, so full of lively faith, I found much encouragement and consolation. His conversation was full of unction, and engaging beyond expression. Solitude has always been to me a sombre veil, spreading

darkness and bitterness over my thoughts. Often-times the best constituted and most devoted natures require to attach themselves to something sensible, in order to shake off the lassitude of the soul. The mind cannot be always on the stretch, as it soon wears itself out. When you return from a long weary journey, the soul feels sad from the sufferings which it has aided to console,—the body is weighed down by privations that it cannot escape. At this moment the flower which you love, whose growth you watch, and which you water with due care morning and evening—the bird that warbles its joyous song on your gable—the faithful dog that watches your return with plaintive whining, are not enough to drive away this natural melancholy brought on by solitude. I was, therefore, deeply attached to this holy couple, tried so much by sickness. Twice was Madame Garesché brought to the brink of the grave; and twice did she escape, contrary to all the expectations of professional skill.

“During our hours of freedom, Mr. Jules and his wife used to come and pass some time beneath the porch of my cottage. To the happiness of speaking my mother-tongue, while breathing the pure temperate air, embalmed with the fragrance of tropical nights, was added the advantage of drawing from the fountain head important information, regarding the countries which Mr. Jules had for a long time inhabited. At my age, these conversations had still for me the charm which the outpourings of friendship bestow upon those in whom years, evils, and experience have not weakened, and destroyed one by one their dearest illusions. My burthen was often enough rather heavy for shoulders so young; and sometimes God allowed me to fall into faintheartedness, as if to show that He alone is the Consoler Supreme, the Master of all hearts, and that in Him alone I ought to place all my confidence, from Him draw all my strength. Unfortunately, in the midst of trials, my eyes were not always turned towards Heaven. Sometimes they sought the earth, to find there a support. I found it in the pious hand of this friend, and seized it with all the energy of which I was capable. These evening entertainments were a kind of antidote against this singular lowness of spirit, the offspring of solitude, which I could not shake off. In the heart of my dear Jules I found strength and courage, which Providence seemed to deny me, to make my labor more meritorious.

“I have never imagined that the priesthood was a mechanism which was to work coldly and regularly like a clock. Charity and love of human kind ought to be the moving springs of action with a priest. Such are often the tests of success in the apostolical ministry. St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, and so many other apostles of human nature, have converted whole nations, by pouring into their words and actions the treasures of charity, that glowed in the focus of their own ardent bosoms. A priest who would act differently from these illustrious models would preach to a desert, he would beat the air and his ministry would be void. But if charity of the heart is the principle of zeal, it is

also the source of a thousand miseries to him who attaches himself too much to the people whom he evangelizes. To keep up this sacred fire of charity, and direct it to the greater glory of God and the profit of our fellow men, a strength is required which is found only at the foot of the crucifix. That encouragement is required, which is found chiefly in the perusal of the history of apostolical men, and in the devotedness of a pious affection.

"Jules had been, then, to me one of those beings whose parting leaves in the soul a void hard to be filled up. The day of his departure arrived. I embraced him in a flood of tears, and parted, never to see him more. His pious consort, yet hardly over the effects of her late illness, accompanied him. She was anxious to go and pray over the tomb of her two children who died in the cradle, and were interred in the Church, but was prevented by unforeseen circumstances. At the moment of parting, she made me promise to discharge this pious duty for her by proxy.

"Sadly did I enter my house, to be cheered no longer by the visits of my friends. As night came I went to the Church, feebly lighted by the pale ray of the moon. The breeze was hushed; the birds slept in their nests; all nature was plunged in profound silence; while I directed my steps towards the tomb of the two little angels to fulfill my promise. Alas! It is only mothers who can weep over the bliss of their little ones, while their innocent souls enjoy an eternal happiness in heaven. Poor mother! she need not visit those two tombs over which I knelt in prayer, and which so often witnessed her prayers and moans. I could not pray for the angels whose bliss was secure; but I did pray for all mothers whose blind tenderness for their children is often cruel in its results—fatal tenderness, which fills the world with misery, and inundates it with vice. Thus did I discharge that debt of maternal piety. Tears bedewed my cheek; for I remembered that in France, I too had cherished tombs, on which, perhaps, I should never leave the impress of my knee. I remained a good while, my head resting on my hand, my eyes turned towards the Altar, plunged in an abyss of reflections, each sadder than the other. I had a friend, and God was pleased to take him from me. Thereby, no doubt, He wished to disengage me from all those earthly comforts on which I loved too much to lean.

"Since, henceforth, God was to be my only guide and support, I prayed Him with fervour not to abandon me. When I returned to my room, though still dejected, I was, however, calm and resigned. I bethought me of that incalculable amount of suffering that is spread over the earth, and which a prayer, a look towards heaven, renders so light."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Birth of Marie—Julius' summons to Washington as principal witness in Major Porter's trial—his visit to Mr. Bernoudy *en route* and narrow escape from death from a R. R. train—his arrival in Washington, sickness and kind attentions of friends—visits Dentist—his description of his daily routine while in Washington—recommmendation of last National Council of the U. S.—Julius' pity for Major Porter—postponement of the Court and his return to Limours.

ON arriving at Limours Doctors Boislinière\* and Reyburn, leading physicians of St. Louis, were called in, and though the Texas dysentery is said to be incurable, Julius' cure was nevertheless effected.

On May 2nd, 1852, Mariquitta gave birth at Limours to her third child, Marie, baptized after herself Marie Louise Charlotte.

In the latter part of the following September, while still on Sick Leave, and convalescing, Julius was unexpectedly called to Washington as principal witness in the Court-Martial of Major Porter. The Order did not state why he was summoned and it was only at Baltimore, *en route* to Washington, he learned the reason, to give his testimony as witness. He arrived on the 2nd of October and wrote to Mariquitta that the Court would probably last for some months, as it was necessary to summon witnesses from Texas.

His own letters can best describe this period.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"BELLEVUE, NEAR LOUISVILLE, Friday evening,  
Sept. 24th, 1852.

"MY LITTLE DARLING,

"I arrived at Louisville this afternoon, after a journey of three days instead of two. Since the packet for Cincinnati does not leave before to-

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\* Dr. Boislinière was the cousin of Mariquitta and very intimate with her family, and Dr. Reyburn (Thos. Reyburn) was the family physician of the Garesché family.



morrow morning at ten o'clock, I profited by the delay to make a visit to the Bernoudys.

"My trip from St. Louis was rather monotonous, knowing no one on board except the Captain, and, although we had quite a number of passengers, I in no way desired to strike up an acquaintanceship with them; so I kept aloof, passing my time in reading, walking, or plunging myself into reveries of all kinds. Low water and fogs were the cause of our delay. The 'Fashion' is an excellent boat, perfectly commanded, and the Officers as well as servants were most polite and obliging. Up to the present I am *perfectly* well, not the slightest touch of fever, not the slightest indisposition.

"It is late, all are asleep and I am growing sleepy. I have not yet said my Beads nor my prayers, and thus I fear my expressions will be far from choice.

"Arrived in the city I tried to hire a carriage to go to Mr. \* Bernoudy's, but it was impossible to come to an understanding with the coachmen. They all objected, owing to the reparations of the road, except for the most fabulous sums. At last I decided to make the journey on foot. I started at half-past six and it was nearly dark when I reached the place of which the coachmen had spoken, an infamous place, compared to which †Carondelet Avenue is a real 'Via Appia.' Picture to yourself a road descending four, five, and sometimes six feet below the level of the road proper; mud here, mud everywhere, and all this encumbered with wagons and carriages. Finally, I was beginning to lose myself when a darkey, driving a brick-cart which had been carrying bricks all day, offered me a seat beside him till we had passed over the worst part, and I gratefully accepted. He took me about a hundred steps, he was going no farther. I dismounted and continued my way on foot. A little while after a coal-man offered me a place, but thinking I was nearly there I contented myself by thanking him for his kindness. I was always walking and was about to arrive when I heard a peculiar noise, somewhat like a mill. As I advanced the noise became more and more distinct and I finally recognized it to be a train of cars. I then recollected that on my last visit to Mr. Bernoudy he showed me a Railroad they were building near him and, as I remembered, similar to this road. But what confused me was that the noise grew louder and louder and appeared to be coming directly on me. I looked in vain on every side, I could see no rails, neither could I see any cars coming; and yet the noise grew more and more formidable, and with every appearance of coming on me that I asked myself, 'if that could be possible?' I looked on each side of the road, but neither side offered any security. I then saw a fence near the road and a little more elevated; I thought it would be more prudent to climb it and see where the cars were and assure myself if I were in any danger. No sooner thought than done

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\* A relative of Julius.

† A street in St. Louis.

—scarcely had I climbed it when the cars whizzed over the *very spot* I had just that instant left. Had I remained an instant more I certainly would have been crushed; for, in the first place, where I stood there was an intersection of the railway with my road, and thus I would not have been able to see the cars until they would have been directly on me, and then it would have been too late to save myself; and secondly, owing to the darkness, my ignorance of the locality, not knowing which way to turn in the face of the terrible danger, I might have become confused and remained glued to the spot. This is the second service my Guardian Angel has rendered me within a short space of time. You see he watches over me, therefore do not worry about me; remember that he loves me even more tenderly than you, and has much more power to protect me.

"After all this I naturally did not arrive till late. But I received the warmest of welcomes, even my relatives of the East, who love me so dearly, could not have received me with more affection.

"They immediately prepared for me an excellent supper. Mr. Bernoudy gave me his grapes, his Catawba wine, which is of three years standing and is delicious; he also gave me coffee made with brandy which he also has made at home. It is limpid as water and better than any Kirchwasser I ever drank.

"I must now say good-night, kiss my little darling again and again for her papa, as also your sisters, parents, and all your family, and also mine when you see them. I think often of you, my darling, and would dearly love to kiss you.

"Good-bye, dearest,

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Thursday, October 7, 1852.

"DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

"Your first letter of the 23rd and 24th of September reached me and you do not know the pure happiness which I enjoyed in its perusal, and since,—in seeing your old tenderness revived, that tenderness which had remained so long slumbering, but which was to me so dear, and of which I felt so keenly the privation. Ah! my little wife, you have given me a great pleasure.

"Now, do not commence to torment yourself on account of my absence, and, especially, renounce your idea of coming to join me; when even were you to come East, it is very doubtful if you could remain with me; for at Old Point the Hotel is open only during the Summer, the season is nearly finished, and there is no other resource. As for myself, alone, I should have no difficulty, for I should live in the garrison with some one of the officers. Moreover, it is impossible that you could make this long voyage at this season of the year in the delicate state of your health. The Court, perhaps, will not last longer than one or two months, and, at the end of that time, I could return to you. Every thing, therefore, opposes your

departure, added to which I am unable to pay your trip; my own costs me but too much. It is necessary, accordingly, for you, dear little one, to renounce it *absolutely*. You have nothing to fear for me, I am surrounded by old friends, who would not neglect me; I can be taken in four and a half hours to Eden Park, where I am loved almost as much as Bauduy, who is, however, the darling of the family. There I would be nursed just as I would be at my own Mother's or at yours. So, then, do not worry yourself, my little one, for it would be useless. Moreover, I have already been sick, and can give the proof of what I assert. Traveling entire days in the cars, shattered as I was in health and with my disposition to intermittent fever, occasioned me a relapse. This seized me at Baltimore, and all night I had fever, and the next morning I felt very ill at ease; but, after having breakfasted, this feeling passed away. I then started for here and the fever returned: I experienced it, at moments, the entire day, but, not having as yet felt the least shivering, I attributed it to fatigue and did not give it any attention. The next day, Sunday, I felt worse than ever, and experienced a sort of interior cold; this augmented in proportion, still I went to Mass, but found it impossible to remain there long. I felt that I was soon going to vomit and I was accordingly obliged to leave the Church.

"Monday, October 11.—Finally, my own darling, I can return to chat with you. I was interrupted; the \*Judge Advocate General returned to the City and came to see me, and I wished to place myself at work immediately. I had but little time to do this, because, in order that I might be thoroughly cognizant of the whole affair, it was necessary for me to read all the evidence of my own trial, and after that to compose the leading points of the accusation, which should be sheltered from all cavillings, and with the visits which have succeeded one another without cessation, I have scarcely had a moment's time to myself for these past few days. But, for the time being, I am free. The Judge Advocate General came to see me again this morning; I delivered my work to him, and he appeared very well satisfied with it, and I ought not to see him again, until after to-morrow.

"To return to where I was interrupted,—on leaving the Church, Sunday, I was forced to go to bed, after having sent for the Doctor. He is, so it is said, one of the best in the Army, the Physician of General Scott and of all the *great ones* of the Army, who are living in Washington. He was not long in placing me again upon my feet; although, at first, I was unable to take any remedies, I had such a disposition to vomit. It seems I had a great deal of bile on the stomach, and, since I have gotten rid of it, I have felt infinitely better. Two of my friends nursed me with a great deal of affection and care, and one of them having found for me a Catholic boarding house, on the next morning, Monday, I caused myself to be

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\* Major John F. Lee, who became a warm friend and ardent admirer of Julius.



transported there. I have a fine room here, and a Church right opposite, also a Jesuit College, where I discovered one of my old Professors. There are two Catholic families among the boarders, of whom one, relatives of my friend, \*Lay, has shown me a real friendship and had a great deal of consideration for me whilst I was sick. The chief of the other, is one of my old acquaintances at College. The mistress of the house also shows me many little attentions; every day, because the Doctor had on one occasion ordered me some oysters, and she believed, in consequence, that I liked them, she has sent them for my 'lunch.'

"On Tuesday night I had another attack of fever, but it has not appeared since; the Doctor came to see me every day, as also many of my friends. Upon the whole, it is impossible to find oneself better placed than I am. Remember, that God always watches over those whom He loves, and I have received too many signal graces from His paternal hand, not to feel assured of His protection:—may His Holy Name be forever blessed! Among those, who came to see me every day, was † Gibbon; he asked me, as you may believe, news of yourself. He indulged in quite a fit of laughter, when I related to him your fright about my Order, and your idea that they were about to subject me to another trial. He could find nothing better, than to go and repeat it, the following morning, to the Adjutant General, who, as he afterwards told me, laughed most heartily. Yesterday evening, he returned, accompanied by McCown, who inquired after you.

"This morning, I had my teeth arranged; Doctor Wotherspoon had recommended to me an excellent Dentist by whom, he said, General Scott had just had an entire set made. He is not the one who has the greatest reputation, but the other asks most outrageous prices. Mine is not very moderate; will you believe that he charged me \$10 for filling a single tooth! It is true, that the cavity was enormous; he placed so much gold in it, that, to use his own expression, he finished by fatiguing himself. He wanted me to allow him to extract it, but, as he acknowledged that it might last me still some seven or eight years, I preferred keeping it, even at the price of \$10. For more than eight years, I have kept one beside it, that the dentist twice filled, assuring me each time, that I would do well to have it taken out, and that it could not last more than three or four years at the farthest:—however, he found nothing to do to it. He paid quite a compliment to Edgerly and to Dr. Plantou of Philadelphia, the only two dentists, who, prior to him, have touched my mouth since my infancy: 'their work,' said he, 'is perfect.' In fine, he filled three other teeth, I believe, and extracted one; and did the whole very nicely. I had recounted to him the affair of Ferdinand, so that he took his precautions

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\* Capt. Geo. W. Lay of the Army.

† First Lieut. John Gibbon of Julius' Company, his junior, now called in as a witness in Major Porter's trial.



and, although the root was exceedingly deep, I scarcely felt any pain. My bill was \$23. And your teeth, dear little one? What have you done regarding them? As I do not want to have your little mouth disfigured I would like you to replace those which are failing you; but, for this, I would prefer your going to Hale, I have not sufficient confidence in Montreville. I shall write to Alexander to sell my Land Warrant and to give you the money, for you must be in need, and I have not a single cent, myself, to give you.

"As I think that my closet will be occupied, I beg of you, to gather *all* the objects you will find in it and put them away in one of your trunks; for I have left many little things there, to which I attach a value. All the old shirts, as I told you before, you can give to the poor.

"How is my little darling? Give her thousands and thousands of tender sweet kisses for Papa, who would dearly love to give them himself.

"On Saturday, day before yesterday, I was finally able to go to Georgetown College: I found many changes. I dined there.

"It appears that our house in Texas is not occupied by any family. Gibbon received a letter yesterday from \* Dungan, which he came to read to me, and it appears that Dungan occupies the half of our house. † Saxton is on leave; we expect to see him arrive here, as also Holmes, from day to day.

"Good-bye, my own little darling. Embrace your dear little Sisters for me, as also your Aunts and Uncles, and all your Cousins. Many kind regards to Mr. Desbonnes. Remember me also to ‡ Peggy and ‡ Eliza.

"Wholly yours, darling,

"Your devoted husband,

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Thursday, October 14th, 1852.

"MY DARLING,

"Your dear little countenance is constantly before my eyes and I am unceasingly thinking of you. Not hearing from you I became a little worried since yesterday, because twelve days have passed since I received your first letter. But I am just now in receipt of your second, which tells me that you are well, inasmuch as you can go to the City to arrange your teeth etc. But my poor little Marie has had chills and fever, how it would have pained me to see her suffer! Dear little darling, what would I not give to kiss her and her Mamma! You are so constantly in my thoughts, my Mariquitta, that I would love to write to you every day. Yesterday evening I was greatly tempted to do so, but I had other letters

\* Second Lieut. Hugh E. Dungan of Julius' Company. He died at Fort Brown November 11, 1853.

† Second Lieut. Rufus Saxton of the 4th Artillery.

‡ Peggy and Eliza were servants.

to write, and it was only two days since I had written to you, and besides I was feeling so tired that I finally renounced my wish, though much against my will. Kiss my little girl for me in thanks for the two phrases she wrote to me.

"I rise every morning at half past six, so as to shave—the other day at seven. Though opposite a Church I have not yet been to Mass, for fear of the return of the fever in exposing myself to the damp air of the early morning. You see I am prudent; too prudent, I often think, and this prudence I sometimes reproach myself with as a weakness which deserves as punishment the return of that same fever I am so carefully warding off.

"We breakfast at eight or half past seven. After breakfast I make my meditation, then pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, before which I say my Sacred Heart Beads:—then towards ten I go to the Office of the Judge Advocate General and stay with him all morning, discussing and arranging the accusations against Major Porter. This is a duty full of difficulties, but as you are not a lawyer I will not try to explain. \* \* \* \*

"To continue with my daily routine. Towards three, or half past, I return to my boarding house, at four we dine; then, when the weather permits, I pay another visit to the Blessed Sacrament, I say my Beads and afterwards go to supper. I now take coffee every evening as a tonic as well as drink and until the present I have not noticed that it prevents me from sleeping. After supper I occasionally visit the Lays in their room, where I generally find every one that I know in the house; sometimes I write, at other times I read until half past ten when I retire. \* \* \* \*

"Good-bye, my darling, I am well. Father de Blicq, formerly President of the College at Cincinnati, told me the other day that the last National Council of the United States had recommended to His Holiness the abolition of four Feasts as also the Fast days of Advent, excepting Christmas Eve. There will thus remain in the whole United States but the four Feasts which the seven French Dioceses now observe.

"Your devoted husband,

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Friday Evening, October 21, 1852.

"DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

"I was exceedingly busy during the past week. I was required to prepare a sort of summary of all the necessary accusations against Major Porter, as also a treatise on the description of my defense. To do this I was compelled to read and re-read, or at least go over, portions of that long trial fully a dozen times. I wrote every night up to eleven o'clock, and even beyond. But, at last, thanks be to God, my task is finished this morning and I have nothing more to do. The Court-Martial is not to commence till the 25th of November, so as to give Capt.\* Hunt time to arrive.

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\*One of the witnesses for the prosecution.

"At times I feel a profound pity for this poor Giles. For although he is given every possible chance to justify himself, nevertheless everybody seems anxious to rid the Army of him, and it is terrible to see an old gray-headed man thus expelled! especially, as I am commencing to believe, when he must be a little crazy. Poor man, he has very little chance of escape!

"It is not yet decided whether the Court will sit here or at Baltimore. As the Judge Advocate General is determined not to allow Major Porter to suit himself in the matter, nor allow him to protract things as he did during my Court, I can hope that I shall not be retained here as long as I at first thought. But remember that I do not want you to come, my Mari-quitta; because at the period when I must return, namely, in the middle of winter, the season will be too severe for you to travel with our child; and moreover, as I have already told you, I am unable to bear the expense of your trip, for I am penniless.

"Adieu, dear little one, take good care of yourself. Kiss my daughter for me, and kiss especially that dear little hand which has sent me such sweet little letters. Embrace all at the house, as also the rest of the family. Yours for life.

"Your devoted husband and affectionate

"JULES."

As the Court was postponed till the 25th of November and he had finished writing all his Testimony and had nothing further to do, Julius returned to Limours for the brief interval, to his darling wife and beloved baby.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Julius returns to Washington—his sorrow at being compelled to leave his Mariquitta but noble sacrifice for the sake of duty—description of his trip—meets Father de Smet, the great Indian missionary—Father Fred's pleasure in seeing Mariquitta's daguerreotype and promise to write to her—how an Officer on duty should travel.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NEW PIKE—near Cairo, Tuesday morning,  
November 16th, 1852.

"MY POOR LITTLE WIFE,

"If you felt as sad as I did yesterday evening, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. To leave you was like death to me with the love I bear you, my darling;—what must it have been then after that unfortunate remark of \* Ferdinand—seeing how you endeavored to make me postpone my departure—that you secretly accused me of lacking in affection.

"The boat far from leaving in a half hour did not leave till sun down, in spite of ringing the bell every half hour and saying we were going to start immediately. Sad and discouraged I was beset by the temptation of postponing my departure till the following day, and nothing but the feeling of duty prevented me from doing so. This you do not understand, and yet if I have gained some reputation in the Army, it is due to the fidelity which I have always shown; for I have done nothing brilliant during my career. As to what Ferdinand remarked, that voyage was forbidden; in the first place, it would be only under the most favorable circumstances that this trip can be taken in five days; secondly, as I am told that the upper Mississippi is already frozen over, it is very probable the Lakes are also frozen; and finally, at this season on the Lakes, there is the double danger of encountering icebergs, or terrible storms. I would have risked too much in tempting this route; if you understood better, my dearest, you would yourself be the first to forbid me.

"Dear, dear little wife, I beg of you believe in my affection and my regret at leaving you; I could not conscientiously remain any longer, otherwise I would most assuredly have done so.

"Kiss my dear, dear little daughter for me as well as all the family. We are so near to Cairo that I must tell you good-bye. I embrace you tenderly, and I love you with all my heart. Write soon to give me good news about our own sweet child and to say you have pardoned

"Your devoted husband,

"JULES."

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\* Ferdinand L., his youngest brother.



*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NEW PIKE, Wednesday, November 17th, 1852.

"MY OWN DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

"I love you, I love you, I love you with all the love of my heart. With you and our little daughter I have passed lately the happiest moments of my life. But as happiness is but fleeting in this life; how sad I have been since! Your sad, sweet face is constantly before my eyes, and the thought of the mental pain our separation causes you. My own dearest, you thought I did not love you sufficiently, since I could leave you so soon, you would not believe it was necessary; and nevertheless I have just calculated that in order to arrive in Washington on the 23rd I will have to give up the idea of making the trip from Cincinnati to Pittsburg by water, as I had hoped, and instead take the Railroad, which is much more fatiguing and disagreeable.

"This is an excellent boat, and as it is not 'insured,' the Captain is prudence itself. The table is very good, probably the best of all the boats of this line. The servants are very attentive, the state-rooms are pleasant, the bed and table linen very clean, and I have the pleasure of being alone in my state-room—an advantage I, no doubt, owe to Alexander's influence with the agent of the line; for the boat is full. There are, I believe, as many as four in some of the state-rooms. I am charmed in having for travelling companions, Fathers Murphy and \*de Smet. Although there is an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and many Methodist Ministers on board, there reigns perfect concord among all these gentlemen. The amiable manners and the reputation of Father de Smet make him universally liked wherever he goes. He is nearly always surrounded by persons who eagerly listen to the narration of his travels among the Indians.

"My darling little wife, I love you so dearly. Shall I not have a dear little letter from you? Ah! With what a delicious pleasure I read or rather devour your letters! As it is now late I am going to sleep, and as we hope to be at Louisville to-morrow morning, I will now close my letter so as to give it to one of those gentlemen who stop there to mail for me.

"Good night, darling, I press you to my heart and before going to bed will pray fervently to God and the Blessed Virgin whilst saying my Beads for you and my sweet and dear little girl. Tenderly embrace her for me and also embrace your Parents, Sisters, and all the family, and believe me always,

"Your devoted and faithful husband,

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"CINCINNATI, Friday, November 19, 1852.

"Well! darling, here I am at Cincinnati, where I arrived yesterday at midday. As I had foreseen, there remains to me too short a time, to permit my going to Pittsburg by way of the river, so that I shall be obliged

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\* Father de Smet, the great Indian Missionary.

to take the railway. By leaving here to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, I hope to arrive at Pittsburg towards 3 o'clock the following morning, Sunday. I shall spend Sunday there, in order to hear Mass, which will decidedly give me a good rest. I had the good fortune to meet here Colonel Alexander, who is repairing, also, to Washington, as a member of the Court of Major Porter, and so I shall have an agreeable companion during the remainder of my journey.

"I wrote to you from Cairo, and again from Louisville. I am feeling very well, and Father Carroll and Frederick were astonished on seeing me, so much better did they find my looks. And you, dear little wife, are you in good health, and how is our dear child? I long to hear from you. You are constantly in my thoughts, darling; when I see any of the men around me, accompanied by young wives, I feel saddened, I cannot refrain from regretting that you are not with me. The recollection of the joyous week I have just passed near you, is very, very sweet to me; at the least, I do not leave you, this time, with my heart withering with despair,—I can console myself, in reflecting that you love me so tenderly, and that you are more than ever worthy of my love.

"I showed your daguerreotype to Frederick, and your countenance pleased him very much. He promised me to write to you, for I told him how you had begged me to ask him to do so, that you desired it.

"Dear little wife, how I would love to embrace you! And yet, all painful as it is to me to be separated from you, I have one consolation even greater than my sorrow, and I feel so happy in the thought that we are good friends and in the certainty, that I, this time, bear away with me, of your affection, that sadness can scarcely wrestle with this feeling of happiness. Ah! darling, may I not dare to hope that we have at length seen the termination of every species of disunion between us, and that we are going to enjoy, henceforth, so much the more happiness by a union of hearts that nothing can ever interrupt,—that we have up to the present time been profoundly unhappy by the contrary. Ah! yes, I have a sweet presentiment that it will be thus. Console yourself, therefore, darling of my entire heart, console yourself with my absence, in thinking of all the felicity, with which our little housekeeping will henceforward be crowned.

"Good night, darling, it is getting late, and I must rise early in the morning, so as not to miss the train. Embrace my little beloved, make her laugh in speaking to her of her father:—embrace your Father, Mother, Sisters, and all the family for me, and believe me wholly, and with a sincere affection,

"Your devoted husband,  
"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sunday evening, November 21st, 1852.

"DARLING,

"On account of an accident which occurred on the railroad between Cincinnati and Columbus the night before we passed over it ourselves, we

were not able to make connection here with the railroad to Pittsburg, and, as it is forbidden by law in this State for trains to travel on Sunday, we were compelled, in consequence, to slacken altogether, and we shall not be able to leave here until to-morrow, Monday, morning. This will hardly permit my arriving in Washington on the day I desired, even should I travel at night, which I am not very anxious to do. I send you from here a telegraphic dispatch, so that should you hear of the accident which delayed us you will feel no anxiety for me.

"I went this morning to Mass at the Cathedral,—a Church just completed, and which is the largest and the most beautiful one that I have yet seen in the United States.

"What a sad, sad day did I pass! Mud and ice in the streets; a clouded and cold, rainy, dark sky; and a profound melancholy in my mind! 'Oh, if my little wife could be with me,' I could not refrain from saying, 'I should not feel so sad!' Our separation seemed very, very cruel, to-day, I can assure you, my darling; and yesterday almost equally so. In gazing at the country on both sides of the road I would recall Limours, in the garb of Autumn that it yet bore upon our return from Texas, and from Limours my thoughts turned immediately towards you, the darling of my heart. I pictured to myself the days we had passed there together, especially the first and the last, and it was with a real regret that I said to myself, perhaps we will spend no more days together there for a long while, and that after the Porter trial is over it will be necessary for me then to determine on resuming my duty elsewhere.

"There have lately been some terrible storms on the Lakes. \* \*

"How is my little daughter? I reproach myself as thinking almost too little of her and too much of you, and yet I love her with all my heart. The thought of being her father is a never-failing happiness to me. There are times when I feel anxious on her account, I love her so much, I am so afraid of losing her that I become foolishly worried. Hence I long to reach Washington and receive a letter from you.

"This letter is not intended to make you sad about me, dear Mariquitta; but I am unable to write to you in a gayer tone. To be separated from you at the moment when all your affection was restored to me, and was become so dear and so indispensable; after days, too, of such happiness passed near you, is indeed but too sad. My trip has, in consequence, become altogether distasteful.

"I am going now to tell you good night, darling. Kiss our dear little treasure for me, also your Father, Mother, Sisters, and all the family, and believe in the love of him who holds your image always in his heart and before his eyes.

"Always

"YOUR JULES."



*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"PITTSBURG, Monday evening,  
November 22nd, 1852.

"DEAR MARIQUITTA,

"I think that my little wife ought to be very grateful to me; for I have written to her from each stopping place of my journey,—from Cairo, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, again this evening from Pittsburg, and day after to-morrow, I hope, from Washington.

"I long to be at the end of my journey; the travel by rail tires and fatigues me to the last degree and I much prefer a voyage at sea. To be nailed to the same seat, and tossed about for twelve successive hours exhausts me in my weak state of health. On arriving here this evening I could have continued my route to Washington without stopping, and it was the only means of arriving there on the day required, but I had not the strength; for, having been indisposed all of yesterday and again this morning, I was forced to take care of myself.

"Did not my darling little wife, on the day of my departure, say, 'my husband thinks a great deal more of the Porter affair than he does of his wife, he can just as well remain another day?' I even think I can recollect that you were not satisfied in thinking this, but you said it to me myself. As I am now going to justify myself in the eyes of the dear and charming little companion of my life she must listen without feeling hurt, do you hear, little mutinous one?

"When an Officer travels by order he should always endeavor to foresee the delays which he is sure to encounter and give himself sufficient time to arrive in spite of them. One can go from St. Louis to Washington by the same route that I followed in five days, if every thing goes along smoothly, but that is something which does not happen once in a hundred times. Knowing this I should have left St. Louis *Saturday* evening instead of Monday, and even at the very moment that I decided to wait until Monday my conscience severely reproached me, as failing in my duty; but I was so happy near you and my little daughter, I had seen you so little, that I had not the courage to start so soon. I must add I feared a little also that, should I arrive in Washington one or two days before my time, you would believe I was in too great haste to leave you. I thought then I should be giving myself *just* the time necessary, in taking eight days. You can now see, darling, how the matter stands. If I had started Saturday I could have ascended the river to Pittsburg on a good boat, a voyage that would have done me good and would have spared me 490 miles of railway—the distance I travelled between Cincinnati and this City. You will no longer now, darling, will you, be displeased that I should have left you on Monday instead of Tuesday? You pardon me, do you not? And when on any subsequent occasion I tell you that my duty requires me to leave you sooner than you deem necessary, you will believe me, will you not, my own darling?



"Have you had any snow as yet? We saw it fall twice between St. Louis and Louisville. At Cleveland the ground was covered, and it was snowing hard when we left there this morning. What I felt in that City was the commencement of a fever, due, I believe, to the dampness of the weather, and especially to the dampness of the room, in which I spent my first night;—a room which contained no fire and no means of making one. There I was chilled with a damp cold against which I could not protect myself. The next day I asked for a room with a fire. The moment I felt that I was going to have fever I dieted myself and commenced to take quinine. I took six grains yesterday in three pills and five this morning in only one pill, always continuing my diet. This evening I feel altogether well, and as I am always journeying further and further southward, I do not fear again to fall sick.

"You dread so much the voyage to Texas! If you could but know what kind of a journey this is, after you have once left the river, you would have good cause to look back with regret to our trip to Texas! I dread for you, my darling, this journey; you cannot understand how this travelling 800 miles over Railroads would fatigue and exhaust you.

"I have done nothing but think of you, my dearly beloved, all through my journey: each time that I see two persons who appear to be husband and wife, or see even but a young lady, my sorrow at being separated from you becomes stronger and stronger. You can be well, well assured that I love you, my Mariquitta!

"But I must now say good night, my darling, for it behooves me to rest well this evening. I have an excellent room in the Monongahela House, one of the best hotels in the country. Kiss our little darling for her papa, also all the family, and receive a tender kiss from

"YOUR JULES."

## CHAPTER XV.

Major Porter's trial postponed, and his fright about his trial—Julius' accidental meeting with his sister Lily—signal protection of his Guardian Angel near Baltimore—anecdote of Col. Payne—anxiety of Julius about his wife and little daughter and his relief—his intense love for both—devotion to his own mother—shaves off his beard and change it makes—remark of a young lady—his present and future plans—objection to the Theatre—decision of the Pope in regard to recommendation of last National Council of the U. S.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Thursday, November 25th, 1852.

“MY OWN DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

“You will be furious, when I tell you that Major Porter's case is laid over until January 23rd; for, had I known this in St. Louis, I could have stayed with you; and now I must remain absent from you, as the waters are so low, that, I would be compelled to return by land, a mode of travelling which fatigues me too much; each time I have tried it I have been rendered sick. They could not inform me of this postponement, as it was not known till the 20th and I was then nearly here. It was apparently impossible to forewarn any of the Officers called in for the case, judging from the great number that are now in Washington.

“The old Major is evidently frightened by the preparations made in his honor, and has no taste whatsoever for the affair. I was told that when he received the order for the case, he sent word that the state of his health would not allow him to be judged at present. Thereupon an Army physician was ordered to examine him, which was done, and he was pronounced in perfect health. He still protested, so then a consultation of Army physicians was held, and he was examined, and the result was but a reiteration of the first physician's statement, namely, that there existed no physical disqualification to hinder his being tried. Being no longer able to feign any physical impediments he then solicited a delay for the arrival of his witnesses, Major Chapman, Colonel Bennett, Whiting, Captain Phelps and Doctor Jarvis. He was made to swear that these witnesses were necessary, and also to state the reasons for their being necessary—which he did in his own way—after which the Secretary of War wrote him that though his reasons were not well founded nor very clear, still as he, an Officer of the Army, had *sworn* they were necessary, it must be considered true, and thus he has been given till the 23rd of January to call them in. So here is how the case stands.

"I wrote to you again from Pittsburg last Monday evening. On Tuesday morning I left that city and travelling the entire night and a good part of Wednesday arrived here last evening. I felt such an unconquerable desire to go to sleep, that I could scarcely keep my eyes open, so that I retired at a very early hour, and, after passing a capital night, feel altogether rested to-day. I must tell you, in addition, that I am now feeling entirely well. Everybody here thinks I have a better appearance. I wanted to telegraph to you to-day of my arrival, but, as it is Thanksgiving Day, all the stores, shops, offices, &c., are closed, and amongst others that of the Telegraph, so that I was unable to carry out my wish, but I will endeavor to do so to-morrow.

"I reached Baltimore yesterday at midday, but the cars did not start for Washington before 4 o'clock. Tell Juliette, that if I did not call on her family, as I had promised her, it was because I was so overwhelmed with sleep and fatigue, that I had not the courage to make any toilet, nor to go so far.

"During all these four hours that I passed at the hotel Lily was there too, and yet I did not know of it. It was merely by chance that I saw her for a few moments. Just a little while before my departure, I went to the hotel office to pay for my dinner. The clerk asked my name and if I had registered, and he took the book whilst speaking to see. I gave him my name, and said that I had not registered it. 'But, then,' says he, 'some one else has registered it for you,' and he showed me the place on the book. Thinking that perhaps my travelling companion had registered it, I look and I see 'Miss Garshé.' Still thinking that it was intended to designate me, I was nevertheless astounded by the *Miss*, and I racked my mind endeavoring to imagine who could have done it, and why; for I knew my companion too well to suspect him for a single moment. All of a sudden, the thought occurred to me that it was doubtless Lily, returning from the marriage of Mary Keating. I ask and learn that she had been there that very day, and that perhaps she was still in the house. I at once search for her and soon find her in the ladies' parlor. We did not recognize each other at all at first. Poor little one, the surprise was so great, that she could not refrain from shedding some tears. We were only able to spend three minutes together, I scarcely had the leisure to give her a good look. However, it appeared to me that she greatly resembled Mary, without, however, being as pretty, nor having as beautiful a complexion,—in return, she has a much sweeter and more affectionate look. I promised soon to make her a visit. To be obliged to leave her so soon, rendered me very sad, I was even strongly tempted to defer my departure for Washington until to-day. Inasmuch as I already knew that the Court had been postponed till January, for we had learned this at Baltimore, there was really no necessity for my coming that evening, but there is in me a singular nature, which, when I have an affair on hand to undertake, whether it be good or whether it be bad, I am rendered miser-

able, until I have seen its termination. I fully comprehended, that I was failing in no duty by remaining, that no one could find any fault with me in doing so;—I bitterly reproached myself as being an unnatural brother;—but, the feeling was stronger than myself, and so I continued my journey. Poor, dear little Lily, I fear that I left her also very sad.

“I have passed the time since dinner reading four or five letters of yours, darling, which arrived after my departure for Limours; and amongst them I found those of your Uncle Louis and Nancy. I have written to-day, also, to obtain the one you addressed me at Old Point. Your letters did me good and rendered me also a little sad, when I reflected that I was separated from that dear, little wife, who loves me so much. I had hoped also to find here a letter from you, written after my leaving you, giving me news of my little girl, but although the mail follows a different route to the one I took, it appears that it has encountered as many delays as myself, for I did not find any letter.

“I do not as yet know where I shall spend my time of inactivity, whether here, or at Eden Park, at my Aunt Cora's; I can make no decision till I have seen the Adjutant General and the Judge Advocate. I cannot see them to-day, as all the Offices are closed;—perhaps I shall know to-morrow, though I doubt it.

“You may recollect the position of Assistant Judge Advocate General, of which I have spoken to you, as one of the staff positions I would like to hold:—well! they have been instituted, and are already filled; and Lay, the friend who nursed me during my fever, has one. So you see, my darling, my Guardian Angel is not anxious for a staff position for me; but in return he protects me in a most striking manner from every danger. Yesterday morning, the train, in which I arrived in Baltimore, was violently diverted from the road, our car was overturned, and but for the obstruction of a *Telegraph pole*, which finally yielded, however, we should have been precipitated into a river, which flowed about 65 feet below us. Happily, not one of us was wounded.\*

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\*The following is an account of the accident, which he clipped from a Baltimore newspaper and sent her in a following letter,

“ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning, a frightful occurrence transpired on the Susquehanna railroad, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the city, at the Eagle Factory. It appears that the express train was coming at a very rapid rate towards the city, when the locomotive came in contact with a cow which was on the track. The locomotive with the tender attached were thus suddenly disconnected with the cars, and passing over the animal escaped much injury, but the three large passenger cars were not as fortunate. They were thrown violently off the track, and ran about twenty yards on the brink of a precipice about forty feet in depth to the Falls. At the time, the passengers gave themselves up for lost, but fortunately their destruction was prevented by the intervention of a telegraph pole, which prevented the foremost car from tilting over into the stream, in



"I called this morning on my old Commandant, Colonel Payne, who is the actual Commandant of my Regiment, and is the 2nd Officer in rank on the Court of Major Porter, and who has always shown a great deal of affection for me. I had not seen him for seven years. He clasped my hand between both of his and appeared very happy to see me again. 'And so you have married,' says he to me laughing, 'ah! I had protected you from that, when you were with me, and I would never have suffered it, if you had remained with me.' He is an old boy, whom you would greatly like. He was once in such distress, simply because he had dreamed that he was going to espouse a pretty young widow, who had lost her second husband, that I believed myself called upon to try and console him.

"Darling, I love you, and you are always in my thoughts. It seems to me that for the last two months my affection for you has increased in the most extraordinary manner. Kiss our little darling lovingly for me, my own precious one. Embrace also your parents, sisters and family. Good-bye, dear Mariquitta, my own dear little wife, tell me you no longer doubt of my love, and be well assured that I am yours for life and afterward, I hope.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Monday, Nov. 29th, 1852.

"DARLING,

"To-day is the 29th and consequently two weeks since we parted, and nearly five days since my arrival in Washington; and so far not a single line from you. It was not thus on the last occasion, for the day after my arrival in this city I received a letter from you. This silence discourages and saddens me. Until now I have continued writing, always hoping to hear from you soon; but my expectancy is constantly disappointed and my courage fails; for what will give me strength to bear our separation, if not your letters. I cannot amuse myself like other men, with other women or young girls in society—or at balls or other pleasures; I have nothing to do, I am not occupied at present, so thus I can only think of you, in the morning on rising, at night when retiring, and during all the waking hours. Not only are your letters missed, not only does their absence sadden me, but this silence worries me, knowing *nothing* can prevent your writing but sickness, and though my little daughter was a

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which case, many must have been killed. The running gear of the cars is much damaged, otherwise they seem to have escaped serious injury. The conductor of the train, Mr. Rhodes, was very active in endeavoring to restore things in their proper places, and in getting a train from the city to convey the passengers and mails to Baltimore. One of the brakemen was thrown down the embankment, but not much hurt, and a dozen passengers were slightly bruised."

little indisposed when I left, she must indeed be now very ill to prevent you, my own darling, from writing to your own Jules.

"I am in the same house and same room I occupied before leaving, except I have a companion, Captain \* Ord, one of the two friends who nursed me during my sickness on my first arrival. I have nothing to do, and would like to go to Eden Park, among my relatives, to pass the time before the opening of the trial. Gibbon and Saxton are both here; the first has been confined with a bad cold but he is now perfectly well. Saxton is enjoying excellent health, so am I, in fact I am gaining flesh. News has at last arrived from Captain Phelps who is in Constantinople, where he is very much thought of and is perfectly well. Plummer and his wife were here the other day; I called this morning but they had left. He has not yet recovered his health, and came to Washington as a witness before the Court of Major Porter.

"*Tuesday evening, November 30th.*—Dear little wife, my own darling, my Mariquitta, I love you tenderly, most dearly,—if I could but embrace you, but press you to my heart! I was so unhappy yesterday, that the transition, so to say, has caused my heart to overflow with joy; for I have received a letter from you this afternoon, a very little letter, but one sufficiently long enough to tell me that you were only fatigued, that you were well, and that our little daughter was doing better. Not to have heard as yet from you, not only rendered me anxious, on account of the state of sickness, in which I had left our dear little one, but it had worried me most intensely and incapacitated me for all manner of occupation. I did nothing but groan and probably annoyed Ord, for, after having in vain preached me a sermon on patience, he finally proposed to me to go and spend the evening at the \* Lays. I agreed to the proposition, and we repaired thither. We found so many people assembled there, especially young ones, that it was a very gay evening; they danced, played games, there was music, and all enjoyed themselves. As for me, I could not refrain from amusing myself, though I did not wish to play with the others, nor to dance, and was even thinking of a means of escape, the moment I perceived the company assembled.

"This morning when your letter was handed me at the Post Office and I saw how short it seemed, I feared, and returned to my room, and before opening it I knelt down to resign myself to the Will of God; for I felt that so short a letter from you could only be the bearer of bad news. You can imagine, darling, my happiness when I found my fears ill founded. My heart is relieved of a great weight, and instead of being a prey to dark and sombre ideas my imagination is carried away by delightful

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\* Captain E. O. C. Ord, of the 3rd Artillery, subsequently Brigadier General.

† Family of Mr. Richard Lay, living on 10th street, between F and G streets, near Mrs. Spalding's where Julius was boarding.

thoughts of you, my own darling, whom I love with all my heart, more dearly every day."

"Dear little wife, I embrace you tenderly, as I love you; I am constantly thinking of you, and at times I feel this separation unendurable. My courage for enduring such separations does not seem as great as formerly; I do not know whether it is because I love you more, but I am sometimes astonished how cowardly this thought makes me.

"Kiss very affectionately my little one for her dear papa. Embrace your parents, sisters, and all the family for me.

"Good-bye, my darling, I embrace you again and press you in my arms.

"Your devoted husband,

"JULES.

"P. S. I send you the extract of a Baltimore newspaper speaking of our accident near that city."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Monday, December 6th, 1852.

"MY DEAR MARIQUITTA,

"If you could only read into my heart and see the happiness caused by your letters! Intense happiness is my portion this morning, for I have just received your second letter, so full of affection and devotion. I had sore need of it, for I had just received one from my Mother which caused me intense sadness. Oh! I would dearly love to devote myself to that dear Mother, who loved me so much, to devote myself to her the remainder of her days, in order to soften as much as possible the pains and sorrows of old age! She told me Juliette intends inviting you to spend some time with her, and then she counts upon seeing you often, as also our little daughter, whom she already loves and longs to see.

"To return to your letter, my own dear one, your expressions of tender love made my heart leap with joy, rendered me (without exaggeration) nearly *intoxicated* with love and joy! Oh! the good your letters do me! Dear little woman, beloved one, I love you and I will always love you! For I see clearly there is in me so profound a love for you and so *inexhaustible*, in spite of our love quarrels, in spite of my thinking myself severed from all deep affection for you, in spite of my thinking myself unworthily offended. You have but to whisper soft words of love in my ear, and let me feel they are sincere, and you immediately become my sovereign and much beloved Mistress, dearer even than ever. Since my last visit I find myself become more in love with you than ever: the idea of being so long absent from you grieves me. Ah! Mariquitta, my loved one, I love you, yes! love me also always as you do now!

"I am *perfectly* well. Since the night of my arrival I have only once been indisposed. It was a dryness of the throat so disagreeable, that I passed a sleepless night. I found out the next day that there were several in the house who had like sore throats, and that it was only the beginning



of an influenza that was an epidemic in the city. The others took syrups, etc., while I contented myself with precautions and diet; for as it was a Friday and we are in Advent, I was fasting, but two days afterwards I was *entirely* well.

"I am taking regular exercise and together with the beginning of a cold spell I am feeling perfectly well.

"What it is to be a father! All you tell me about the badness and anger of our little girl, far from vexing me, appear charming, and only make me laugh! And yet how often have I blamed other parents for this same weakness! Oh! I fear it is very difficult not to spoil one's child, and yet I would like to avoid spoiling my own. I am delighted she is better, for I easily become worried about you and her.

"Thank your Mother for the delicious compliment she paid my little daughter, kiss her and your Father very affectionately for me, as also your little Sisters and all the family. Caress lovingly for me our darling little (I was going to say 'bad,' but reproach myself for it, for if she is cutting her teeth it would be unjust) girl, and for you, dear little companion of my life, queen of my heart and of my most tender thoughts, I hold you in my arms and kiss you a million of times and beg of you always to love me as you do now.

"To you, my Mariquitta, for life,

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Friday, December 10th, 1852.

"MY DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

"Yesterday evening I received yours of the 28th and 29th of November, which entirely quieted me with respect to the health of our little girl. I am made very proud by what you tell me. To have a little daughter with teeth, who can say 'No', when she positively means it, this is to be a Father truly! How delighted I would be to see her shake her little head! If it be really teeth that you see distend her gums this accounts for her little indisposition, her sleepless nights, and her tempers. As for you, dear Mariquitta, I am charmed to see you take your part so bravely, and it will merit for you God's benediction. Oh! if I could only pass this Winter with you! I cannot explain to what an extent this thought possesses me, nor how bitterly I feel our separation. It would be so lovely if at this very moment I could press you in my arms, my dear, dear wife! The pictures you place so vividly before my eyes, pictures so full of ineffable charm which thou, dearest, relishest as much as I, plunge me into delicious reveries, reveries probably too sweet. But to see what sweet sympathy now unites our two hearts, fills mine with unutterable happiness; and attests my love for thee, my Mariquitta, a love that only the lover enjoys during his honey-moon.

"My darling, I beg of you to take care of your eye; let me know soon that you have consulted Dr. Reyburn about it, and that you are faithfully



following his directions. Are you well? Are you growing fleshier? Do you feel stronger? Those are questions I would so love to have answered, and of which you never speak. Do give me more details about your dear little self.

"My health continues good;—as I observed to you in my last letter, I have not felt as well for many months. Now, however, that my beard no longer hides my face, I cannot help noticing what seems to me the *great* change, which has taken place since my sickness. I seem to myself to have grown so old and disfigured, that I acknowledge to you, that it even pains me, when I now look at myself in the glass. I cannot but believe that it must have struck you, during the little visit I lately paid you. Happily that my uniform, at the least, prevents my appearing ugly to the eyes of women; and perhaps, if I were not such a good husband and my little wife so little troubled with jealousy, for which I am truly thankful, I could still pretend to please. For, do you know what a young lady told me the other day? It was at a little reunion here, where all were amusing themselves, and it fell to her lot to say to each one something agreeable, and, also, something disagreeable. Well! she told me, with all simplicity, 'Mr. Garesché, I like you very much—'tis a pity that you are married.' What think you of this, my Mariquitta?

"You ask me, darling, what are my plans, what my projects? Being a husband and a father I do not wish to do otherwise than is expected of me. And besides I cannot judge beforehand what will be required of me. I am here, in Washington, until the termination of the Porter trial, and it will not be terminated, I think, till the end of March. After that I have only one choice, that of returning to my Company at Fort Brown. So you see, my plans are very simple. But if I were not married I would not think of returning to the dull monotony of a garrison life; for there is in this grand centre of action,—in this home of ideas and honors, a principle active and pressing, even to the most apathetic minds. And as for me, I feel my ambition rekindle as also my old tastes for travels and adventures. Without the all-powerful motive which withholds me, and which will always be sufficient to subdue the like fancies, I should probably already have started for Mexico. Otherwise, the expedition to Japan would please me greatly; otherwise again, I would do all that lay in my power to be admitted to some enterprise of the kind, or to be sent on some mission to a foreign country. But be not afraid, my own sweet darling, I love you too much and too dearly, to abandon you thus; I am too much in need of your caresses and of your sweet words of love, to be even capable of separating myself for so long a time. It costs me already too much to be absent from you now, to allow me to think, without shuddering, of a still longer separation.

"It will be with the greatest pleasure, darling, that I will give you the *moire* dress, only wait a little while longer, until I can send you more money; for you have scarcely enough at this moment to pay Eliza, to buy

your Christmas presents, and to supply your necessary needs. But, as for the dressing-gown which you wish to present me with, I am compelled to refuse you this altogether. It would be for me simply an object of luxury: I have no need of it now and I do not know that I should have any need for it in Texas. I cannot allow you an expense so useless, and I beg of you, therefore, my dear wife, to think no longer of it.

"I shall leave here in three or four days, not to return until the 20th of January, so address all your letters till the 10th of January to Wilmington, Delaware, care of \*John P. Garesché, Esq. Be sure to write under Wilmington the name of the State, in which this city is, that is to say, *Delaware*, because, otherwise, as there are many other cities bearing the same name in the other States of the Union, your letters would run the chance of being lost. Although I count, in the first place, on making a little visit to †Lily and perhaps passing two days in Baltimore, my sojourn shall be at my Uncle Garesché's.

"You burn, you tell me, with a desire of going to the theatre. Hum! is it to have the pleasure of confessing yourself afterward? I am not at all of your advice, Madame Mariquitta, and I wish you to be well disappointed.

"It appears that the Holy Father has not wished to reduce the number of feast days and fast days in the English and Spanish dioceses of the United States, so as to assimilate them with the customs of the seven French dioceses.

"I must now think of closing my letter. Embrace your Parents, Sisters, and all the family for me. Kiss my little daughter lovingly for her Papa, who would be so happy to see her, to play with her, and to caress her himself; and not only her, but also her dear little Manma. I can only kiss you in imagination, my own Mariquitta, but believe in the sincere affection of

"YOUR JULES."

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\* His uncle.

† His young sister, then a boarder at the Visitation Academy of Frederick, Md.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Julius at Frederick City, Md., with his young sister Lily and aunt Lalite—his extreme sorrow at his long separation from Mariquitta—wretched teeth of present generation and principal cause—visits his relatives at “dear old Eden Park”—their notice of his striking resemblance to his father—manner in which he wants Mariquitta to write her letters henceforth—his ardent desire that his baby should be vaccinated—Sainte Marie family—returns to Washington—sorrow for Eliza’s death—gratitude to Mariquitta for her kind offer about his mother—love for his relatives at Eden Park—good fortune in obtaining his former room in boarding-house—expectation of being extremely busy—his own innocence will be more fully established—sorrow for Major Porter—willingness to call his baby *Mariquitta* and objection to name of *Quitta* and that of *Ned*—Capt. Ord—Lieut. Saxton—Lieut. Gibbon’s request to be transferred—Capt. Hunt—Mariquitta’s scruple and his pious advice—dismay about being compelled to escort Capt. Ord’s young sister to a Ball—his ardent love for Mariquitta and his baby—visits his young cousin Jerome at Georgetown College—his desire that Mariquitta should have her daguerreotype taken for him—Father Sestini’s statement about his fasting all day so as not to lose his Communion.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“FREDERICK CITY, Saturday, December 18, 1852.

“DEAR MARIQUITTA,

“Here I am since Tuesday evening; I left Washington on the morning of the same day. It was a great pleasure for Lily to see me again, and for me, also, to find myself near her. She is so sweet and affectionate and has the appearance of loving me so sincerely, that I feel myself attached to her more than ever. She is very little, much smaller than Octavie; she is not very pretty, perhaps, but has a very agreeable face. At her age, however, Mary was far from being pretty; at the same age, Alexander, Ferdinand and myself were all very homely, so that it is very probable she will gain a great deal on this point. Dear little Lily, the last time we spent together, I was for her such a grumbling and disagreeable teacher, she had such an air of being afraid of me, that I dared not promise myself she would remember me with a great deal of affection. But my \* Aunt tells me, that it has been altogether otherwise. Lily is just at present making a pretty little Summer hat for her Goddaughter, which will be finished in time for me to take back with me. She was very con-

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\* His Aunt Lalite, Mother Mary Joseph.

tented, when I told her of the pleasure her three pairs of socks for Mari-quitta had given us, and assured me that there had been no mistake about them, as I had at first feared, and that the three pairs were all for her Goddaughter; only, she had finished the rose-colored one before recollecting that Mariquitta could not wear them.

"It was a great pleasure for me and my Aunt, also, to see one another again; I was always her favorite nephew, and she, one of my dearest Aunts. I find no change in her,—she is just as gay, good, and natural, as I have known her in days of old.

"I have been rising late since my arrival here, for we have had a great deal of rain, and I have not had the courage to go through the cold, dampness, and darkness of the mornings to Mass. After having breakfasted, I make a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and, afterwards, I call on my Aunt; for Lily is ordinarily occupied in the morning and I have not wished to intrude upon her studies. I then take my dinner, and afterwards return and pass all the afternoon with Lily in my Aunt's room. In the evening, I remain in my room, and read or say my Beads. The past two evenings I have had visits, which I must return this morning. To-morrow, I am to dine with some friends of the family. Monday, I propose to depart; for I long to arrive at Eden Park, where, I feel almost sure, I shall find a letter from you awaiting me. I should already have it, if I had remained in Washington, and this thought renders me a little impatient.

"You will receive this letter, dear little one, at Christmas time, and I send you with it a thousand sweet caresses. I feel altogether discouraged when I think of what our separation costs me, and when I reflect, that it may not perhaps be the last, nor the least long one. If it were not for that, I feel confident that I could obtain some rank or employment, which would give me more advantageous returns, but which would force me to go to California, Oregon, or some other savage locality, where you could not follow me, without exposing yourself to many inconveniences. It seems to me, that I find it even more difficult to be separated from you, this time, than when you left me in Texas. But I feel I am so much older, just now, I reflect that we have so little time to pass together upon this earth,—that I would wish to enjoy your society as much as possible, and it seems to me too precious to allow it to escape me, of my own free will, for a single instant. Yes, darling, you see that I love you more and more every day. It is only when endeavoring to resign myself to the Will of the good God, and thinking that He has the right to ask of me every sacrifice, that I can console myself with my absence from you. But, we must always subject ourselves, without murmuring to His will; for, not only do we owe Him this satisfaction for the sins that we have committed, but it ordinarily happens, also, that it is even for our temporal good, that it has been thus ordained, by Him, who is our Father, and who loves to see us happy, even on this Earth. Let us resign ourselves accordingly.



"I did not wish to give you a direct answer in my last letter to your question concerning the moire dress of your Aunt Mary that you wished to buy ; but it was because I wished to procure a little surprise for you, and I wished that you should have it without having to pay for it yourself, and as a Christmas present. I, accordingly, wrote at once to Nancy to arrange it with her. As I am not often successful in making surprises, I hope I will in this case be as successful as in the one I wished to make you by returning last month to St. Louis. At least, I hope that you will have had your dress, dearest, and that you will be contented with it.

"The more I see how wretched the teeth of the present generation are, the more I am convinced that one of the great causes of it is, the quantity of medicines, which we take ourselves and give to our children. When I recall, therefore, how, almost each time that our little darling had a little attack of sickness, I have pressed you to send for the Doctor at once, I repent of it. We are able to see, now, that there was, apparently, nothing dangerous therein and that the remedies of the Doctors did not have the appearance of benefiting her more than simple remedies. I would wish, therefore, dearest, that should it occur again, (as it is more than probable, now that she is commencing to cut her teeth,) to engage you not to hasten to give her drugs, but to try at first exterior remedies, and to content yourself with those, so long as you see that her condition does not grow worse.

"I see from a letter of Mary to Lily, that my Godson has already two teeth : how is the one of my little daughter ? My Aunt tells me, that her children have always had teeth at the age of three months, or three months and a half. Eight months, that our little darling will soon reach, seems rather late in comparison.

"And you, dearest, have you not given me a false alarm ? I am strongly disposed to think so, since my first fright has passed away, and I am able to reflect a little. All this gives me a great desire to hear about you and my little daughter, and I long, therefore, to have your letter. I had at first, on arriving, hesitated a little, whether I should not remain an entire week here ; but, owing to that reason, I am almost resolved to start Monday morning.

"I shall now tell you good-bye, dearest ; my letter is not as long as usual, but I am forced to mail it, for I shall be so much occupied from now till Monday evening, that I will not have time to add much. Embrace, therefore, your Parents, Sisters, and all the family for me : I wish them all 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.'

"Caress well for Papa his dear little girl, tell her he would dearly love to be near her, and that she must not forget him ; for that would be too great a sorrow for poor Papa. I embrace you, also, my dear little wife ; I hope you will amuse yourself a great deal during this happy season. I will think constantly of you, darling, whom I love with all my heart.

"Forever,

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"EDEN PARK, Thursday, December 30th, 1852.

"MY OWN DEAR LITTLE ONE,

"How did you pass Christmas time? Did you amuse yourself a great deal? Are you well? And how is my little daughter? Was she very sweet all that time? And do her teeth still put in an appearance? I have had no letter from you for a week, and, if I do not receive one early to-morrow, I shall have none before Monday. For we are all invited to dine, New Year's Day, at my Uncle Keating's, who loves to assemble all the family around him on that day. Julia starts this morning with her son Charles; John and I will go to-morrow; and my Uncle not until the day itself. My Aunt, alone, remains, to take care of the house with Cora, the young daughter of Julia. Our Christmas passed very tranquilly, and in a manner quite different to that of my childhood, when all we children were assembled together, with our still youthful Parents and all in a joyous state. Time brings many changes! My Father, who loved so dearly to see us amuse ourselves, is no longer, and my poor Mother, alas! But I must not sadden you, my little Mariquitta, by entertaining these sombre thoughts. For, after all, I am greatly enjoying my visit; this house recalls to me the sweet recollections of my childhood, and then I feel myself so dearly beloved by those who surround me. I have always been the favorite of my Aunt and there is no one but Alexander, perhaps, in all the family, whom my Uncle loves more than me, after his own children. They find in me, also, such a striking resemblance to my Father, which I inherit, as also, in some manner, the affection they bore him. I have myself, since the last four years, noticed this resemblance; but it appears that, during the seven years which have passed since they have seen me, it has increased so greatly as to cause all my relatives to speak of it. My Aunt Lalite, when I presented myself before her, paused, altogether confounded, so great did she find it. And here, they have not recovered from it, and speak to me of it unceasingly. I must, likewise, tell you, darling, that, since my last letter, I am perfectly well, and my Aunt finds that I am looking better than on my arrival; though I did not the less gain some flesh in Washington. However, we have had very disagreeable weather, and, from the day of my arrival, until yesterday, there has been nothing but rain and fogs.

"You can see, now, from this letter, the manner, in which I wish you to write your letters henceforth, so as to give me a chance of reading them in the way I have before described to you. It is necessary, you see, to leave a margin on each of the four sides, about an inch from the interior: but, pay attention, that unless, *before commencing to write*, you trace on the *four* sides a little line, which will serve as a limit, and remember, whilst looking at it, that you must not pass over it,—*you will be sure* entirely to forget the margin. I myself, not having taken this precaution, nearly failed to remember it, as you may see from the heading of this

page. Do not forget this, I beg of you, darling; for, I hope to have your letters arranged in such a manner that I can take them up like a book, and read them with as much facility. For, very frequently, when the thought of our separation renders me sad, I would wish to re-read your old letters, and, especially, some particular one, which, arranged in a bundle, as it is necessary for me ordinarily to keep them, I cannot find without difficulty.

"There is scarcely a single day passes by that my relatives do not speak to me of you, and that they do not regret that you did not accompany me on this last visit. Yesterday, my Aunt came to me, saying, that as it is 'little presents,' in the opinion of the world, 'which keep up friendship,' she had a 'little present' to offer me; and, with that, she gave me a little pot of shaving soap for myself and, for you, a box of perfumed soap.

"Whilst thinking of my little daughter, the other day, I recollected that she was not yet vaccinated; we should have thought of it during the Autumn when she was well: at the present moment, when she is cutting her teeth, it would perhaps be running some risk, though my Aunt, to whom I have just proposed this question, does not think so. At any rate, we must not forget to take this precaution, so necessary, the moment that the state of health of our little girl will permit. But, I beg of you, darling, be very careful, to ascertain whence comes the virus, that will be used for her:—for, if it be from an unhealthy child, one, for example, attacked with scrofula, it would do a great deal of harm to our little beloved one. Endeavor, therefore, to obtain a virus yourself, from Boislinière, at the same time that you ask him to select for you a nurse.

"Ask your Mother, whether there is not in San Domingo some branch of the family \* Sainte Marie, with which she is connected, and, whether there is not a lady of this family, attached to the Court of the Princess Bacchiochi, sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and Grand Duchess of Lucca.

"The other day, in company with Julia, I paid some visits to some of my old acquaintances in Wilmington; I also accompanied her to the † D'Ouvilles.

"But, it is getting late, and it is necessary, my dear wife, that I should bid you Adieu. Embrace for me your Father, Mother, Sisters, and all the family; and caress tenderly for her Papa, his dear little girl. Darling, I embrace you also, and would dearly wish to be able to caress you, and to enjoy some of your sweet caresses,—those dear little caresses, which are so dearly loved by

"Your JULIO."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, January 23, 1853.

"I seize a few moments, darling of my heart, to repeat that I always love you more than myself, and to thank you for your letter of January

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\* Family of the Marquis Bouscarin de Sainte Marie.

† Relatives of Mariquitta.



the 8th, which I found here upon my arrival. I did not expect so soon to hear from you, having heard from you last Monday, so that I have had a very agreeable surprise. Your letter gave me pain and pleasure;—pain in announcing the death of that poor Eliza;—pleasure by the sympathy which you show for the health of my poor Mother. To know that this poor Eliza appears to have loved our child so dearly, has greatly affected me, has caused me to make myself many reproaches. I had already done so, on that occasion when I so severely scolded her and saw afterwards with what humility she bore it; but, now, that I can no longer doubt of the sincere affection she entertained for our little Marie, this remembrance causes me even greater pain. I hope, dear Mariquitta, that you will say with me, from time to time, a prayer for the repose of her soul.

“I thank you, my beloved, for your offer about my Mother; it would be for me one of the greatest consolations possible, to have my poor Mother with me, and to be able to take care of her. By the conduct which you have lately shown towards her, you have rendered yourself even dearer to my heart than I could express in words, my Mariquitta, and I vow to you a sincere gratitude.

“I left Eden Park Friday morning, and not without a great deal of regret; for, far from you, it was at the least sweet to me to find myself near relatives as dear, and an Aunt, who loves me so much. One of the last things that Julia asked of me on leaving, was to speak to you frequently of them, so that you might learn to love them; which they so ardently desire.

“I had the happiness on my return here, of being able to install myself in the same room, that I had already twice occupied. They have been so good and so affectionate to me in this family, that I desired most earnestly to return to them. However, on account of the throng of people, who are hastening to Washington to dispute the offices which the new administration will have to distribute, I greatly feared I might be disappointed, and even dreaded the possibility of finding no lodging-place, unless by paying more than double what I had hitherto paid. My foresight was not devoid of a foundation:—already two or three persons had come to examine my room, and were only awaiting, no doubt, for my companion, Captain Ord, who is to start in a few days for the South, to move out,—to take possession of it. Happily I arrived before his departure. Last evening, an officer of my acquaintance, who is here, told me, that he had to pay monthly over \$50.

“The Court will positively open next Tuesday. Nearly all the officers, who have been summoned, have arrived, even to Majors Porter and Chapman, and Dr. Jarvis. Captain Hunt, however, and McCown, have not as yet come; they will probably be here to-morrow. Holmes has come on, but I have not yet seen him, for he is in garrison at Fort Washington, very near here. I only saw Gibbon for an instant.

“As I before announced to you, I shall be very much occupied; that is



to say, my *time* will be taken up, though I shall have nothing fatiguing to do,—very little even, in fact, *to do*. At first, it was ordered, that in place of the Arsenal, the Court should be held in the City, which would spare me a long jaunt every day. Once I have given my evidence I shall have nothing else to do, than to listen to that of the other witnesses, and to follow the course of the trial; which is entirely prepared,—so that there will remain nothing else for me to do. I see all this arrive with sentiments quite different to those I experienced at the epoch and during the continuance of my own trial. Not only am I sheltered from all sentence of this Court, but the more this affair will be examined, the more will my innocence come out clear and well proved. They can, by sympathy, or thanks to some legal subtlety of his lawyer, acquit the venerable Giles (I am almost tempted to wish that it may occur thus)—but this will not prevent the wrongs that I have received from him from being fully exposed *to the broad light of day*. Moreover, not being charged with this trial, as I was in my own defense, my head will not be so worked as it was at Fort Brown. The feeling, perhaps, the most vivid, which all this inspires me with now, is one of sincere pity for this poor Giles, who, they say, is wan and as pale as death. I take only just a sufficient amount of interest, to prevent myself from becoming too sad in thinking of my poor Mother and in feeling my separation from you.

“Everybody tells me that I have come back stouter and with a better appearance, than when I left. The air of Washington, also, agrees with me, and I am compelled to take here only an ordinary amount of exercise.

“I am very willing, darling, if you desire it, to call our little girl Mariquitta; but, I beg of you, do not give her the name of Quitta, which I think very ugly. I must tell you that I am of the same opinion with regard to the name of *Ned*. Embrace our Mariquitta tenderly for Papa, as also everybody else, and believe, darling, always in my love for yourself.

JULES.”

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday, January 29, 1853.

“MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

“Will you not embrace me this morning, and assure me that you are not at all displeased with me? The Court is doing nothing to-day, and I am, therefore, altogether at liberty. Now that I am altogether calm, and that my eyes are no longer obscured by indignation and the sentiment of the great injustice to which I have been exposed,—I regret a great many things in this Porter affair; I cannot refrain from condemning the violence, with which I allowed myself to be carried away towards the end. This consideration causes every species of violence to appear to me so odious, that I have made a resolution to accept every thing with patience, in future, unless I am driven to extremities. May God help me to maintain my resolution!

“My old room-mate, Captain Ord, has left for the South, and Saxton

now occupies his place. He is so gentle and so sedate, that, as it was necessary that I should have some one with me, I am very much pleased that it should be he.

"Gibbon has asked to be transferred to the Company of McCown; my consent was requested, and I gave it. I think that he will succeed there. I shall still have Dungan, and another younger officer, of the name of Hartsuff, who has already repaired to the Company. Saxton tells me that Dr. Moore has taken the house of Captain Hunt, the same which Whiting afterwards occupied. Van Vliet, the Quarter Master, had taken that of Major Chapman, but was to yield it to Lieut. Colonel Webster, the new Commandant, and was to arrange for him that of Captain Phelps. Dungan occupies ours.

"Do you know that Mrs. Hunt has been all this time at the Planter's House,\* and is still there? The Captain is very friendly; I meet him, every day, at the Court. I have not as yet seen Dr. Jarvis, nor Major Chapman. Saxton tells me that the former does nothing but grumble, all the time, for having been called here, and says every thing that is bad of the Northern climate.

"I sincerely hope that your Mother has no reason to fear for the fate of your Uncle Louis; and, without doubt, she will soon be reassured about him. After all, the proportion of those, who are killed in battle, is remarkably small. As I no longer see the French Gazette, I am, unhappily, unable to give you any news concerning him. I hope soon to hear from yourself, that in place of being wounded, he is safe and sound, and that he has greatly distinguished himself. My little darling, you must really be in a state of complete demoralization, to allow yourself to be troubled by the recollection of any thing that you could have said or thought of during the agony of your illnesses. Without doubt, by subduing this sentiment of revolt, in such sufferings, one is assured of immense graces, but then who is there that is capable of this? How few there are so perfect! No, darling, your reason ought already to have shown you, that God is too good and too indulgent, to visit with severity the feebleness of a moment, the cry of agony, which intense pain wrings from us, *in spite of* ourselves. Ask pardon of the good God, my darling, and be assured that your prayer will be heard at once. And banish this idea altogether from your mind, for it is but one of the suggestions of the enemy, which he sends us, so as to turn away our attention from our true sins. *It is your duty* not to listen to it.

"Tell your Mother, darling, that I did not meet with any of the names † you mentioned. I saw that of the *Des Ruisseaux*; they must, however,

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\* Hotel in St. Louis.

† Julius had been translating at Eden Park some of the Bauduy family papers for his Aunt Cora, and probably came across some of these names among the earlier colonists of San Domingo, or connections of the Bauduy family on the Island.

have been *cousins* of the *Des Sources*. You have not answered me concerning the *Sainte Maries*; the fact is, my dear wife, you could not have re-read my letters *when you answered them*. I have remarked this, especially, since my last departure, and if I did not know how sick and occupied you have been, if I did not always love to find some excuses for you, I would perhaps have spoken of it to you, to beg of you to pay more attention. As for your letters, my own beloved, I have them so well arranged, that I can open them, no matter where. They are my consolation in my moments of sadness, and I cannot describe the joy I experienced when I had succeeded in this idea. I now leave you with a heavy heart, my own Mariquitta, and would dearly wish to have another letter from you, to inform me that you are less sad and suffering less.<sup>d</sup> Adieu, darling, embrace and caress well for me our beautiful little angel: and embrace all your family.

“Your JULES.”

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Ash-Wednesday, February 9, 1853.

“MY OWN DEAR DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

“Your letter of the 27th January arrived yesterday, but, as I had written to you last Sunday, and I had nothing new to communicate, I waited perhaps one or two days before despatching my answer. Your Mother had already written that you had been indisposed and obliged to remain in St. Louis, without, however, entering into any details. Take care of yourself, darling, for your husband, who loves you, and for your dear little daughter, who will love you soon, when she will have more intelligence, with all the affection of her little heart. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to learn of her having at length cut a tooth;—I feel altogether proud of it. Embrace her a dozen times for her Papa, who would dearly love to be able himself to caress his *mignonne*.

“What think you of your venerable husband, who goes to balls with young ladies; who dances, and plays the beau with two of the most beautiful maidens that can be found here; of whom one, for example, with a skin, as white as snow, was so low-necked, that I dared not allow my eyes to fall below her face? All this is true, however. My friend, Ord, having left, I felt compelled to offer myself to fill his place, near his sister, a very pretty young girl, and one perfectly reared. Her father did not like her to go out unless with himself, or her mother, or one of her brothers, when they were at hand. But, as the old people go out but very little, Miss Georgiana did not have much opportunity of amusing herself outside of her house. Being invited to the same party, on Monday evening, I had renewed my offer, hoping with all my heart, I must confess it, that she would not accept,—that her Father would not confide her to me any more than he would to another. Unhappily, however, for my calculations, it appears that her parents judged me sufficiently old and sedate enough to accept. Accordingly, to my great despair, I had to prepare myself, in-



wardly execrating my politeness, and promising myself that I should never again be thus caught. I was thrown into such a state of excitement, that, from the hour of dinner to that of supper, I felt incapable of any thing; and I passed all this time, sitting before the fire, meditating all sorts of possible chances, which could still unexpectedly happen, to oblige Miss Georgiana to renounce my offer. I had but one consolation, and it was that I was conferring pleasure, and was rendering a service to a charming person, sweet, good, pretty, and whom I was strongly meditating for Ferdinand. In fine, we started. Without doubt, as usual, I would not have ventured to dance if I had been free; but politeness forced me to dance with Miss Georgiana; and, having been presented immediately afterwards to the young lady with the snowy skin, it was necessary for me also to dance with her; and I danced afterwards with the wife of an Officer; and, in short, I would have danced all the evening, I believe, if I had not promised to bring Miss Georgiana back at midnight. Upon the whole, I enjoyed myself a great deal. What think you of all this, *Mariquitta mia*?

"*Thursday, February 10.*—I have just returned from the Court, which continues to drag along at great length. Here have we been already sixteen days, and the defense has not as yet commenced. And, yet, these good people entertained, for a moment, the idea that they would finish the case in three days! From ten o'clock until three my time is taken up; which leaves me, after my dinner, scarcely time to do any thing. I have not as yet been able to visit my little Cousin \*Jerome at College, since my return here.

"*Friday, Feb. 11.*—My dear little wife, having nothing new or interesting to communicate, I am going to close and dispatch my letter. My health continues good and I have reason to believe that it is altogether re-established now, thanks be to God.

"We have good reason to be grateful to God, since our little Mariquitta has suffered so little from cutting her tooth. I caress you both, and love you both with all my heart, my two little Mariquittas. Tenderly embrace for me our little darling, and tell her that if Papa were near, he would place a little gold dollar in her purse in thanksgiving for her beautiful little tooth.

"Embrace all the family of Limours for me; give many kind regards to the rest of the family—say a kind word to the servants, and believe me, always, my dear wife,

"Your very devoted husband,

"JULES."

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\*Only son of Amelia Keating and Doctor Peter Bauduy, Julius' maternal uncle, and a brilliant young physician of Cuba, who lost his life in that Island many years before, while attempting to ford on horseback a swollen torrent. Jerome was now a student at Georgetown College.



*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Tuesday, February 15, 1853.

“I have just returned from a trip to Georgetown, where I went to see my young Cousin, Jerome, whom I had not yet seen since my return. I had hoped to have a letter from my beloved to-day, so that I was a little disappointed in not finding one at the Post Office, past which I came, before coming in.

“Have you never spoken to me of a Mr. \*Lainé, darling? As an acquaintance of your Father, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, but who frequently went over to Guadeloupe?

“I received a telegraphic dispatch, yesterday morning, from Alexander, who begged me to join him at Baltimore. But, as I was held here by the Court, this was impossible. I wrote to him at once, and am very desirous soon to have a letter from him, to inform me what brings him here, and to have some news.

“My little Mariquitta, do you wish to make me a present,—a present, which I *would appreciate*? Do not become displeased now, dear little one, I promise you to bestow every honor upon the dressing-gown in three or four years, when we return from Texas, and to set a very high value upon it, in honor of the rogue of a little wife, who has given it to me. But I ask of you something more precious—it is a good daguerreotype of yourself. The one that I have does not represent my own Mariquitta, and, then, it is so indistinct and effaced, that it is with difficulty one can distinguish the features. I recall my little Mariquitta, so pretty and so beautiful, on my last trip, that I would dearly love to have her portrait thus represented. Do not fatigue yourself by going to the City expressly for this, darling; but if, when you feel better, you resume your visits there, then, select one of these occasions to make a pretty toilet, and have your daguerreotype taken. Recollect, that, the *darker* the colors of your dress are, the less will you be surrounded with *white*, and the clearer and better taken will the daguerreotype be. And remember, also, darling, that you must keep perfectly tranquil:—if it costs you, think of the pleasure that a good daguerreotype of you will give me, so as to encourage you. And do not content yourself with a poor one; accept none which will not be perfectly good.

“Adieu, my dear Mariquitta, I embrace you, as also my little daughter and the rest of the family, and remain, always,

“Your affectionate husband,

“JULÉS.”

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\* Mr. Damas Lainé married twice into Julius' family. First, Julius' first cousin, Lalite, eldest daughter of his Aunt Helen and Henry Alexander Des Chapelles; and second, Mary, daughter of his uncle John P. Garesché.

It is related of Julius, that during the period of this Court-Martial, he, late one afternoon, called on his confessor, Father Sestini, one of the Jesuit Fathers at Gonzaga College, and asked him to please give him Communion then, saying that he had arranged to go in the early morning, as usual, but an unexpected summons to the Court-Martial had compelled him to forego doing so, and, as he did not wish to lose his Communion, he had remained fasting all day, and would be glad now to receive it. All this was said in a modest and unobtrusive spirit, and the good Father, touched to the inmost heart, most willingly complied with his pious and exemplary desire.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Major Porter's trial ended—Julius at New York—is to sail thence in command of Recruits for Texas—sorrow at this prolonged separation from Mariquitta but pious resignation—flattering compliment to himself from the Court and also from the War Dept.—on board the “Irene”—intense love for Mariquitta and necessity of his nature receiving love—what Religion has done for him—his Officers and Recruits—great storm—rescues a shipwrecked crew—intends applying for a position in Judge Advocate General's Corps—arrival at San Antonio.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“NEW YORK, Friday, February 25th, 1853.

“I am about to cause you pain, my darling, and yet through no fault of mine. Instead of being permitted to return to St. Louis for you I am ordered to Texas with some *Recruits*. I have long kept this news from you, knowing all the sorrow it would cause you, judging from what I have felt myself. This I would not have done if I could have brought you with me; but this was impossible for many reasons. First, you are not sufficiently strong to endure the journey from St. Louis to New York at this time: again, you will be compelled to make the voyage in a sailing vessel, thus we will be nearly a month at sea—where you will die of sea sickness. Arrived on Texas' coast, there will remain a long march of nearly 300 miles to make, all of which you are incapable of doing in your present delicate condition of health. I have thus kept my secret to myself as long as possible, so as to spare you. Many unhappy days have thus been spared you. As I have before said, the order pained me greatly; and what caused me the most suffering was the thought of what you, my darling, would suffer. But you must not allow this to overwhelm you, my Mariquitta, for you must remember it is the will of God, to which we must implicitly submit—we above all, as you remarked lately yourself, who have so many reasons for blessing Him for the numberless graces and favors He has lavished upon us. Besides, we must reflect that though we cannot always see it nor feel convinced of it, still all that He does is for our good. Finally, if we examine well into the case, you will see that after all it is not such a misfortune. For you can come and meet me at New Orleans, and from there we will start together for Fort Brown, where we will enjoy the delights of a home more united than ever yet, and, above all, crowned by the charming presence of our little girl, and we will thus be amply repaid for all the suffering experienced during the interval. Remember, darling, we

did not expect to meet till May, and by this arrangement we will see each other no later than May. Our separation is not prolonged. The only difference is, you will be without letters from me, once out at sea, where we will be for at least six weeks or probably two months, and besides you will be obliged to undertake the voyage from St. Louis to New Orleans without me. But this is absolutely all. Take courage, then, my darling, and console yourself, and do not get the idea, dearest, that this expedition is of itself disagreeable, that I shall suffer or be exposed. Not at all! It is true, if I could honorably have withdrawn, I would most certainly have done so, so as to have been with you sooner. But if I had never known you—that is, if I had never married, I would more probably have solicited this order, than tried to escape it. A like expedition would have been most agreeable four years ago. I love motion, change, action: my health is always much better thus. When in Mexico, if I felt the beginning of an indisposition, I had only to go on some expedition, and I was immediately relieved. I am now in excellent health—the sea voyage and the march cannot but do me good. Moreover, I must tell you, I am about to have the command. Even though it were but a command of only a hundred men, it would still give me pleasure, for it will be about my first. But I am to have Whiting, Gibbon, a young Cavalry Officer, three young Infantry Officers, and a Surgeon, with 400 men under my orders. You see, it is a fine command.

“Now let me tell you that Major Porter was acquitted—but though acquitted the Court added ‘it was their duty, nevertheless, to declare that they considered the accusations of Major Porter against Lt. Garesché as *unnecessary*.’” I know that several of them wished to make use of a stronger expression than this last, but they could not do so without rendering the Major’s acquittal altogether ridiculous. But it is very honorable and very flattering for me, that they thus put themselves out, to render me this mark of justice. They were in no way called upon to do so, they could have dispensed themselves; especially, as I had already been acquitted once and they had not the right to continue my case, even if I had been found blamable.

“As to what concerns Major Porter, I expected it; it is said, this is the first time that a like case has been judged in our Army; and you understand that these old Officers (there was not one who was not gray-headed) were not anxious to furnish a precedent which could affect themselves. It was necessary that my innocence should be very striking, as it was, to be complimented as I was by them. And, as you know, the old Major had ended by inspiring me with great pity, so you understand I have every reason to applaud myself for the successful issue. In one sense, this case has done me a world of good. It has made me known to the whole Army, and known, too, as an Officer exact in fulfilling all his duties, and as an upright and honorable character. This is shown by immediately after-



wards giving me so handsome a command, whereas it is almost certain the old Major will never have another, as long as he lives.

"I do not know, darling, as to the state of your present health, and whether you will be able to undertake the journey to New Orleans to meet me and accompany me thence to Fort Brown. I cannot even advise you on this subject. I leave you at full liberty to decide as you think most prudent. If you are in doubt, consult your Parents and good Father\* Damen, also Boislinière; you could not have better counsellors. And be sure, I approve beforehand, no matter what may be the result, *convinced* as I am of your tender love for me, and that whatever you decide will be for the best. Anyhow you are not required to hurry yourself. Once arrived at Indianola, I will write to inform you that I have commenced my march into the interior, and you must not think of leaving St. Louis before receiving that letter.

"The thought of seeing you again, my darling, also my little daughter, after this expedition is ended, gives me untold pleasure. Would it not be better for you to wean her? She would then have no difficulty in making the journey. Embrace and say Adieu for me to your Parents, dear little Sisters, and all the family. Remember that if one of your Sisters would like to accompany you to Texas, and your Parents are willing, I shall be charmed.

"Kiss our little treasure for me:—she will be one year old, when I see her; does she not begin to prattle and walk? I press you to my heart, my darling, and embrace you most tenderly, and remain always,

"Your loving and devoted

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquita.*

"NEW YORK HARBOR, ON BOARD THE THREE-MASTER 'IRENE,'  
Thursday evening, March 3rd, 1853.

"MY OWN DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

"I love you with all my heart, and your letter of the 16th of February, which I received this morning, did me an unspeakable amount of good. I send you thousands of sweet kisses. I was leaving sad, but that letter, so good, so affectionate, so *reasonable*, consoled me entirely. We are on board, and only await the Captain to set sail. I am writing to you in the midst of the disorder attendant on the embarkation of so large a number of undisciplined and consequently ignorant soldiers; I am interrupted every moment, first to know where they shall go, again to give orders for their supper; again for one thing, and then for another. I must catch my thoughts, as it were, on the wing.

"My darling, let me remind you that my address for the time being is Indianola; send your letters there until I can tell you otherwise. I repeat, as to joining me, do as you think best and most prudent. I know you are

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\* A Jesuit Father.

sick, my poor darling, and in spite of my longing to see you, I do not wish you to risk your life. But you need not worry over this until you receive a letter from me dated from Texas; for arrived there a march of *at least* 300 miles will be necessary. I cannot, therefore, be at New Orleans before five or six weeks, probably two months, after touching the coast of Texas. But if you decide that it is impossible to join me, let me know as soon as possible; for it will then not only be useless for me to make the trip to New Orleans but also an unnecessary expense. Whiting, who left Washington after me, says that General Scott and the Adjutant General still entertain the idea of calling back our two Companies from Texas. They have not been able to obtain the consent of the Administration of President Fillmore, but they intend doing all that is possible to obtain it from that of Gen. Pierce. Probably I ought not to tell you this, dearest, as it may only raise your hopes uselessly; for, really, I myself do not at all count on this hope.

"We have a magnificent vessel, it would be impossible to find a finer one. It is entirely new, of 1185 tons, and under the command of a man who appears remarkably intelligent. The young Officers, who accompany me, are all that I could desire. The recruits themselves are the best, it is said, that have ever been sent to Texas, and really they appear to be excellent men. Ordinarily the embarkation of recruits is accompanied by great disorder, but ours are so quiet and subdued, that they give us no trouble whatever.

"How I should love to see our charming little daughter, and hear her say 'Papa' and 'Baba,' and see her 'clap hands'! I feel I will be passionately fond of her, and the more I learn to love her, the more I will also love her already much loved little Mamma.

"I love you, dearest, as words fail to express; for I feel my love for you constantly increasing. Your letter<sup>\*</sup> did me so much good, and I now leave with a light heart. The expedition is in itself very agreeable, and if, as with God's grace I trust I can do so, I can acquit myself well it will not fail to give me honor.

"Embrace affectionately for me your good Parents, your dear little Sisters, and all the family. Give a thousand kisses to Mariquitita,<sup>\*</sup> and tell her that Papa loves her with all his heart and hopes she will return his affection.

"Now, I must leave you, my darling little wife; for we are in full sea, and the pilot, who is to receive my letter, is about to leave us. Farewell, dearest, I press you to my heart and lavish upon you the most tender caresses.

"Always yours,

"Your devoted husband,

"JULES."

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\* Pet name for his little daughter Marie.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"ON BOARD THE THREE-MASTER IRENE, March 22, 1853.

"My darling, how I miss you! How weak and destitute of courage I feel, at the thought of these continual separations! At times it seems almost impossible to live thus, for my heart has need of her who has given it life—whose society, affection, and sweet caresses have become indispensable. My heart has always been loving, and has always felt the need of being loved—has always found the greatest happiness in home ties, although dreaming of a greater happiness, which has since been realized in *marriage*.

"I suffered, before knowing you, from the separation from my family; but I had a thousand distractions, which rendered this suffering less keen, which even made me forget it. For then I was still young, ardent, I gained admiration, in a manner, which now astonishes me, when I think of and recollect the character of some of those who deigned to speak of me in such flattering terms. The success of vanity, ambition, society, occupied my thoughts, and filled my mind. But now since religion has taught me the nothingness of all these frivolities, the dangers and temptations that are attached to them, I am a changed being, Society no longer possesses charms for me, my heart opens wider to the sweet affections that God blesses. Far from my wife and child, I am no longer myself; I am but the half of myself, and even less than the half,—an unhappy and incomplete being. If God were not so good to me, and did not sustain me with so many graces, I do not really see how I could look upon this long separation from you.

"But you are curious, my little wife, to know how my journey passed. We had scarcely gained the open sea when a terrible tempest hailed us, and with the exception of Whiting we were all sick, even the 2nd Officer of the ship included. I, who did not have my little wife to nurse, could allow myself to be sick with the others, and was sick for two days. But all are well now. Thanks to this storm, we made 700 miles in less than four days; but we have had little wind since, and have, in consequence, not made much headway. The young Officers, who accompany me, are all excellent companions. The recruits are excellent men, and are already nearly as well disciplined as old Soldiers.

"We had the good fortune to come to the assistance of the crew of a vessel which had the night of the storm struck against another, and ran the risk of soon sinking.

"In the midst of our preparations for the march I find little time to write to you, dearest; a long letter is impossible.

"INDIANOLA, TEXAS, *Holy Friday, March 25th.*—We landed this morning, my darling, and at first I was very sad on hearing there was no letter from my wife; but afterwards yours of the 27th February was handed me, which you had addressed to Washington. What consolation did it not

afford me, it was so tender, so full of affection! My Mariquitta, how you make me love you! *too much* even! is it not so, dear little one, since I have not the courage to live always separated from you, that I even at times take a dislike to my career. And yet, what can I do? I am too indulgent, too much, I do not know why, in other words too little fitted for business matters. I would ruin myself in any other career. But still it is not on a Holy Day like this that I can permit myself to murmur.

"I grieve to know that you are always suffering and that your health does not permit you to join me. Address your letters to care of the U. S. Quarter Master, Indianola, Texas. To-morrow, if possible, we begin the march, or at latest the day after. I am in perfect health, thanks be to God, and if it were not for the thought of you and my little daughter, I would be charmed with this expedition; it is with a feeling of *pleasure* I find myself again in a climate that I like so much.

"I am going to write to Major Lee, to ask him to consider me as a candidate, in case his Staff is increased,—that of the Judge Advocates. There is but little chance, still I do not wish to neglect any means.

"I have sent you to-day a telegraphic dispatch, by a gentleman who is going to New Orleans, announcing my arrival. After this letter I do not know when you will have another from me, my darling; but be sure I will neglect no opportunity of sending you news. What you tell me of my little daughter renders me almost crazy; caress and kiss her for her Papa. I press you to my heart, my darling, my sweet and cherished little wife; if you only knew how much I love you!

"Your husband, your

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, April 4th, 1853.

"MY DARLING,

"I am writing to you in haste, to inform you that General Harney, whom I met here, has dispensed me from going further. I shall, in consequence, start in four or five days for New Orleans, if I do not receive any letter from you, announcing that you are incapable of coming to join me. If you can come, start immediately, or, at least, as soon as you can find a good boat for New Orleans. I send you this very day, through the medium of \*David, a telegraphic dispatch, announcing this news."

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\* Her cousin, David de Coudroy de Lauréal, living in New Orleans.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Mariquitta's departure for Texas—Julius resumes command of his Company—is appointed to different responsible positions—his and Mariquitta's great sorrow about the death of her aunt Lily—little Marie—Julius' application to Col. Cooper for vacancy in his Corps—arrival of troops at Fort Brown, also of Major Porter—Julius on Engineer duty—flattering letter from Col. Cooper—General P. Smith—Julius' and Mariquitta's kindness to Major Porter—Yellow Fever at Fort Brown and her dread of it—Father Olivier's remarks—Julius' devotion to the afflicted and seizure himself with the terrible Yellow Fever—lying at death's door, and Mariquitta's fearful agony of heart, her vow and his miraculous recovery—his great fondness for his child, and his and Mariquitta's willing sacrifice for its good.

ON the 27th of April Mariquitta left Limours with her little daughter and was met by Julius at New Orleans, and together they journeyed to Fort Brown, Texas.

The reader can readily imagine Julius' intense delight in seeing again these beloved beings from whom he had been separated for so many long months, and his gratitude to his Maker who had vouchsafed him this untold blessing. How different was this reunion to that of the Fall of 1850! Then how sad; now how joyful! What a happiness it was to clasp again to his heart his darling little wife, that being whom he loved so tenderly and devotedly and who repaid his love with a kindred affection, and to caress his sweet baby daughter, his Mariquitita!

He again assumed command of his Company, and during this year, 1853, also served as Post Quarter Master and in various other duties of responsibility, for which his superiors deemed him so fully competent.

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

“FORT BROWN, August 17, 1853.

“MY GOOD AND DEAR MOTHER,

“For many days I have been thinking of writing, and I fully expected to be able to chat with you on gay subjects, I hoped to amuse myself with you in speaking of our two Mariquittas:—I did not foresee this distress-

ful news, that was already directing its steps towards you;—I did not know of the fatal event, which had already thrown a numerous family into mourning and grief, and which was also to sadden me, even to the very depths of my heart. My poor Mariquitta has been most profoundly affected, and, all day, it has pained me to see her thus. Our little daughter is a great resource to us, however, in a moment like this. Surmising nothing, she naturally keeps up her childish prattle, and constantly attracts our attention to herself by some pretty little trick, to which it is impossible to refuse a smile; or by some little fit of temper, which it is necessary at once to correct.

“I am so confounded by the unforeseen news of this great loss which we have just sustained, that I am almost stunned. Dear Aunt Lily! so sweet, so good, supporting with a patience so angelic, the incessant worriments which pursued her,—who could have expected that she would be so soon carried away from us, she, who gave such an example of charity, of resignation, and of all the most beautiful Christian virtues! Ah! how terrible Death becomes, in presence of such a victim! And how those, who, like myself, admire, without being able ever to attain the practice of this sweetness, this humility, this charity; so perfect,—must shudder when they think of the different reception which awaits them before God, at the sight of their impatience, their pride, their hardness of heart, their fits of passion, and their resistance, in the midst of the sorrows and trials that men must endure in this miserable life!

“Those poor ladies, who were so much attached to her, what a thunderbolt for them! With all my heart do I pity them, and I would myself like to express my feelings to them. I asked Mariquitta a place in the letter she was writing to them, to do so;—but she told me there was none, and it is perhaps, after all, for the best, for I scarcely feel capable of doing it. Will you then, my good Mother, be my interpreter to them and to my good Father. Assure them all of the very vivid and very sincere part that I take in their grief. I loved this good Aunt so much, that their loss is also a very great one for me. It is, therefore, altogether natural, that I should sympathize with them.

“We have had a great deal of rain these past two or three days, which has occasioned colds and inconveniences to many people. Mariquitta suffered a little from a cold, but she is now better. Marie had already one, which has passed away altogether since yesterday. My own health continues excellent.

“Marie develops every day; she walks, all alone, and promenaded today throughout the house. Her intelligence is increasing very much. I notice that she has a very susceptible character, but, at the same time, an affectionate and even caressing one. As you say, violent proceedings will obtain nothing from her; and I even hope, when she will have attained more reason, that it will be very easy to lead her.

“Good-bye, dear Mamma, embrace for me my Father, my dear little

Sisters, as also those ladies, and give my affectionate regards to my good friend and dear Cousin, Mr. Callard: I am writing to Mr. Michelon.

"Your very devoted  
"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Sister.*

"FORT BROWN, August 19th, 1853.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I could not write to you by the Yarth, I was so overwhelmed and so sad, that I could not write more than I did; but I begin my letter to day, wishing to send it by the boat that brings the troops. Four Companies of Artillery are expected at any moment, without any one knowing the why. Jules thinks one of his old friends, Captain Wooster, will be among the Officers expected.

"I cannot realize the death of Aunt Lily, it seems almost impossible. Limours appears to me so sad now, I cannot think of it without my heart growing sad and heavy. This is what I find so dreadful in a separation. You never know whether you will ever again see those from whom you have parted. I had left Aunt Lily so well, could I for a moment dream I was kissing her for the last time!

"Jules has written to \*Colonel Cooper, asking for the position of Assistant Adjutant General, left vacant by the death of Colonel Bliss, but he has little hope of success. It is a position too much sought after not to have many aspirants, and those in Washington stand more chance, being near the authorities.

"August 23rd.—The troops arrived yesterday morning and would you believe it, the abominable Giles Porter is the Commander! There are 12 Officers, among whom is Captain Wooster, and 240 soldiers. They have taken up quarters in old Fort Brown, just back of us. Yesterday I visited their camp and saw tents for the first time. When they informed me that six soldiers can sleep in each tent, I thought they were taking advantage of my youth; but it appears it is true, and I pity these poor men with all my heart. We are expecting General Smith with his staff, besides several other Companies, so Fort Brown will bear quite a warlike aspect.

"Yesterday news arrived that 19 more Companies are expected along the Rio Grande. The thought of war does not worry me in the least, it is the Yellow Fever I am constantly dreading. It is rumored that it has gained the watering places and that the number of deaths amounts to 1,500 per week. This is terrifying. I am dreadfully worried for Uncle Charles, David, and his family; and I fear that the first boat will bring the news that the epidemic is coming up the river. We have had no news from New Orleans for some time. What a fearful calamity this Yellow Fever is! The mortality must be much greater than that caused by the Cholera in St. Louis."

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\* Adjutant General of the Army.



*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"August—1853.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"There is thought just now of making us move, which is to me any thing but agreeable. Fortifications are to be placed around Fort Brown, and in the plan drawn up our house will have to be pulled down. Nothing is yet decided, and anyhow the work does not commence for two months. Jules is charged with the direction of the work, and he will consequently be very busy. General Smith and Major Delafield (Chief Engineer) speak of giving us in compensation the house they now occupy at Brownsville and which they leave to-morrow. Jules says that in this case he would be charmed with the change, but he does not count too much on this great act of generosity on the part of the General. I do not worry much about the matter. Yesterday I received good news from you, and as long as I have this consolation I am pretty much indifferent to all else. \* \* \*

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, September 13, 1853.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"We had a fearful alarm last week. Orders came from San Antonio commanding three Companies to ascend the river; one for Ringgold Barracks, one for Laredo, and one for Eagle Pass. In the precipitation of the moment, the names of the Companies were badly read, and Jules came to tell me with a long face that Company \* K was ordered to Ringgold. The worse was I could not go, for I could not have found any quarters. I was thereupon plunged into the saddest and most gloomy thoughts, when Capt. Van Vliet arrived and the good news he brought lightened my heart from so heavy a load. Company K stays at Fort Brown with two other Artillery Companies, and two Infantry Companies are expected. The Garrison is very full and yet we are not compelled to change our quarters.

"Since this panic, each day I find some new charm in Fort Brown, and very willingly resign myself to staying here till Spring, provided that I continue to receive, in the interval, good news from St. Louis.

"General Smith is expected at any moment. He is coming to construct four Forts on the Rio Grande; one at Fort Brown, and one at Ringgold, at Laredo, and at Eagle Pass. The Officers are much dissatisfied with this, they insist that this work is useless, the banks of the Rio Grande being flat and every where accessible. \* \* \*

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, September 18th, 1853.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"Jules received yesterday the announcement that the position of Asst. Adjutant General was given before the arrival of his application; but a

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\* His own Company.



very flattering thing for him is that Colonel Cooper, of his own accord, has put his name on the list of the aspirants.

"On the night of the 16th a large ball was given at Matamoras, and General Smith came himself, to engage me to go, and used all his endeavors to induce me to do so, but I was too sad, too worried, to take part in any parties of pleasure. Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Moore went for politeness, but against their will. General Smith goes to-day with all his Officers to Matamoras, to invite Colonel Cruz and his suite to a review and dinner to-morrow. I do not know what Santa Anna will think of all this courteousness; but I am delighted to see that General Smith desires a friendly feeling between the two nations. \* \* \*

*Mariquitta to her sister Madeleine.*

"FORT BROWN, October 13th, 1853.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Poor old Major Porter does all he can to be on good terms with us. Last Tuesday he called for our letters at the Post Office and took the trouble to bring them himself to our house. Poor man! I do pity him, he is so detested in this Garrison! Whenever I meet him I speak to him as if nothing had ever happened between him and Jules, and Jules does the same. \* \* \*

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, October 30th, 1853.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"We received yesterday David's letter announcing the new misfortune which has overtaken the family. I had hoped till the last, and feel bitterly this loss. Poor great Aunt! poor Vido! The epidemic has even reached here, but, thanks be to God, it is drawing to a close. The Mexicans and the lower classes suffered greatly, but there were no victims among the higher classes. The deaths at Brownsville numbered from 150 to 200, a large number for so small a population. The epidemic commenced here by what they call break bones' fever but quickly turned into real Yellow Fever, with black vomitings and all the symptoms of that fearful disease. A number of persons were attacked, but many have recovered, in fact the greater number. The Garrison was attacked two weeks after the City. Twelve soldiers died, but not an Officer; though ours was the only house the epidemic did not touch. God was very merciful to us, owing, no doubt, to your prayers for us and to the charity Jules showed the dying soldiers. He received the last blessing of more than one, and I hope this will serve him at some future day. Our little earthly Angel was never better nor more beautiful than during that pestilential moment. During \* Helen's sickness she was as good as possible, not giving me the

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\* Marie's nurse.

least trouble, but now that Helen is well she has recommenced all her mischief. But she is so beautiful and so well that I am disposed to pardon and overlook all. This is the first time I have ever been in an epidemic. It is a painful moment to pass, above all in a Garrison, where the funerals would affect even a rock. That military music, that dull hollow roll of the drum, that slow and solemn procession, the mournful aspect of all, leaves me sad for several hours after each funeral. Jules pretends it makes him envious, but not me, I can assure you. I can never again be made to believe that fear brings on the disease; for if this were true, I should most certainly have died of the Yellow Fever. I had ended by becoming so nervous that the slightest noise made me shudder, I could not stay alone a moment at night, every thing gave me a longing to cry, I was continually imagining I was falling a prey to the Fever. I found the yellowness in Jules, I was constantly feeling his pulse, and I had but one fixed idea,—and that was the Yellow Fever. I was convinced Jules and myself were going to die, and I would ask myself how was Marie ever going to find you.

“*Nov. 3rd.*—I had two little attacks of intermittent fever this week, but I broke them up with a heavy dose of quinine. Yesterday was the day for the return of the fever, but I did not have it. But I had taken so much quinine that this morning I had fearful cramps, proving irritation. I took Paregoric and Laudanum and they passed away, and this evening I am perfectly well. I did not even send for the Doctor.

“Marie appeared grieved to see me suffer and would say ‘bobo, Mamma,’ and caressed me in a thousand little loving ways. Her health continues excellent, she is growing fleshier and more beautiful every day. Jules has regained his appetite and partly his good looks. I think it is the use of wine that preserved us during the epidemic, and Jules has experienced so much good from it that I wish you would also try it. No doubt it will strengthen you all, especially Madeleine. \* \* \*”

Remarks of the Rev. Father R. H. Olivier, an exemplary Oblate Father, stationed at Brownsville, subsequent to Father Telmon and Abbé Domenech.

“It was especially during the Yellow Fever of 1853 that Mr. Garesché gave proofs of his faith, his zeal, his devotion, and also his love for his soldiers.

“Nearly all his Company fell victims to that terrible epidemic, but I do not recollect that one of his soldiers died without receiving all the last Sacraments, and without receiving also all the honors of burial.

“I was myself charged with visiting the Hospital of the Post. During this fearful malady I accompanied to their last resting place 72 soldiers. But this brave Officer did not fear even to expose his own life, when there was question of saving a soul. He was my *Aide-de-Camp*. One day, I

was grievously seized with the terrible Fever, I felt a violent pain in my spine, which would not allow me to stand upright, and I was all bent. However, before taking any remedy I wished to make a last visit to the Hospital. I accordingly proceeded to the steward's, to learn whether there was any Catholic soldier in danger. He informed me there was not one, but that there was a Protestant soldier who was not expected to live throughout the night. Seized with an inspiration from on high, I cannot believe it otherwise, I directed my steps, suffering myself excruciating pains, to the bedside of the sick man. I knew at once that his death was at hand and after having spoken some words of consolation I was about to retire, when he grasped my hand and squeezed it hard. I understood then that he wished to say something to me. I asked him at once whether he wished to die as a Catholic. He answered in the affirmative. Immediately I called in Mr. Garesché, who came directly to prepare this poor dying soldier to receive baptism. Thereupon, as the disease was making rapid progress on myself, I returned home and requested another Father to go at once to complete what had been commenced. He, in company with Mr. Garesché, baptized this soldier who died a few minutes afterwards.

"This is how Mr. Garesché exposed his health and even his life, when there was question of God's glory and the salvation of a soul! These traits were not rare with him during that terrible epidemic. It is with good reason this brave Christian was called the Soldier 'without fear and without reproach.' He always acted without ostentation and as if he had no human respect. He was as simple as a child, and even when he would be speaking to you it seemed as if he had some timidity in his countenance; but on the other hand, when he was discharging his duty, he was as brave as his sword. Everybody in Brownsville appreciated him, esteemed him, loved him, and respected him. He was in every sense of the term, a model of virtue, of piety, and of zeal."

In November 1853 Julius was seized with a virulent attack of the Yellow Fever, that terrible Scourge, which he caught whilst ministering to the wants of his poor soldiers, prostrated with this dread disease. He had given them his unremitting attention, day and night, visiting them at all hours and exhibiting all the tender solicitude of a true hearted Sister of Charity, and that, too, when the Protestant ministers of all denominations had fled from the pestilential atmosphere and only the Catholic Pastor and his assistants remained at their post of duty beside the sick and dying. One third of the garrison, officers as well as enlisted men, fell victims.

Julius was attacked in its most fatal form and all looked upon his death as certain. The physicians gave him up, declaring he



was beyond human skill, *that no power but God's could preserve his life.*

Then in her wild and bitter agony of feeling at the hopeless case of this beloved husband,—for she had hoped against hope even to the very last moment—Mariquitta had recourse to the Blessed Mother of God and put her trust alone in this powerful and clement “Help of Christians.” It was a cruelly painful thought to poor Mariquitta’s fond, loving heart that her Jules was about to leave her; he who had so fully displayed throughout their married life such a perfect and truly christian love for her. All their past life together rose to her mind, and she saw pass before her, as in a panorama, every fond word, every affectionate look, every loving caress, till her heart felt as if it would break in the intensity of its suffering. Were they indeed to be separated, not for a few months or even a few years, harrowing as such a thought would be, but forever and ever in this world? Was she never again to welcome him in the evenings, after his fatigues of the day, and see his handsome eyes light up with pleasure, feel his manly arms folded around her, and hear his melodious voice calling her “his darling, his beloved little wife, his beautiful Mariquitta?” Was she indeed to live forever apart from him? Was he to be placed in the cold, dark, hard ground, and his only companions to be the slimy worms that would feed on his beloved remains? The bare thought of all this was indescribable agony!

Bowed down by the weight of her woe she directed her sorrowing steps to the little Church of Brownsville. There prostrate before the altar of our Blessed Lady, with eyes blinded with agonizing tears, she poured forth her sorrow and invoked her aid in a most touching petition to preserve her darling Jules’ life, promising if he were spared her to give to the Virgin Mother her beautiful Beads, of garnets and pearls strung on gold, that Father Telmon had given her, and which she valued most highly, not alone on account of their costliness and wonderful beauty, but because they were a souvenir of this good priest, and, still more precious remembrance, an offering of the holy Pontiff, Pius the Ninth.

When she rose from her knees after her vow and returned to



Julius' bedside she found him in a gentle sleep, sure forerunner of approaching convalescence, and the physicians being at once summoned were overpowered with astonishment at the change and solemnly declared that it was due to no skill or medicines of theirs, that it could be traced *only* to the hand of an *All Merciful Providence*; and indeed Julius' recovery dated from *that moment*.

Mariquitta alone understanding the true meaning of this stupendous change, and feeling assured that her prayer had been heard, went aside and poured forth her exultant gratitude to the Comfortress of the Afflicted who had so signally granted her petition, and soon after, keeping to her vow, placed her exquisite Beads around the neck of our Blessed Lady's statue in the little Brownsville Church, and there they hung and, I believe, still hang, her votive offering for the miraculous recovery of her darling husband's life.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

“FORT BROWN, January 4th, 1854.

“DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

“Two Companies of Infantry left Fort Brown to-day to go to Fort Belknap, at the extreme end of Texas. The last news from Washington says an entire regiment is to be sent to California, another to the frontier of Canada, one I forget where, and the last is reserved for Texas, which proves that all thoughts of the intended war were but a myth. If, as they think here, another Regiment is to be formed, Jules is determined to apply for the position of Lieutenant Colonel in this new regiment. Do you not think my husband has become very ambitious? This change will be very agreeable, but I cannot say I am over anxious for it; I am so happy and thankful that God has spared my husband that I rejoice in my happiness without looking to the Future, unless it be to return to Limours with him and my *children*, and to find you all in perfect health. We are very desirous for you to see our little beauty and feel sure you will admire her as much as we do. Jules is wild over his child, in fact I think he shows his admiration much too plainly, for Marie is becoming very affected. As soon as a stranger speaks to her she lowers her head with a timid air and covers her eyes with her hands as if she were too disconcerted, and yet she expects attention. I see it must be impossible to raise a little girl well in a garrison, so that, if you wish, I will leave her with you when we bid adieu to Limours. This is a sacrifice of which I am capable only for you. What does her little teacher say to this, also severe little God-mother, Toto?

“Though regaining his strength but slowly I no longer worry about Jules, for he is prudent. Yesterday he eat with a better appetite than he has enjoyed since his illness.

"We speak frequently of you and our dear Sisters, and the desire to see you is becoming so strong that it often saddens me. Above all since Nancy is sick.

"It is you, dear Mamma, whom we have chosen as the Godmother of the future little Garesché. The name is not yet decided upon, but I wish it to be Edward de Lauréal Garesché.

"*Jan. 5th.*—I see with pain, dear Mamma, from your letter of the 27th November, that you were very worried about us. I fear you must have since suffered a great deal, for my letters during two months were very sad and probably they did you harm. I feel very unhappy about it, for several nights I have dreamed about you and I always see you sad and suffering. We sensibly feel, dear Parents, your blessings upon us and since we have all three escaped safe and sound from that terrible epidemic, it seems as if we should no longer fear danger. Try to be convinced of this, my dear Parents, and do not worry yourselves about us. We are perfectly well, and God will, I feel sure, send us back to you in good health. \* \* \* \* \*

Julius adds the following to her letter.

"DEAR MAMMA,

"I embrace you tenderly, with all my heart. My head is still too weak to write, but I cannot refrain from telling you how sincerely I love you, how frequently you occupied my thoughts during my last illnesses, when I recalled the *maternal* cares you lavished upon me at Limours. I would love to send you Marie in recognition of your kindness; for you I would have the courage to separate from her, but for you only! She is charming lately; beautiful, full of life, intelligent, and loving, and knowing how much you love her, I cannot refrain from often saying to Mariquitta whilst gazing at her: 'Ah! how happy your Mother would be in seeing this little girl now!'"

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, January 11th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

\* \* \* \* \*

"I see by your letter, dear Mamma, of Dec. 3d, that you expect me soon to go to St. Louis; but that is impossible, though I do hope that it will not be long before we will be able to make you a visit. Since I have seen my Jules twice so near death I feel as if I can never again be separated from him. His illnesses have left him very weak, he needs me and his daughter, to whom he is devoted, but our thoughts and hearts are always amongst you. We speak to Marie so frequently of you that we are in hopes she will learn to love you in spite of the great distance which separates us. I am anxious she shall love you as much as do her Parents, and in this view, when we pay our longed for visit, if you desire, we will leave her with you. This is a sacrifice of which we are capable only for you. \* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XIX.

Mariquitta's attempts to change Julius' ideas on domestic economy etc.—his delight with her housekeeping—birth of Octavie—Julius' great joy thereat, his witticism and Mariquitta's maternal pride—his departure for Mexico on official business—Remarks of General Jos. Roberts.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, January 20th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"Jules and myself are making at this moment great efforts to diminish our expenses, and prevent their exceeding \$70 a month. I am well pleased to see I have at last made him understand that a woman is more suited than a man for domestic economy. I hope he will keep to his good resolutions, and can soon assure himself that I am not as incapable as he thought of taking care of the purse. The first improvement I made was to keep an exact account of the market bill, and of other little things. I have now induced Jules not to make any more bills with all sorts of people. Such bills carry farther than one would imagine, and I induced him to keep his charities within bounds, they were altogether beyond our means. Little by little I hope to have enough influence over my husband to change his ideas on many subjects. During his last two illnesses the deep and sincere love I have shown him, and of which he can no longer doubt, has done me good service.

"Since the last four days he has regained a great deal and is looking well and has improved much. To-day he returned to his duties. I am overjoyed to see I no longer need worry about him. \* \* \* \*"

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, February 23d, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"Since the day before yesterday Jules has been at Brazos. He has worked very hard lately and his health has suffered from it, and I was still very anxious about him. I hope this little trip may do him good, for the air at Brazos is much purer than here, and there he will have nothing to do. Marie is an excellent little companion, and helps me to while away the time, so as not to appear so long. She constantly calls for her Father and then comes to caress me, to console me, as it were, for Jules' absence.

"Jules is delighted with the manner I attend to all the housekeeping. Last month all our expenses did not exceed \$50, and this month with the



linen which I was forced to buy I hope they will not surpass \$65. It is a great improvement, these two months in comparison with the preceding ones. \* \* \* \*"

Mariquitta gave birth to her fourth child and third daughter, Octavie, on the 25th of March, 1854, Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. She had been expecting a son; for after Julio's death she hoped to have a boy whom she might call after her father, Edward de Lauréal Garesché, and this accounts for her husband's witticism about "Pierre, Joseph, Raoul, Edward."

*Julius to Mariquitta's Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, Tuesday, March 28th, 1854.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Maria, Gabriela, Anna, Josefa, Magdalena, Octavia, salutes you, has the pleasure of informing you of her baptism yesterday, and begs of you to keep her a very warm spot in your hearts, promising, when she can, to love you tenderly in return. She asks as much from her dear little Aunts, as well as her little Cousin. Pierre, Joseph, Raoul, Edward, profits of the occasion to salute you also, and to send his excuses for having deceived you in your expectations. He fully intended coming, he says, but catching a little cold a few days before he should have come, he feared the air of this lower world, which they represented to him as very unhealthy. So he sends us a very pretty little girl in his place, who easily consoles us by her grace, amiability, and tender affection. Besides it was not necessary for him to come at this time, he assures us, as he would have been compelled to start immediately for Europe, in order to establish order in all those nations overthrown, and the affairs of that Continent might have retained him for a long while. It appears the Czar and the Sultan have had a narrow escape, for he intended administering to each a famous thrashing: and as for the Red Republicans I do not know that a single one would have remained. Ah! Mr. Raoul would have been a renowned hero, I can assure you!

"But I love my little girl dearly, and find her decidedly improved this morning. That which probably offended me at first, as it did not appear natural, is that she was born with her head *covered* with thick black hair, as black as Mariquitta's; I send you a sample of it. Mariquitta finds her very pretty and says she is the image of Marie at the same age. Others insist she already looks like me, that she has the same form of head. Mrs. Van Vliet says that she must weigh 9 lbs; Delphine, the monthly nurse, asserts 8; and Mariquitta, more modest, says at least 7 positively; that she is decidedly the largest child she has ever yet had. She wishes me to have her weighed, but I have too much respect for my little girl, to treat her like a Christmas pig.

"Mariquitta is very happy, very proud, and much in love with her little



girl, who on her part is very good. Do not imagine, dear Mother, that I exaggerate. You would be altogether surprised to see how well and strong Mariquitta is, suffering little, and looking happy and contented. I look upon it as due to the protection of St. Anne, and as two miracles were performed during the mission of our good Oblate Fathers, since the commencement of the Yellow Fever, I feel assured that the Blessed Virgin, in a special manner, watches over their parishioners. I hope this will make Mariquitta more confident in Divine Providence, and of the help we receive from God. Compare this birth with the others. Then she had you near her, the most tender and devoted of mothers, and also her much loved sisters, and dear Aunts. Thus she would always like to be surrounded. This time she had only me, who cannot do much; her physician displeased her, every thing was against her, and yet see the result! I am very grateful to God and His Saints,—above all to the Sacred Heart, Saint Anne, and Saint Peter, my patron.

"I wrote you, by another opportunity, the day before yesterday, and I will not repeat the details I then gave.

"Marie is a little jealous of her little Sister. You are the Godmother, dear Mother, of our dear little girl; Ferdinand is the Godfather. You were both represented by Mr. Gonzales and Mrs. O'Donnell.

"Good-bye, I embrace you all very tenderly,

"Yours lovingly,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, April 11th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"Jules received yesterday the order to go to Camargo, or rather to the Quarter Master General of General Woll. He goes as Quarter Master to buy 200 horses. To accompany him is impossible, and if Limours were not so far off I would go there to stay during his absence. At least, if I could but have Madeleine or Octavie during this separation! Oh! how happy Nancy must be to be so near you! Pray to God with me, that Jules can follow his good inspiration, and that he can enter the Engineer Corps as he desires, because then we will live in St. Louis. Jules expects to find General Woll at Camargo, but he may be compelled to go on to Monterey or Tampico. I warned him that should he remain away more than fifteen days, and the *Perseverance* (a magnificent steamboat) arrive, I would start in it with my two babies; but I do not think this idea worries him much, for he is charmed with the trip he has to make. \* \* \*

### Remarks of General Joseph Roberts, U. S. A., retired:

"I was well acquainted with Mr. Garesché for many years, having been in the same Regiment (the 4th Artillery) with him, and an Assistant Professor at West Point when he was a Cadet. I recollect him well at the

Academy as a fine scholar and a model student, standing high in his Class. As an Officer he was one of the most correct and accomplished in the Army. His selection to be an Assistant Adjutant General when the Army was small and composed of so many choice Officers, was a high testimonial to his ability and standing in his profession. He was not only an accomplished Officer, but a devoted husband and father and a sincere Christian. On one occasion at Fort Brown, Texas, when I was his guest, one of his children was taken very sick, and I never witnessed greater devotion and care in nursing the child.

"In consequence of his accomplishments as an Officer and linguist, he was selected by General Persifor Smith, commanding the Department of Texas, to go to Camargo on a mission to the Mexican General Woll, who was a great friend of President Santa Anna and Governor of the State of Tamaulipas, in regard to having a decree prohibiting the exportation of mules from Mexico to Texas, suspended temporarily to enable the Army to procure mules for transportation of Military supplies at a time when they were greatly needed by the Quarter Master.

"His mission was completely successful. I accompanied him from Ringgold Barracks (now called Fort Ringgold) to General Woll's Headquarters at Camargo. The General invited us to dine with him and his brilliant staff, all of whom, including the General, were in full uniform. I shall never forget the dinner party which was one of the most pleasant and agreeable I ever attended. Lieut. Garesché was the most conspicuous guest and was very entertaining and agreeable. He conversed fluently in French, Spanish and English with different persons at table. With General Woll who was German and did not speak Spanish very fluently he conversed in French, with General Woll's Aides in Spanish, and with others, including myself, in English. General Woll appeared highly pleased and talked of the operations during the War between Mexico and the United States, and also of a former residence in the United States when he became acquainted with General Scott and other Officers who were prominent in our War with England in 1812."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, May 4th, 1854.

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"This trip to Camargo was very beneficial to Jules. His health seems to be altogether re-established. \* \* \*"

## CHAPTER XX.

Julius' departure on an Indian scout and Mariquitta's sorrow and fears—he opens a wagon-road—little Marie and Tavié—his ambition about being loved by them—additional remarks of Father Olivier—Julius' devotion to his Company, his pride therein and their splendid appearance and drill—Mariquitta's grief at his prolonged absence—his visit to her and accident to his watch—illness of his mother, his wish to soothe her dying moments and his sadness—his longing to visit again his Mariquitta and children, and his description of his internal strife of "Conscience" and "Love"—sets forth and meets Bishop Odin and Father Olivier—sacrifices his pleasure for the sake of his horse—his return to Fort Brown—death of Mariquitta's uncle Louis—her devoted love for her children and husband—Julius' final return to Fort Brown.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, May 16th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"It is with a heavy heart I take my pen to write, my Jules has just left for a campaign against the Indians. God alone knows how long he will be absent, and the thought of the dangers that overshadow him makes me feel altogether unhappy. It cost him a great deal to leave us, though in his secret heart he was charmed with the expedition. Every one assures me that the Indians have already gone and that the troops who are sent will not find them; but still I cannot conquer my sadness and fears. Oh! if after this expedition, God gives me back my Jules safe and sound, I will not give him a moment's peace till he leaves the Army! A man as near-sighted as he, runs too much danger in battles. I cannot explain to you how desolate I feel.

"May 18th.—My children are well, Marie as mischievous as possible, Tavié a good little baby, who wakes only once during the night, and who scarcely ever cries. I miss Jules dreadfully in the cares necessary for these dear little creatures. He proposed my going to rejoin you, but in spite of the desire I have of seeing again Limours, I cannot leave Texas just now, I have too much need of news to move from here, and Jules' camp being only 60 miles off, I hope to hear frequently from him. \* \* \*

On May 16th, 1854, Julius was ordered to proceed with his Company on a scout after Indians who were depredating in the vicinity, after which he opened with his men a wagon-road from

the little Colorado to Las Animas, and engaged in various scouts up to November 23, 1854, when he returned to Fort Brown.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, May 24, 1854.

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"I have already heard three times from Jules since his departure, and I trust his absence will not be as long as I feared at first; for the Indians have already retraced their steps and there are no more to pursue."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, June 1st, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"I have a little time which I wish to devote to giving you news about us. Jules is still at Las Animas; I hear quite frequently from him, he assures me he is enjoying perfect health, and that there is not the shadow of an Indian in his neighborhood, but in spite of this I am very worried, and often feel overwhelmed. I try hard to accept patiently the cross God sends me, so that He may spare all my loved ones. But this is the first time I have found myself alone in the midst of strangers, and it seems very, very hard.

"Happily my little girls keep me very busy from morning till night, and they are a great consolation. Marie begins to chatter like a little magpie. She is always calling for 'Papa Jules,' and expects always to meet him when we go out; I make her repeat all your names morning and night, it amuses her a great deal.

"I am going to have my little Octavie vaccinated this week, because it is reported there is a great deal of small-pox at Matamoras. I think my baby still very little, but as she is perfectly well and the Doctor assures me there is no cause for worry in vaccinating her, I will let him do it, trusting to God to spare my child from the disease.

"Dear Papa, Jules' greatest ambition is to be loved by his daughters as much as you are by yours.

"Good-bye, my dear Parents, I must leave you to take my children out. They join me in sending a tender embrace to you and to all their little Aunts.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

Further Remarks of Father Olivier of the Oblate Fathers concerning Julius:—

"The following trait illustrates the great faith of this great Christian.

"One day, I believe it was Saturday, a Mexican came to ask me to go and marry him at his rancho, 16 leagues from Brownsville. We started,



both on horseback. The weather was frightful, and the roads even more villainous. Towards night-fall a heavy rain overtook us, and willing or not, we were compelled to keep on; for there was no habitation in these parts. Towards nine o'clock we arrived at the entrance of an immense forest, and still the rain did not cease. We had scarcely ridden three or four miles when we perceived a light on the edge of the road, and on my inquiring the meaning of this light in the forest the Mexican answered, that it was the camp fire of the soldiers of Lieutenant Garesché who were working at enlarging the road from Brownsville to Corpus Christi. Arrived near the camp we were asked, 'Who goes there?' On my requesting to speak to the Lieutenant I was at once conducted to his tent. You may judge of his surprise at seeing me at this hour, in the middle of the woods, on so terrific a night; but with what goodness and affability did he receive me! Of course, he would not permit me to continue my journey. He said: 'Remain here, to-morrow morning you will say the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for us, and after breakfast you can continue your route.' I esteemed, appreciated, and loved him too much not to comply with his desire. However, one thing pained me in remaining; I foresaw that, as there was but one bed in his little tent, he would give it to me, and where would he then sleep? When we were about to retire, after having conversed for a long time, there occurred between us a contest, rather animated, as to who should have the bed and who should not; but the strength not being equal on both sides, he carried off the palm of victory. For I slept in the bed and he on the ground. *Behold the Christian in every sense of the term!* Next morning I said Mass in his tent, at which all his soldiers assisted. I have a recollection that he then went to Confession and Communion."

Julius' Company was essentially a Catholic one, the majority of the men being Catholics. Under his careful and skilful management it attained the worthy and rightful appellation of being "one of the finest Companies, in every respect, in the service." He received many encomiums for the splendid appearance, drill and discipline of his men. Entirely unselfish, he never spared himself when there was question of promoting their good, and the necessary consequence was that he was almost idolized by them. Some years afterwards, when the Company was transferred to Florida, immediately after a parade, in which it took part with the other Companies stationed at the same Post, it drew forth loud bursts of applause from all the officers who witnessed its evolutions. Its new Commander, who had just arrived to take the command of it, upon being complimented, declared that it was owing to no credit on his part, since he had

just assumed its command, but solely and entirely to the care and devotion of his predecessor, Lieutenant, now Brevet Captain and Asst. Adjt. General, Julius P. Garesché.

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, July 11th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND DEAR MAMMA,

"Since I last wrote Jules came to pass a day here. He arrived at midnight, and rather than wake me preferred to sleep, all wet as he was, the rest of the night, on the porch in front of the door.

"He was on horse-back for 15 hours, travelling over the most abominable roads, without drinking or eating. He had a little fever the following morning, but took no heed of it, attending to his business, and two days after left at seven o'clock A. M., for Las Animas.

"In returning he was forced to ford a ravine, which had been swollen by the continual rains, and he thought he had ruined his watch, as it would no longer run. He sent it back to me, and an excellent watch-maker at Matamoras mended it for \$2.50, saying there was very little to do and that he guaranteed that it would run as well as before the accident. I hope he speaks truly, for this little misfortune had pained Jules, and he will be agreeably surprised to find his watch in good condition.

"He was charmed with my appearance and the plumpness of Octavie, and in his last letter he said that the day he spent at Fort Brown seemed the happiest of his life.

"Poor dear husband! I cannot say the same for him; for I found him looking so thin, so burnt by the sun, and with such a tired look, that it wrung my heart to see him go, and I would have given any thing to have been able to keep him. Six weeks of fatigue, worry, and troubles are sufficient to produce a great change in the looks of a man. I hope he will come this week to balance his Commissary Accounts; but there are some new rumors of Indians, so that I fear he will not be able now to leave his men.

"This separation costs me so much, that at times I am completely overwhelmed, demoralized; the sight of my children is the only thing which makes me bear up and sustains my courage.

"I always send Jules your letters, it is a great pleasure for him to read them. Probably it is good for him to have these bodily fatigues. God in His goodness may have given him this campaign to destroy thoroughly the remains of his Yellow Fever: but it is very hard for us both to be thus separated for so long a time and without any idea as to when this separation will end. \* \* \*"

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, July 20th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"The sad news Jules received of his Mother by the last packet has induced him to apply for a Leave; but I do not as yet know whether he will

receive it, and whether he will profit of it, even should he receive it. He thinks it would be better for me to stay here with my children, as he will be away but a very short time, but I am far from willing to let him go alone.

"The only thing that could prevail upon me to make this sacrifice would be if my children's health should suffer from the voyage. I understand perfectly that Jules wishes to soothe by his presence the last moments of his poor Mother; he says he would reproach himself all his life if he neglected, through his fault, this last sacred duty,—and at the same time the thought of leaving me alone in the midst of strangers makes him hesitate.

"Poor man! his letter is very sad and shows me clearly the hard struggle his heart is enduring. \* \* \*"

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"LAS ANIMAS, Friday, August 25th, 1854.

"MY OWN PRECIOUS LITTLE WIFE,

"Yesterday I experienced so cruel a disappointment as to be almost overcome. For several days I had been forming plans of going to Brownsville on the 24th, (yesterday) to make you a visit, for my courage was *at its lowest ebb*. My mind was the prey of endless discussions, for my *true* motive was the burning desire to be near you and our dear children—this I could not disguise from myself. Here my conscience smote me, saying 'your duty claims you here.' Love could not deny this, and knowing I had to deal with an old grumbler, who did not conceal his scorn for the weaknesses of human passion, tried to discover a thousand excuses for his scheme, all founded also on '*duty*,' which, said he, also called me to Fort Brown. It is useless to tell you all that was said on both sides; suffice it to say, that one pleaded my cause with an ardor, courage, and zeal, worthy of every admiration;—while the other, firm, or rather stubborn, and altogether inflexible, always found means to confound the most beautiful arguments of my dear defender; at last it ended by nothing being decided. Nevertheless the night before last, Love always persistent, and seeing suddenly his opponent apparently confounded, and not knowing for the moment what to answer to a new course of reasoning that he had just found, profiting immediately of his advantage, quickly gave the order that I should be awakened the following morning, an hour before sunrise, that my horse should be saddled and every thing ready, so that I might go and make a visit to the 'road party,' 'and that *probably* I might go as far as Brownsville.' In short, the following morning, I was *en route* so early, I could scarcely discover my way in the darkness, and urging on my horse, I had already ridden over half way to Canicitos before sunrise. Arrived near this last ranche, my horse (who had been sick from an epidemic which exists among the horses of the neighborhood) commenced slackening his pace. Not understanding this I made use of my whip, and we



thus arrived one half the distance to the Arroyo, or very nearly; but my whip was broken, my horse looked as if he could no longer drag himself, and 'conscience,' who had pursued us, like a Fury, for some hours, overtook us and triumphantly overcame my poor Love, and commanded me to return. I stopped, said a 'Veni Creator,' reflected seriously for a moment, and then feeling God had spoken, I dismounted and returned on foot, leading my poor horse by the bridle, to the entrance of the thicket of Canicitos. Entering this ranche, I had the happiness of meeting our good Bishop\* and the amiable Father Olivier. I spent three quarters of an hour in their agreeable society. After this they started for the Arroyo, and I was again tempted, I even had a struggle very, very painful and hard within myself; because his Lordship offered me a seat in his buggy, and I longed so much, so very much to see you, my dearest! But I thought, my horse unable to follow us, what was I to do with him? I did not know, he might die, if not attended to; and all the old reasonings came to assail me in a troop, saying it would be wrong in me to go. I remained accordingly, but the temptation was so strong, that had my horse been in his general good health, I feel sure I would have yielded. It was then with a *heavy heart* I saw his Lordship leave; the sadness that claimed me as its own was very great and did not pass away till this morning, when Hope came to console me, promising me, if God did not oppose it, I would positively by the 15th of September be with my own dear, dear Mariquitta, and my little darlings. Father Olivier says Marie is lovely. His Lordship told me seriously that I must not whip nor scold her severely, that passionate children, like her, always turn out the best, but they must be raised by love and reason.

"They have come for my letter. Good-bye, dearest, kiss tenderly for me our two little Angels. A thousand kisses for yourself, my own sweet one,

"Your loving husband,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, September 5th, 1854.

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"My health continues good, but I have no longer as good color as when Jules came to see me on the 29th of June. I am expecting him at the end of next week and would like very much to regain before his arrival the good looks which gave him so much pleasure. \* \* \* \*

"My eye though better is still very weak, so that I am obliged to limit my correspondence for the present to you, my Sisters and Jules."

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\* Mgr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston.



*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, September 28th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"Jules is with me since the last fourteen days; he intended leaving this morning, but the bad weather prevented, to my great joy. As another Officer has joined his Company I hope that henceforth he can come oftener, as unfortunately General Smith seems to be making no move to recall these Companies to their Garrisons.

"I found Jules looking well. This camp life seems to agree with him, he is growing fleshier, and appears to have gotten over all the bad effects of his Yellow Fever.

"He finds his baby too charming and never tires of kissing her. Poor little Marie is so happy at her Father's return, that she has regained her animation and beautiful color. It is impossible to find a more affectionate child than she is. She is making improvement in goodness.

"Last Tuesday I received yours and Octavie's letters of August 27th, dear Mamma, and they reassured me with regard to the health of my Sisters. Here we are all four well and I hope the new physician, whom we are constantly expecting, will cure my eyes. \* \* \*"

Julius adds the following to her letter.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I found my three treasures in perfect health. Mariquitta is stronger than you would dare imagine, Marie is a little languid and pale, but is not sick. My baby is fat and fresh as a rose! She has greatly improved, and though her features are not as fine and delicate as Marie's, she is more admired; she is a very pretty little girl. She is very white and her flesh is as solid as could be desired. It is impossible to see a finer child, and, plump as she is, she does not look either heavy or stupid. She is well made, lively, strong, always moving, while her eyes sparkle with animation, and a smile reigns constantly on her lips.

"I embrace you most affectionately as well as Father and my Sisters.

"Your loving son,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, November 4th, 1854.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

"I have not heard from you since I learned of the death of Uncle \* Louis, and I am so worried about you, dear Mamma, that I feel very disconsolate. I cannot think but of you, whom I see sick, plunged in the depths of grief, and I find it very cruel to be separated from you in this your hour of need. Dear, dear Mamma, Oh! I implore of you, do not be too

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\* Her maternal uncle, consult Page 81.

cast down by this cruel blow! What would become of poor Papa without you? and of my Sisters, myself, and my children? You are too much needed, you are our all.

"I could not believe this horrible news until I had read it myself, above all, as Jules told me that during the Mexican War he twice heard of the death of an Officer who is still living, and yet his death was stated as a fact; but all hope fled when I read those two names *Coudroy* which was spelled *Coudroit* and *Lauréal* spelt *Laureals*. When I first heard of this battle of the Alma I little dreamed of what it would cost us.

"I fear this loss will be bitterly felt by Madeleine and I dread the effects upon her health as well as your own, dear Mamma. Oh! what would I not give to go to you now. Marie is so lovely, so affectionate, that I feel her presence, her caresses would do you good. She is very sensible and intelligent. I have no more fears for her education, for I see that taking her by her feelings we can do any thing with her. Tavié is very bad just now, she makes me pass miserable nights. Jules wishes me to wean her, but I prefer waiting till February if I can stand it. Her health has been so good thus far that I do not wish to change her food.

"We have had five Masses said for Uncle Louis. Jules wrote to you last week by the Corpus Christi mail. His Company has returned to Fort Brown, but we do not know for how long."

*Mariquitta to her Sister Madeleine.*

"FORT BROWN, November 21, 1854.

"DEAR MADELEINE,

"I wrote to all my other Sisters by the last boat, and I do not want you to think that I am hurt by your silence, for I comprehend perfectly the cause, and I shall be very sorry, on the contrary, if you should injure yourself by writing to me more frequently.

"Marie speaks constantly of you, the name of Aunt Toto is always mentioned in her stories.

"I do not know whether my own motherly love blinds me or whether I see correctly, but I confess that according to my own opinion, I have never seen more beautiful children than my own. Generally, Tavié is the more admired, on account of her little sprightly air and her beautiful complexion, but really Marie is the more beautiful.

"I am so impatient to see Jules appear that each moment I find myself looking at the gate of the garrison, and I tremble so with excitement that I can scarcely write. If he comes this evening and in good health, I shall write to you at greater length by next Friday's mail.

"Good-bye, dear Sister, my daughters join me in embracing you very tenderly.

"Your very affectionate Sister,

"MARIQUITTA."

The following are extracts from letters of Mariquitta to her Parents.

“November 9th, 1854.

“The exile of my poor husband (from Fort Brown) is not yet finished. It appears as long to him as it does to me, and that is saying a great deal.”

“November 15th, 1854.

“I have had no letter from Jules for many days. Mr. Best should have gone and relieved him since before yesterday, but I doubt very much now whether he will go at all.”

“November 21, 1854.

“I am expecting Jules to-day. Mr. Best has finally decided to go and take his place, and, as Mr. Nimmo has arrived by the last boat, I hope that Jules will not be compelled any more to leave me. I received yesterday a long letter from him, he is as sad as one of the Penitential Psalms. With what joy must he have received Mr. Best!”

## CHAPTER XXI.

Temporary detail of Julius as Quartermaster—Mariquitta's pride at the glorious soldierly death of her uncle Louis—Julius at the head of the list of First Lieutenants and the probability of his soon becoming Captain—cost of living at Fort Brown as compared to the North—"Julius and her children are Mariquitta's world of happiness"—his devoted fondness for his little girls—his grief at his mother's death—his enthusiasm over the capture of Sebastopol—Father Fred's description of Alexander's noble advice and Julius' refusal to accept of it, viz., Father Fred's own small inheritance—further remarks of Brother Roudet—remarks of Mother Ste. Claire—Julius' translation of "*Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves*" and reference to certain notes of his in it—remarks of Mr. Francisco Gonzales.

ADDITIONAL extracts from letters of Mariquitta to her Parents.

"February 11, 1855.

"Jules is obliged to take the place of Capt. Van Vliet as Quartermaster, until the arrival of Major Chapman, who comes to relieve him."

"March 8, 1855.

"My poor Jules is overwhelmed with work and worn out with fatigue.

"He subscribed for you for the *Propagateur Catholique* about a fortnight ago, so do not be surprised, if you find this paper in your box at the Post Office.

"As it speaks a great deal about France and the War in the East, he thought he would give you pleasure by presenting you with a year's subscription. He has already paid for the year. It is only a trifle."

*Mariquitta to her Mother.*

"March 20, 1855.

"DEAR MAMMA,

"I have just received by the Corpus Christi mail your letters of the 28th January, 11th and 25th February, as also Mr. d'Ormoy's, which you had the kindness to copy for me. We read this last with much emotion, and I feel the need of reading it again. Poor dear Uncle, what courage he showed, what a noble heart was his! I am proud to call myself his niece and the name of De Lauréal is dearer to me than ever.

"Lately we had a funeral in the Garrison, it was only a simple soldier's, and yet all the music, and all the preparation for the funeral procession had a solemnity and mournfulness that belong only to military obsequies.



I thought of my dear Uncle during this funeral, and it was almost a consolation to think that he had received all the last military honors.

"Do not worry about my eyes, dear Mamma, they are almost well. To prove the truth of my words, this is the fifth letter I have written to-day. Octavie tires me a little, but as I positively intend weaning her this week, she will not fatigue me much longer.

"Have you yet received the numbers of the *Propagateur Catholique*? Jules has subscribed for you for this paper, as I have already told you, and I hope you will find pleasure in its perusal.

"Alexander has sent us as a present the '*Courrier des États Unis*,' which is full of news about the Eastern Army. I read it with much pleasure."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, March 27, 1855.

"DEAR PAPA, DEAR MAMMA,

"Good news! \*Captain Hunt has been appointed Paymaster, so that Jules is now at the head of the list of 1st Lieutenants and the first one who will become Captain. Moreover, if Captain Howe receives the place of Assistant Adjutant General, (which is probable) Lieutenant Garesché then becomes Captain of his (Captain Howe's) Company and his Post will be Leavenworth. The first mail will, undoubtedly, decide this question. Dear Parents, what a happiness, if I could soon find myself near you! It would be so nice.

"I received your letter this morning, dear Mamma, of March 6th, and that of Tavie, dated the 21st of February. Yours gave me great relief, for you tell me that you are all in good health, and I had been excessively anxious about Madeleine and Octavie, on account of what you had said in your letter of the 25th of February. I see that my fears were groundless, and that those colds, which had given me such a fright, had nothing alarming in them.

"Tavie tells me that Robert was the cause of the stiff neck of Madeleine, whom he had caused to laugh so immoderately whilst he essayed the role of a Prima Donna.

"The cost of living in the North frightens me. How does Nancy contrive to get along? Compared to the prices of New York, I can assure you that living here is very reasonable. It is true that our three cows and our poultry help us a great deal. Though to-day be but Wednesday, already I have made three pounds of delicious butter. Yesterday, I had fourteen eggs, and nine on the preceding day. This is charming, considering that we have but a dozen hens. We have also some pigeons, which sometimes produce us delicious dishes. At market we are able to

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\* Capt. Franklin E. Hunt, 4th Artillery. Julius was Godfather of his son Fred. He is the Capt. Hunt whose name has already occurred in these pages.

get good chicory, almost white, and lettuce and magnificent cabbages at only a bit (12½ cents) apiece.

"I mention all this, as I think it will give you pleasure to know what advantages we have here. If it were not that the sea separates us and so many thousands of miles intervene, I should not ask any thing better than to remain here; for there is only you, my Sisters, Robert and Tavo \* who are wanting. The pleasures of this world are no longer for me, since they force me to leave my little darlings. You all, Jules and my children compose my world of happiness and pleasure, and what I desire is to find ourselves all reunited again. It will be two years on the 26th of the next month since I left you, and it is probable that about that period the question of our departure will be decided.

"We are all in good health. Adieu dear Papa, dear Mamma. Jules and my children join me in embracing you both very tenderly, as also my Sisters, my Brother Robert and my little Niece.

"Your cherished daughter,

"MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to her Parents.*

"FORT BROWN, April 8th, 1855.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Octavie's letter made me laugh, when she said that judging from Jules' letters she feared he was too severe on his little girls. Her fears would soon cease if she could see him with Misses Marie and Tavie, who do with him exactly as they wish. Day and night he spoils them. These *poor* children never are wrong, he always finds some excellent excuse to explain their screams or their caprices. It is only in his letters he is a severe Father. He could not be more occupied by his children than he is nor be more tender. \* \* \* \*"

Additional extracts from Mariquitta's letters to her Parents.

"June 5, 1855.

"Jules is harassed with work, which renders him lazy in corresponding."

"August 7, 1855.

"Jules wishes to write to you, but having learned of the death of his Mother, I doubt whether he can do so, for he is altogether overwhelmed by such terrible news.

"I do not believe that the Companies of this Post will be sent this year against the Indians. At any rate Jules as Quarter Master cannot leave, so that even should the other officers be compelled to go the order could not affect him."

"October 25, 1855.

"As you say, we heard of the capture of Sebastopol with a great deal of pleasure. On that day Jules was carried away with enthusiasm and joy.

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\* Her little niece, Octavie Bakewell.



There was no one, I believe, but old Major Porter, who read the news without emotion. He is sure even yet that Sebastopol is not taken, that it is only the outskirts of the town which are in possession of the Allies."

About this time the following circumstance occurred. I shall describe it in the words of Frederick, Julius' younger brother and a member of the Society of Jesus.

"It was in 1855, just after my Mother's death, Alexander wrote to me that considering the circumstances of the other members of the family, our Mother being dead, who had hitherto enjoyed the interest of my patrimony, he advised and urged me when the time came to take my last vows and give up my small inheritance, that I should do so in favor of Julius and his wife and children. He showed me how Julius was by his state of life prevented from the hope of making a future for them, or even laying by money from his salary.

"I had always hoped that I could have given what little I had to dispose of to the same cause to which I had consecrated my life, the glory of God and the good of my neighbor; but after consulting my Confessor and having asked and received the permission of my superiors, I wrote to Julius to make the offer. I told him the reasons adduced by Alexander, and enforced them as well as I knew how; assured him that if he were single or without any one dependent on him, I would not, knowing him so well, have ventured the proposition. I pleaded only for his wife and children and wound up by saying that I would not accept his first thought or sentiment, but required that he should take three days for consideration, and after prayer and conference with his Confessor, he should write me his conclusion.

"A beautiful and touching response came from him. After thanking me in the most affectionate manner he said, that I was right in anticipating what would be his first judgment—to make an indignant refusal. But he had taken the three days and would not accept for his wife and children what he thought belonged to God and the Church. He would be afraid that it would bring no blessing; he preferred to trust them to the Divine Providence, and he adjured me to think no more of it, and certainly never to renew the offer as it pained him.

"I am convinced that he never made the offer known to Mariquitta. This I add, because when the final settlement was made in her behalf [after Julius' death], she did not allude to the former offer, which she certainly would have done, knowing, as I do, that in all things she tried to be guided by what she deemed would have been Julius' wishes."

#### Further remarks of Brother Roudet.

"This good Lieutenant Garesché was a perfect model of a brave soldier as well as a truly Christian man. Every morning he served Mass in his military costume. If the roads were bad, he carried a pair of slippers

which he put on at the door of the Church, out of respect for the holy place. He went to Confession and Communion every Saturday. He would willingly have gone on Sunday, for he was above human respect, but when he proposed it to his Director, Rev. Father Verdet, the latter decided in favor of Saturday. However, when he was unable to go to Communion on Saturday, he would then go on Sunday at the High Mass, and always in full uniform, to the great edification of every one. He always acted in a just, charitable and conscientious manner, and he was thus exposed to great calumnies.

"One year, he obtained permission for us to buy our bread at the Garrison, and we were not the only ones, there were many from the city who did likewise, because this bread was cheaper. Moreover, it was a profit to the Quarter Master. But some among his brother Officers, as they were Protestants, made use of it to denounce him to the Government on the plea that he was furnishing the Catholics at its expense (and at this period this was a very serious charge). The thing went so far, that he was on the point of being put into prison, because he did not even try to justify himself; but in all probability a friend spoke for him and his innocence was soon established; and instead of descending he mounted in rank, and his accusers descended. It was then that he was appointed Quarter Master, and he continued always to have the full confidence of his superiors."

#### Remarks of Mother St. Claire, Superior of the Convent of the Incarnate Word at Brownsville.

"I have not forgotten Mr. Garesché. He was very good to us. It was he who in concert with his soldiers and the lamented Father Verdet organized and carried through successfully a certain fair for our Convent and for the Church of Brownsville. It was he who also organized the beautiful celebration of the laying of the first stone of the Church of Brownsville and caused cannon to thunder forth all through the ceremony. Indeed the ceremony was splendid, surpassing any thing ever seen at Brownsville. He was pious, charitable and good. His name always figured at the head of the Subscription lists gotten up for works of charity."

Julius, who was an excellent Linguist, subsequently, in 1859 or 1860, ably translated from the French, during some of his spare moments, "The Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves." He was too modest, however, to inscribe his name as its Translator, and there were but very few comparatively who knew of his connection with this perfect translation of an interesting work. In certain parts occur the following notes of his.

On Page 7 of the Introduction, referring to the Zouave Officer's solicitude in seeing that his men are properly fed, that the

"*stomach's gratitude*" is by no means an unmeaning expression, he says:

"Were this '*stomach's gratitude*' a little more thought of and attended to in our Army, we should not have one-third of the number of deserters which now annually exhausts its strength."

Again, referring to the division of the Zouave soldiers into Privates of different classes, he adds:

"Few things are more wanted in our Army, than this division of the privates of a company into two classes, drawing different pay. There exists now no distinction, either as to pay or privileges, between the old experienced soldier and the raw recruit—between those whose conduct is uniformly irreproachable, and those who never neglect any opportunity of making beasts of themselves. Such a division would hold out a standing inducement to good behavior, and a wide field of reward for it; whilst, at the same time, providing a new means of punishment, of a simple and yet effective nature—that of degradation from this class. It would also contribute greatly to the formation of a more honorable and soldier-like feeling among the men. It has the advantage too, of creating, as it were a school for non-commissioned officers, in which the more promising privates can undergo a certain probation for the office. And, finally, it supplies a much needed means of rewarding those good and valuable soldiers, of whom there are so many, who, from being destitute of that fire and commanding energy essential to the character of a good non-commissioned officer, are compelled to vegetate as privates amid the herd of those who are undistinguished by any particular good qualities. Every good company officer has felt the want of some means by which he could prove to these men, that he appreciated their worth; and there is not an officer in our Army, but would gladly hail the passage of an act, which should authorize a division of this kind to be made in our companies. Nor need this reform cost the U. S. any thing. For, if the number of those who may be mustered in the first class, be restricted to *one-third* of all the privates, *actually* belonging to the company—and their pay be increased \$2 per month beyond what it is now, this amount can at once be supplied, by cutting down the pay of the remaining two-thirds *one dollar* below what it is now; so that the pay of a first-class private shall be \$13, and that of a second-class private \$10 per month. And, so far from this reduction operating to discourage enlistments, it will, on the contrary, supply to a better class of men an additional incentive to enter the Army. For, instead of \$11, it holds out to them the almost certain prospect of \$13 a month."

And in speaking further on of the 2d Zouaves suffering less from the effects of the Cholera in the East than the other regiments of their Division, owing to their care of their rations, he says:



“How much a more generous diet contributes, not only to the contentment, but to the health of the men, is a fact abundantly confirmed by the translator’s own experience. He was, on one occasion, stationed at a post, garrisoned by five companies, and which was cruelly ravaged by an epidemic of yellow fever. The men of the company to which he was attached, were no more acclimated than most of the others, their duty was the same, they were equally exposed,—yet, the proportion of deaths among them was relatively so small, as to excite general remark. There was, naturally, a cause for this exemption;—which could be ascribed to nothing else, however, than to the superior manner in which—thanks to a large company fund—they were fed and cared for. The strength of their coffee was doubled, and it was served to them, the first thing in the morning, before they were permitted to go out into the morning dews; a small cup of strong coffee was again given to every man after dinner; and the men on guard were fortified against the damp vapors of the night, by the same powerful febrifuge. In addition to this, their fare was improved by many little extras; and the sick and convalescent were supplied, from the same fund, with broth, chickens, eggs, gruel, custards, &c.

“At another time, the scurvy broke out, in the only other company then serving at the post; there were some eight or ten cases of the disease in that company—there was but *one* in the translator’s.—And this one man, a delicate youth, who had been for some time previously in the hospital—there, caught the disease from the others, as the doctor himself admitted. Here, again, the principal difference between the two companies, was, that whilst one had a company fund, from which many little extras were furnished to it, the other had no fund, and was, therefore, reduced to its ordinary rations; which, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, are not sufficient, in quantity, for a hard-working man, nor of suitable quality, for men exposed to such trying vicissitudes of climate, as are the soldiers of our Army.”

Mr. Francisco Gonzales, a Mexican gentleman residing in Brownsville, a great friend of Julius and who stood Godfather, as proxy, for his little daughter, Octavie, and now Mexican Consul to Galveston, Texas, here says:

“My recollection of the noble Lieut. Garesché marks him, a man of high sense of honor,—most kindly disposed, but very retiring in his manners; of decidedly studious habits, and very much attached to his profession. A strict disciplinarian, but no strieter with his men, than with himself; and one who in case of any epidemic, or serious sickness, would have nursed and attended them with the kindness of a father. Exemplary in his attendance at Church, and in the fulfilment of all religious duties. In a word, a perfect Christian Catholic gentleman and *preux Chevalier* in its fullest sense!”



## CHAPTER XXII.

Julius' appointment to the Adjutant General's Corps, and correspondence of others in connection therewith, and his own acceptance of appointment.

I HAVE already shown by Mariquitta's letters how Julius had applied to Colonel Cooper, the Adjutant General, for the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General in his Corps, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Bliss, though he entertained but little hope of obtaining it; and of his receiving a very flattering reply from Col. Cooper, regretting that the position was filled before the arrival of his application, but that anyhow he had himself placed Julius' name on the list of aspirants for the next vacancy. Well, it seems that without Julius' knowledge there were others who also were working in his behalf, as part of the following correspondence illustrates. Moreover, Col. Cooper was exceedingly anxious to have him attached to himself, as he had seen and learned enough about Julius to be fully convinced that he would be a valuable addition to his Corps in every way, and a good and useful Aide to himself.

"March 6, 1855.

"HON. JEFF DAVIS,

"*Secretary of War,*

"DEAR SIR,

"As the promotion of Capt. Canby opens an appointment in the Adjutant General's Department, I take the liberty of suggesting to your consideration the name of Lieut. Garesché of the Artillery for filling it. My particular inducement for doing so is friendship for the very estimable family of his Uncle John P. Garesché, Esq., of Wilmington, Del., with whom I became acquainted in his capacity of gunpowder contractor for the Ordnance Dept. But from what I have heard of Lt. Garesché's character and qualifications, I feel confident that, in proposing him for this appointment, I am also consulting the interests of the service. He was educated at the Georgetown College, understands the French and Spanish languages and is highly esteemed in the Service; has prepared himself also for the *Bar*.

"The late appointments in the new Regiments, which give so much

satisfaction, by the evidence of appreciation of the claims of merit and services, may dispense with the mention of collateral recommendations, or I might add that the Uncle of Lt. Garesché could bring strong influence from leading Democrats in Philadelphia and Delaware: and it may not be an objection that the young man himself was born in *Cuba*.

"Not being able to see you this morning I have taken this method of securing at least the consideration of his claims.

"Yours respectfully,  
\* "A. MORDECAI."

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 28, 1855.

"HON. J. DAVIS,  
"Sec'y. of War,

"DEAR SIR:

"I have been informed that Lt. Julius P. Garesché of the 4th Artillery has been recommended for the post made vacant in the Adjutant General's Department by the promotion of Bvt. Major Canby. My intimate acquaintance with, and high regard for the family of Lt. Garesché prompt me to say that the appointment, if made, would be most worthily bestowed. The family, you are probably aware, has been Democratic and zealous in its support of the present administration. No gentlemen stand higher, or are more entitled to esteem and confidence than the Messrs. Garesché.

"It is proper for me to state that I write this note without the knowledge of Lt. Garesché: but solely for the purpose of bearing testimony to the worth of a deserving gentleman, whose promotion would be gratifying to myself and the friends of the Administration.

"Yours truly,  
† "SAM<sup>L</sup> TREAT."

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 28, 1855.

"TO THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES:

"I have been informed that Lt. Julius P. Garesché of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery has been recommended to fill a vacancy caused in the Adjutant General's Department by the promotion of Bvt. Major Canby.

"My intimate personal acquaintance with the family of Mr. Garesché, and my high regard for them, induce me to say that the appointment would be very gratifying and I doubt not would be worthily bestowed.

\* Major A. Mordecai of the Ordnance Corps.

† Judge Treat of St. Louis, one of the most distinguished Jurists of the country, whose name has so far extended across the Atlantic that, in a recent visit to Europe, the unusual compliment was paid to him by the English Judges of asking him to be seated beside them on the Bench while the Court was in session.

The family of Mr. Garesché here are among your most devoted political friends, and I know of no persons more worthy of the highest esteem.

"Yours truly,

"SAMUEL TREAT.

"P. S. I address you on this subject without any knowledge on the part of Lt. Garesché that I had any intention of so doing; or that I was even aware that his name had been mentioned in connexion with the post thus vacated. On hearing that he had been recommended for the post, I desired to bear testimony to his worth and to the fact that his promotion would be very gratifying to your friends here."

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

"WASHINGTON, November 7, 1855.

"HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,

"SECRETARY OF WAR,

"SIR:

"I have the honor to lay before you the applications (fourteen in number) on file in this Office, for the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Captain (Brevet Lieut. Colonel) \*Canby's promotion to the 10th Infantry. The applicants, all of whom are 1st Lieutenants in their several regiments, are arranged according to regimental rank—the dates of their first Commissions being also given, as follows:

|                        | Date.          | Regiment.      | First Commission. |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Julius P. Garesché. | 18 June, 1846. | 4th Artillery. | 1 July, 1841.     |
| *                      | *              | *              | *                 |

(NOTE. Then follow the other 13 Officers, among whose names appear those of James A. Hardie, Fitz-John Porter, Geo. W. Hazzard, John Gibbon, Richard C. Drum, James B. Fry, Geo. W. Lay and Winfield S. Hancock.)

"Of the Officers above named, I respectfully recommend that the appointment be conferred on the Senior, 1st Lieutenant Julius P. Garesché, of the 4th Artillery. Lieut. Garesché is a gentleman of great moral worth, a ripe scholar, speaks fluently the French and Spanish languages, and is a zealous, active and efficient Officer. He is now serving with his Company in Texas, where he has been on duty for several years past.

"I am, Sir, with great respect,

"Your Ob't. Servant,

"S. COOPER,

"Adjutant-General."

*Secretary Davis' Endorsement.*

"Recommendation approved. Lieut. J. P. Garesché will be appointed.

"JEFFN. DAVIS,

"Sec. of War.

"9th Nov. 1855."

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\* Killed by the Modoc Indians at the Lava Beds in 1875.



"FORT BROWN, Texas, Nov. 26, 1855.

"COL. S. COOPER, U. S. A.

"ADJUTANT GENERAL,

"SIR,

"I have the honor to report my grateful acceptance of the appointment of Asst. Adjutant General, conferred on me by the President: and, herewith enclosed, I beg respectfully to return to your Office, as directed by the Hon. Secretary of War, (duly filled up, signed, and attested,) the form of oath, transmitted to me with his letter of the 9th inst.

"I have the honor to be most respectfully,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"J. P. GARESCHÉ,

"A. A. G."

Herewith is Julius' oath of acceptance :

"I, Julius P. Garesché, appointed an Asst. Adjutant General and Brevet Captain, in the Army of the United States, do solemnly swear, that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever; and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the Officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles for the government of the Armies of the United States.

"J. P. GARESCHÉ,

"Bt. Capt. & A. A. G."

"Sworn to and subscribed before me,  
at Brownsville, Texas,  
this twenty-seventh day of November, 1855. }

"BUDD H. FRY,

"Justice of the Peace,

"Cameron County,

"Texas."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Julius' and Mariquitta's pleasure at his appointment—their departure with their children for Limours and his own thence for Washington—his letter to Mariquitta's mother descriptive of his anguish at seeing his wife and Marie's sufferings on their voyage from Texas and his uncertainty as to his future destination—birth of Louis—Marie's suffering—incident of Julius' kindness to a Cadet—Julius' return to Limours and his resignation at having to return thence to Washington alone.

JULIUS' appointment as Brevet Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Capt. Canby to the Majorship of the 10th U. S. Infantry, dated from November 9, 1855.

One can readily imagine his pleasure in receiving this brilliant position, so flattering in every respect.

The Adjutant General's Corps ranked high in the Army, was one of its most important branches and was necessarily eagerly sought after. It was really the ranking Staff Corps, and only Officers of acknowledged talent and merit were admitted as members.

Mariquitta, too, was delighted and beyond measure, though of late she had begun to grow a little attached to Fort Brown—which, it is true, had witnessed some of her saddest but also some of her happiest days, when surrounded by Jules and her little daughters and with good news from Limours.

On December 13, 1855, they left Fort Brown with their little family, amid the lamentations and heartfelt regrets of all those who had known and been able to appreciate them. They crossed the Gulf of Mexico once more, but for the last time, and after a long and fatiguing journey were again in beloved Limours, surrounded by their loving relatives. There Julius remained for a few days, and then tearing himself away from his darling Mariquitta and beloved children he hastened on to Washington, to report for duty in his new sphere of action, leaving his family at the Homestead until they were sufficiently recovered from the

effects of their long trip by water from Fort Brown to be able to make the more arduous one by Rail to Washington.

He arrived in Washington about the 16th of January and was warmly welcomed by Col. Cooper and immediately assigned to his new post of duty, for which he soon showed himself every way fitted and capable.

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

“WASHINGTON, Sunday, January 27, 1856.

“DEAR MAMMA,

“I received last evening your letter of the 22nd, and thank you very affectionately for having so kindly wished thus to give me news of my dear Mariquitta. And I am very contented to learn that, in spite of her wretched nights, and the slavery in which my poor little daughters keep her, she has the air of picking up and has a good appetite:—which, with her, is always a good sign. From what she remarks, dear Mamma, I see that you are also fatiguing yourself a great deal with those poor children; and knowing you as well as I do, always so devoted, so ready to sacrifice yourself, even entirely to forget yourself,—I believe it. I keenly regret, I can assure you, regret with all my heart, that I am not able to be near the bedside of my little Marie, to spare you all this fatigue, and to partake of that of my own beloved Mariquitta. I acknowledge that I was delighted with the necessity which forced me to go far away for some days; because my nervous system had been so much exercised by the sight of the sufferings of my wife, and my children, during that wretched voyage; the condition of Marie, and her tears produced on me such an effect,—that, really, I needed to go far away for some days, to calm myself, and to revive my spirits. But, now, that I am entirely recovered, it costs me a great deal not to be able to return near you.

“You ask me, when can I return? I can really give you no information on the subject. My Chief has as yet breathed nothing to me in regard to my future destination. I addressed the question, short, last evening to an Officer of the Corps, who has more intercourse with the Chief than myself, and he answered, that he knew absolutely nothing about it;—that he himself had been called here, more than two years ago, in the same manner as myself, that is to say, in a provisional manner, and not expecting to remain here more than six weeks; and yet, here he is, at the end of that time, without ever having received other more permanent orders. He added, that he supposes, that in the Spring there will be many changes. But, as I am one of the youngest in the Corps, it is more than probable, that, if I am sent away from here, it will be to go to Santa Fé or to California. But all this is only conjecture. I doubt very much, whether any thing is yet determined, even in the mind of our Chief.

“As the man is just coming to take my letter, I must bid you Adieu, dear Mamma. I embrace you with all my heart, as also my Father,

Octavie, Dollette, and my other Sisters, when you see them, and remain, always,

“ Wholly yours,

“ Your son,

“ JULES.”

On the 30th of June, 1856, Mariquitta was delivered of a little boy at Limours, baptized Marie Joseph Louis. The baby's Godparents were its Aunt Octavie de Lauréal and Uncle Alexander Garesché, who was represented by its Grandfather de Lauréal.

During this year little Marie commenced to be a great sufferer from her spine and the poor child's pain was at times most intense. Her trouble had all been brought about by the carelessness of a nurse who allowed her to have a severe fall. It grieved the affectionate hearts of her Parents to see how she suffered. Physical aid seemed of hardly any use, and then they had recourse to the pious and element Mother of God.

The following incident occurred in the Summer of 1856, illustrating Julius' kindness and generosity of heart, even to strangers.

A certain young Cadet, about to graduate on the 1st of July of that year, was exceedingly anxious to enter the Corps of Topographical Engineers and wrote to that effect to the Secretary of War; but through his inexperience in such matters he did not direct his communication through the proper military channels, and it was accordingly returned to him, with a very severe endorsement from the Adjutant General. The poor young man was at first not only intensely disappointed at the failure of his application but mortified beyond measure with the reproof. What then was his happiness when on looking at the bottom of the page containing the Adjutant General's endorsement he saw written in lead pencil and signed by Julius the following: “ Your communication was sent to Congress upon the 10th of June for assignment to the Topographical Engineer Corps!” At once all the young man's anxious and mortified feelings disappeared like a flash and he felt deeply grateful to the kind-hearted Officer, who had thus indirectly given him to understand that his hopes would be realized.



In the month of September Julius returned to Limours to bring on his beloved family, but fearing that his infant boy and ailing Mariquitita were not sufficiently able as yet to make the long and tiresome trip, he resigned himself to make the sacrifice and came back to Washington with a sad and heavy heart at the prolonged separation from all those he held so dear.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Julius' description of his return to Washington—his grief at leaving his little family—presents his father-in-law with a pair of eye-glasses—reason why it is not easy for himself to accept presents—visits his Cousin Amelia—her insisting upon his arranging for a Novena for Marie's cure—begs Mariquitta to obtain all necessary prayers, tells her what to do and says what he will himself do—about cure of Amelia's sister Mary—urges Mariquitta to a most devout preparation and submission to the Will of God should the cure not be effected—entreaty about the can of water on the stove—visits Gen. Walbach, Mr. McLane and Capt. Hazzard in Baltimore—Capt. Phelps' transfer—Julius' trust in God for Marie's cure—his liking for his present position and entire satisfaction therein—complimentary visit of the Secretary of War—Father Roccofort's description of Julius' wish to go to Communion daily without exciting unnecessary comment—return to his same Boarding House—Col. Cooper's warm greeting and kindly sympathy—Julius' wish to visit Algiers and his fears of not realizing it—Capt. Hazzard's idea of Col. Cooper's intention of always keeping Julius in Washington—Julius consults with Majors Mordecai and Lee about his voyage, and their views—suffers from a severe cold—extreme sorrow for the sufferings of his little Marie and admiration of Mariquitta's firmness—loving advice to her about Marie and commiseration for her trials in Marie's sickness—longing to know whether Na misses him and his great love for her—how fearfully he misses his little Louis—passion for his babies—attends a dancing soir  e at Col. Cooper's—his liking for Col. Cooper—necessity of the Army being increased and his hope of one day writing "*Col. Garesch  *" upon his visiting cards—attends a Mission by the Redemptorist Fathers—Father Deshon—expatiates upon his great love for Mariquitta and his children, and that to God alone must they have recourse for Marie's cure, and that it is better to give Alms to His Poor than uselessly feeing physicians—Julius' Manuscript of the death and ascension of the Blessed Virgin—further remarks of Mr. John T. Doyle.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, October 26, 1856.

"Again must I begin a long series of letters, but I cherish the hope that it will not be as great as formerly. I arrived here, darling, this morning at six. I reached Baltimore yesterday at 2 P. M., and had intended to have come on by the 5 P. M. train; but I lost so much time in searching for a Hotel, where I could procure a good bath, that I was compelled to renounce my intention.

"I succeeded on the very day of my arrival in St. Louis in completing all my business matters there and left Ferdinand's house at 6½ P. M., and this side of the River at 8 P. M. My heart was very full. My adieux to your Father also cost me a great deal: I felt as if I were breaking the last link of the chain which bound me to Limours:—every thing within me sank;—my heart was full of sadness. Your Father also appeared very sorrowful, I feel sure that he loves me very much.

"I was able to say farewell to Marie, Dollette,\* Didi,† your Uncle Jean Baptiste de Lauréal, the de Pombirays,‡ Juliette,§ all of my own relatives, and the Tétards|| and Boislinières. I could not resist the temptation of presenting your Father with a pair of eye-glasses. I fear he may object to accepting them from me since I refused his great-coat; but you must not allow of this. I can repeat in perfect sincerity what I have already told him, that he is mistaken in his motive for my refusal, for I experienced *no* dislike to the reception of a gift from him. Have I ever made any difficulty in placing myself under obligations to him? Does he not place me under a great obligation in doing so much for yourself and our children? No! I refused because the great-coat was of *no* use to me. This was the simple and only reason. The truth of the matter is, that it is not easy to make me presents: my tastes are so positive, my habits are so fixed, and I do not know how to oppose them. Your Father might have offered me the finest hat to be had, and no consideration could have induced me to wear it. He might have given me a shawl, and I would no more have used it; and so with other things. Yet if he insists so strenuously on making me a gift, let him bestow it upon you—some trifling *bagatelle* for your simple toilet, and he could not afford me greater pleasure.

"I had a fine trip, the weather was not warm, and the route was free from dust. Nothing either extraordinary or interesting occurred. I provided myself before starting with some chocolate which I bought of Guenaudon but which I found detestable: and from St. Louis to Harrisburg, a

\* Dollette and Dôle, pet names of Adèle.

† Augustine, second daughter of Charles de Coudroy de Lauréal—the first cousin of Mariquitta's parents—and Eliza Lemer cier de Pombiray.

In France it is customary, as a mark of respect and affection, to address one's cousins, when they are elderly and married, as Uncle and Aunt. Hence Mariquitta always calls this Cousin Charles, as also his brother Jean Baptiste, Uncle and their wives Aunt.

‡ Family of Lemer cier de Pombiray who had twice married into the De Coudroy de Lauréal family, viz., Augustine to Jean Baptiste in 1830 and Eliza to his brother Charles later. Like Mariquitta's parents, their first cousins, these brothers and the Lemer cier de Pombirays left Guadeloupe in 1848, having lost their great wealth by the troubles.

§ Juliette McLane, wife of Bauduy P. Garesché.

|| Cousins of Mariquitta.

distance of about 900 miles, subsisted on a half pound of it, for Rail Road travel completely destroys my appetite.

"At Baltimore I paid a long visit to Amelia.\* The Reverend Mother was present at our interview and was most gracious to me. She gave me a Scapular, an Agnus Dei, and a Gospel of St. John, and allowed me to assist at the *Salve Regina*, chanted by the whole Community accompanied with many evolutions by the Religious. Amelia made many queries about Marie and so insisted upon it, that I promised her I would request you to arrange for a Novena of Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin to obtain Marie's cure. She related to me that her sister, Mary † Willcox, had thus been almost miraculously cured. I wish then that you would write to Father Emig at the College (a devoted friend of my family), to ask him to take charge of it and to enlist the whole Jesuit community to aid us by their prayers. Also mention it particularly to Father Damen, Father Gleizal, Brother De Meyer, and Brother Reisselman (Dr. Henry) one of my good old friends. Try to obtain the prayers of the community of St. Joseph's Convent in Carondelet. Fix the day for its commencement so far ahead, that not only shall I be advised of it, but in time for me to notify the Rev. Mother of the Carmelites, who has promised me the prayers of her entire community; as also my Aunt Lalite, that she may obtain those of the Academy of the Visitation. I will obtain those of the Jesuits here and at New York, and perhaps those of the Redemptorists. Let the Novena, if possible, be in honor of the Immaculate Conception. This would be my desire, but confer in respect to it with Father Emig, and write me in full and with the greatest particularity all the arrangements agreed upon. Of the former Novena, I received the first news only after it had begun. In the Novena for Mary Willcox, it was arranged that every day either two members of the family or two of their intimate friends should approach the Holy Communion Table. I do not see how you can do this at Limours: I will write to Alexander that at least one of the members of my family try to do this, and I will go to Communion myself as often as I may be permitted.

"Do not fear! do not murmur! do not lose courage! During the Novena should Marie grow even much worse, that may indicate that a miracle is about to take place. In the case of Mary Willcox, she was at the moment of her cure so sick, that she said to Amelia: 'I feel so badly, that I believe God is about to vouchsafe me my recovery, you know that it always happens thus.' In the interval do as I intend to do: prepare yourself by the most fervent prayers, a greater patience, more sweetness, charity, love of God, and submission to His Holy Will. Moreover, both before, during and after the Novena, make the sacrifice of your child to

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\* His cousin, Amelia Bauduy, *née* Keating, a Carmelite Religious in Baltimore.

† Mary Keating married Mr. James Willcox of Philadelphia.



Him for His greater glory. Consent in advance, with heartiness, that she should consecrate herself to God, if it be His Will to call her to His service. I tell you frankly I have an innate conviction that this Novena, even though it should not obtain her entire cure, will nevertheless powerfully contribute to it; and that we will eventually obtain it, if we only *continue* to implore it of God. Moreover, I feel convinced that Marie, possessed of a heart which loves so tenderly, so deeply, can never be happy in the world and is called to love God alone!

"I forgot to tell you, and I now earnestly beg of you, to keep, night and day, on your stove a *large* can full of water. Otherwise every stove, and *especially* an air-tight one, is very, very unhealthy. Ventilate your room also *at least* twice a day; morning and evening, if you can, leaving for a few moments both door and windows open. Do not forget to tell me how you like your stove.

"I called at Baltimore on old Gen.\* Walbach, also on Mr. McLane, Juliette's father, and on Hazzard.† The last appears but too happy, his wife is very pretty.

"Capt. Phelps has received orders to leave Fort Brown with his company, which has been assigned to Fort Leavenworth. He has been transferred to an Artillery Commission, which will bring him Eastward, or as he expresses it, to a civilized country, for many months; and behold him, in fine, very happy!

"At times I feel a little sad, but I am generally full of courage and hope. It comes to my thoughts that God is ready to grant to the prayers of the Blessed Virgin the cure of our dear child, that she may give Him in return her heart, so loving, so tender, so sensitive. Then again I look out upon the fine career before me. I receive proof every day that I am more appreciated than even I deserve to be. Hazzard related several incidents in this regard which gave me real pleasure. Upon my arrival here I found the card of the Secretary of War awaiting me, which he had left in person. Admit that he knew I had left, admit that he is just as attentive to others,—nevertheless I feel complimented by this attention, I know that he would not have done so for *every one*, and coming from a man in his position it is a great deal.

"Send me soon good news of our dear Madeleine, I expect them. Embrace her for me, also your Mother, Father, Sisters; and our darlings and believe me always, my dear little wife,

"Your good and devoted

"JULES."

\* His late Commander, Colonel of the 4th Artillery, and the same who had been anxious to have him as his Adjutant. This Officer felt a sincere respect, great admiration and warm friendship for Julius and was himself a most excellent Catholic.

† Capt. Geo. W. Hazzard, who gallantly lost his life subsequently during the War of the Rebellion while defending the cause of the Union.

One morning, in the latter part of 1856, Julius visited his Confessor, Father Aloysius Roccofort of the Society of Jesus, a good and worthy French priest, in his room at Gonzaga College (then situated on the North side of F Street near 9th and immediately opposite Mrs. Spalding's, where he was boarding), and stated that as he was a daily communicant, he feared that if he received the Holy Sacrament daily in the one Church, St. Patrick's, he might thereby give rise to talk. He wished that no one should know of his action, and yet he did not want to forego it. He had thought to remove the difficulty by going every morning to a different Church, but there being but four in the City he begged the Rev. Father to give him Communion on the off mornings in the College Chapel. To this proposition, made with all humility and piety of heart, his Confessor willingly acceded, and Julius was thus able to continue his exemplary practice without *provoking* unnecessary remark.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Wednesday, October 29, 1856.

"DEAREST,

"Constantly am I beset with the wish to chat with you. I wrote to you a line from Harrisburg, to let you know that I was safely so near the end of my journey; and since my arrival here I have written to you a long letter. I am now waiting with such eagerness for one from you, and to learn how my children have borne my absence.

"I am installed in the same boarding house; but as my former little room was occupied, Mrs. Spalding gave me a larger one at the same price, \$25 per month. It is an excellent room, airy and comfortable and quite as good as the one for which I was paying \$40 on my first coming here. It has a Southern exposure, and has the sun all day, warming and lighting it up perfectly, so that I am quite comfortably ensconced.

"Col. Cooper greeted me with much amiability, and after having enquired for news of yourself, expressed his sympathy that I should be separated from my family: and told me that at any time I should wish to bring you on, or even to visit you, because Marie was not in a condition as yet to travel, not to hesitate asking for a Leave of absence and he would cheerfully grant it.

"I have not yet dared to mention to him my project of a voyage to France, through fear that he would object. The fact is, I begin to abandon hope of success in it. Twice I called on Major Lee, to broach it to him, but did not find him. Thus far I have spoken of it to but a single person, Major Mordecai, who is very intimate with the Secretary and is the same person who so warmly recommended me to him for my position as Asst.

Adj. General. He has himself just returned from an extended European tour, the Crimea, &c., whither he had been sent by the Secretary. He gave me but little encouragement. He said that he saw no reason why I should not ask for the permission; that my idea was a good one, my motive laudable; that my knowledge of the French was a great advantage; that he regretted I had not been assigned to their Commission, I would have proved so useful to them. But after all he doubted whether the Secretary would now send another officer to Europe.

"Hazzard has gotten the idea (though I do not know how it originated) that Col. Cooper has already found me so useful, that so long as he lives he will keep me in Washington. He can give me no reason for this impression, and I think it to be only one of his imagination. Yet there are several officers of the Corps who are looked upon as poor workers, and I think myself that Col. Cooper might raise objections against my taking such a voyage, which he would regard under the circumstances as only a caprice. At all events, I cannot at this moment ask permission, for I have a great deal of work before me, to prepare the annual reports for Congress, and it would be wanting in delicacy to leave behind me so much unfinished work, for it to be thrown on some one else.

"*Thursday, October 30.*—I saw Maj. Lee to-day and mentioned my desire of visiting Algeria. The idea favorably impressed him, and when I observed that this project already seemed to be but a castle in the air (*un Château en Espagne*) he strongly shook his head and answered: 'Not at all, there is less of impossibility in it than you think.' Later he said that on the next day he would mention it to Maj. Mordecai, that the latter might speak of it to the Secretary.

"I have, therefore, done all I contemplated. I have a far better chance of success through the intervention of these two gentlemen, than if I myself had directly conferred with the Secretary, or had resorted to the usual course, that is to say through Col. Cooper, who, I am sure, would but little favor the design. If, therefore, Maj. Lee, who warmly approved of it, should not succeed, I would not push the matter any further, and regarding it as a failure, would strive to forget it as soon as possible. In truth, I could easily console myself, for I must confess it, the thought of so long an absence from you already makes me tremble. From what Maj. Lee said I would infer, that should the Secretary send me, it would not be for less than a year—a long, very long perspective! since it would be a year of exile, of separation from all I hold dear upon Earth!

"I had hoped to have received a letter from you to-day; but perhaps it is yet too soon, although I long to have one. I trust that you are both courageous and patient, darling, and that you will write to me at great length about yourself and our children; and more in detail than you have done in former letters. Ah! if you could but know how much I miss you!

"For two days past I have had a severe cold in the head, but thanks to the quinine and opium I took yesterday to relieve me I am to-day a great



deal better. I am full of courage, and though I frequently think of you with a little sadness and much regret, nevertheless I am not overcome by the 'blues.'

"Every day I feel more contented with my position of Assistant Adjutant General, and with my sojourn in Washington.

"Embrace your dear Mother for me, your Father, Sisters, dear little Cissey \* Bakewell and say many affectionate things for me to Robert, for whom my affection and esteem daily increase; also many to Dr. † Lewis.

"Hug and kiss tenderly for me our dear children: a thousand endearing expressions from me to Marie and Na ‡, and give a thousand kisses to my beautiful little boy. I clasp you tenderly in my arms, darling, and remain always,

"Your good

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Saturday night, November 1st, 1856.

"I received last evening, my dear wife, your letter of the 24th October; it is very sad! Marie did not look so well! This pains me. The scene you describe, or rather the night you had just spent with her, watching her in her apparatus despite her tears, her piteous prayers, stirred my heart to its very depths. I realize how your poor heart must have been torn by the cries of that dear child; my own bled simply at your recital. And yet while admiring your courage and applauding your determination, and which my own judgment entirely approves, I cannot understand how your firmness resisted. I feel that my own would have melted before the tears of that poor little afflicted one. But I realize also that from day to day in the matter of tenderness I grow weaker.

"May you soon be able to tell me, that our dear little darling has finally resigned herself to remaining in her box! Children so quickly become reconciled, are so fertile in resources of amusement, and our little angel has so much sense, sweetness and patience, that I dare to hope it. As

\* His little niece. Nancy had married Mr. Robert A. Bakewell of St. Louis, a rising young lawyer and a devout convert to the Catholic Faith and descended from Scott's Peveril of the Peak and remotely back to a Norman Count who came over to England with William the Conqueror. One of his relatives, a Miss Bakewell, married Audubon, the great naturalist. In 1875, Robert was appointed by the Governor of Missouri a Judge of the St. Louis Court of Appeals and later, by election, he held the same position.

† His brother-in-law, Doctor N. Lewis Hornsby of Kentucky, then settled near Limours and a promising young physician practicing his profession. A recent convert he became a most exemplary Catholic. He married Madeleine (Toto).

‡ Julius' little Octavie.



stimulants will be more than ever necessary, don't fail constantly to keep in your room a bottle of wine, in order with a little of it to season every glass of water she will drink. During Winter wine will readily keep two or three days, and if you think that perchance after the second day it might sour, you could send that bottle to the table and open a fresh one. We must run no risk with our little invalid, and this wine was purchased specially for her. Let me implore you, my own Mariquitta, to restrain yourself in her regard should she continue to make any resistance to entering or remaining in her apparatus: I beg of you never to be impatient with her! Not alone on her account do I make this request, for poor little thing, a moment afterwards she would, I know, forget it and would bear no resentment; but, dearest, on your own account; for should we chance to lose her, you would then, remembering it, suffer *so much*. I know how you are suffering, how you at times are worn out and at others completely bereft of strength and fortitude, and if sometimes you are overcome with impatience, it seems to me that God would pardon you for it. Be assured then that in what I now say to you I wish only to avoid for you in the future perhaps moments of bitterness.

"Poor dear wife, how my heart grieves at the thought of the frightful nights, the painful and toilsome days, which you are spending alone, far away from me, and I unable to lend you any, even the least aid. I thank you for the promise you make me of sleeping as much as you can during the day, in order to recruit your strength worn out by so many sleepless nights. But will you keep to this promise? Alas, I know you too well to dare expect it! And yet it would afford me such pleasure!

"Bear in mind, my dear wife, what I have before so strongly urged: to keep always on your stove a large basin full of water, so as to prevent the air of your room from becoming too dry. Do not forget this, and let the interdict be absolute that Miss Na shall not approach the stove. To prevent her being burned this winter I think that it would be well to buy a fender of an oval shape and at least two feet in height.

"You do not tell me if Na appeared to miss me; I fear she did not. I dare not flatter myself that I made much inroad upon the heart of my little daughter, notwithstanding all my tender affection for her and my efforts to win her to me.

"*Sunday, November 2nd.*—Do not think that I forget our handsome little boy. You may be surprised at it, and yet during my journey I missed him even more than my little girls. You know that my babies have always been my passion. An infant is something so pure, so innocent, so velvety, so attractive! As I did not desire to see my daughters emerge from so charming an age, you can imagine what it costs me to think that my little boy now so sweet, so delightful, must one day become noisy, blustering, saucy, and an urchin, as the most of boys are.

"I promise you that I will not forget him and that I love him dearly. I miss him a great deal and there are moments when I would love to wit-

ness one of his fits of temper. What would I not give to see his pretty little smile, hear his sweet coo, kiss his little satiny cheeks?

"I am very much occupied at the office, and the days have become so short that on my return from dinner scarcely a half hour of daylight remains. Yesterday I met Major Lee, but he said nothing to me of my project of a voyage to France, so that I begin to regard it as about condemned.

"On Friday I attended a dancing soir  e at Col. Cooper's. I did not see how I could refuse this the first invitation. And yet, just as I expected, it proved to be for me a real bore, as I knew none of the ladies, so that at the first opportunity I spirited myself away.

"I like Col. Cooper very much, he is so truly amiable. In my regard he is every thing I could wish. I am very content with my position, it quite reconciles me to the Army, and the future appears to smile upon me. For I believe that the increase of the Army will soon become an absolute necessity, without which it will be impossible to obtain officers. Every day our best officers abandon the service. Already this year have we announced 28 resignations and we have since received twenty more. The Army, moreover, must be increased, especially if we should acquire the Island of Cuba; hence I do not in the least despair of one day writing upon my visiting cards '*Col. Garesch  .*'

"Tenderly kiss my little children for me. How did my little girls like the letters I wrote to them? Very lovingly do I clasp you in my arms, my beloved Mariquitta, and always remain in all truthfulness.

"Your good JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, November 2, 1856.

"I forgot to tell you, darling, that Dr. Abadie instead of living in the city, as I supposed, stays at Jefferson\* Barracks. It is useful for you to know this, should any sudden need of a physician occur, too urgent to send to St. Louis.

"Do not forget when you meet Boislini  re, always to remember me affectionately to him, for he is a man I dearly love.

"In the Church of St. Patrick's, just opposite my lodgings, the Redemptorist Fathers have begun a Mission which I shall regularly attend and from which I hope to reap great fruit. One† of them is an old acquaintance of mine, a graduate of West Point, who was there at the same time as myself, later an officer of the Army. He was then a Protestant, but

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\* Military post on the Mississippi River six miles below Carondelet and about three from Limours.

† Father Geo. Deshon, a graduate of West Point in 1843 and a universal favorite at the Academy, and a capital horseman. Upon his graduation he was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps and promoted 1st Lieutenant of the same Corps July 10, 1851.

immediately on his conversion, he renounced the world to consecrate himself entirely to God. I have just returned from a visit to him.

"To-day, dear wife, I expect a letter from you and I hope that I may not be disappointed. I think so often of you and of our children, my dear Mariquitta, but without being sad or discouraged. Every day you become dearer to me, for I can no longer doubt that you too love me *much* more than formerly, and that your affection for me unceasingly grows; and very naturally this gives me pleasure and makes me love you so much the more. The affection I bear my children is also reflected upon yourself; the more I love them the more necessarily do I love you, and I love them *with my whole heart!* Dear little beings, how much I do miss them! But notwithstanding I bear our separation this time with a courage which surprises me. But the fact is I am full of hope,—hope first for Marie and next that I shall see you in four or five months, and this interval seems so brief in comparison with the terrible nine months during which we have been separated. The promise of Col. Cooper, so frankly offered, that whenever I wish I may visit you, encourages and strengthens me, and makes the time appear shorter which must still separate us.

"I have just this moment, my own dear wife, received your letter of the 26th and 28th ult., and it gave me untold pleasure.

"The enjoyment you experience from my gift to your Father, and that he himself derives from its possession, enchants me. I had thought that in this I would gratify you, and am overjoyed to have succeeded so well. You cannot imagine the pleasure I experience from the manner in which you write of it, and of the pleasure which you say it afforded him.

"I am glad to see my hope realized in Madeleine's improvement. After she has been so exhausted by suffering, it is to be expected that from time to time there will be trivial set backs, but which, most fortunately, will not arrest her perfect cure.

"I am eager to learn that our little Marie is reconciled to her apparatus, sleeping tranquilly in it, and seeming to improve.

"I am so pleased to know that Master Louis is becoming wiser, especially at night. May this continue!

"I begin to breathe more freely, to feel less uneasiness about you. It did worry me *so much* to see you doomed to such slavery, so painful, so wearisome, so much above your strength, my own dear wife, and yet not to be able to share the burden with you. But your letter has done me so much good; to see you so nicely and comfortably installed with your Parents, and in better health! If now your children would only let you sleep at night! I beg and implore of you, dear Mariquitta, to do all in your power to give better habits to Louis.

"*Friday, November 7th.*—Only a moment, dearest, is left me to close my letter, having been too much occupied the last few days to finish it. Your letter did me so much good that I am feeling splendidly and would love to have another like it soon.



"I wrote to Father Olivier day before yesterday to ask of him a Novena of Masses for our intention, begging him also to ask of the Ladies of the Convent to join in our prayers. Don't forget to give generously for the Masses which are to be said by the Jesuit Fathers, and to give a good alms to the Sisters of St. Joseph. When asking their prayers remember that it is pleasing to God to see alms accompanying prayers, and that He especially likes to see the Poor paid for their prayers. Bear in mind that we no longer hope for the cure of Marie through medical skill, and that we no longer even have recourse to it. We address ourselves to God alone:—but God, the Sovereign Physician, never does any thing for nothing. He *always* wants to be repaid, but repaid in the persons of his Poor. Do not forget this, but be guided by it in your actions. The money we would have fruitlessly spent on Doctors let us give *freely* to the Poor, offering it to God with our *prayers*, for the spiritual and temporal good of our child. Be assured that this money will not be idly spent.

"Good-bye, darling, affectionately embrace for me all the family; tenderly kiss our dear children, and receive a thousand kisses from your husband and

"Your JULES."

The following description by Julius, of the death of the Blessed Virgin and her ascension into Heaven, comes in very appropriately here.

"The last moments of a Napoleon, a Cæsar, a Cato, a Washington, and even of a Jackson, a Webster and a Clay, are familiar to you all. The great, the powerful, and the wise of this world have their chronicles ever. The piety of the faithful has also tenderly commemorated the lives and deaths of the heroes of Christianity. But there has occurred *one Death*, of the greatest, wisest, best, as well as the fairest and most perfect of all human kind, of which we know scarce any thing. History is silent, tradition even has scarcely ventured to speak of it above a whisper. It occurred, near 1800 years ago, in a solitary grot, in a lonely forest of Judea. Transport ourselves thither in imagination, my beloved brethren; for the glory of that death is above that of all others, save only one. The sun is shining brightly over our heads, but with a soft uncommon radiance; the moon and all the stars that light up the blue firmament at night, are dimly seen looking on in solemn expectation; no breeze sweeps across the vault of heaven, though all the winds have gathered to this spot, yet not a leaf is stirring upon the tall cedars, that overlook the spot;—wild animals, the fiercest of the savage kind, are seen here and there among the trees, and yet no sound of strife is heard, for they have assembled to weep the departure of her, who had tamed their savage hearts to love. All nature is hushed in silent awe, for the queen of this world, and the next, is dying! Enter we under that lonely shed, on which those mournful doves are perching. No riches of this earth are there. Bare are those naked walls



of ornament, hard is that pallet on the ground, on which lies stretched that noble and venerable form. Dim is the light, which streams in upon her wasted features. Of all mankind, but *one*, is kneeling by the bedside of that sweet Lady, Help of Christians, the mother of their God and Maker; one living incarnation of *purity* and *love*, is, alone, admitted to the privilege of representing his kind, on this great occasion. We hold our breath. What deep toned bell resounds upon our ears? What soft yet dazzling light gleams upon our wondering eyes? The wall of flesh is broken down, our spirits mount in ecstasy with St. John's, for lo! the hour has struck, and oh! the brightness of those radiant spirits, who troop in joy unutterable around the throne, on which ascends their immaculate glorified Queen! In what a flood of light, glory and beauty, is every thing bathed! What balmy and delicious fragrance, what thrilling and exquisite music fills the air! 'Tis Heaven's own Jubilee, the coronation day of her own sweet queen! See the radiant hosts, as they pour out to meet and welcome that bright procession! Joy! Joy is in every heart! See, our great Saviour, Himself, descends:—they meet! With what love thrills that pure heart, with what new glory flames that Immaculate form, as, at length, she is reunited, and forever, to her own dear Son. Hand in hand, they kneel before the cloud capped Throne of the Triune God, and, for a moment, there is a pause of stillness before that awful throne, whilst Adonijah blesses his loving daughter, his tender Mother, his virgin spouse. Loud as the rolling thunder, low and deep as the murmur of Ocean in his inmost caves, it echoes along the vault of Heaven, 'Ave Maria Immaculata! Benedicta tu in Mulieribus!'—'Ave Maria Immaculata! Ave Maria, Regina Nostra,' the Choirs of Heaven repeat, and louder, still louder swells that ravishing melody, as spirit after spirit joins in the holy Canticle, each striving with the other, to do honor to Her, whom Christ crowns Queen of Heaven and seats next to the Throne, itself, high above Heaven's highest.

"And now, it is with the 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum,' that the courts of Heaven resound, as choir by choir, and band by band, that mighty host defiles before its Queen, bending as they pass, in loving homage before Her glittering throne—Cherubim and Seraphim, Thrones and Dominations, Principalities and Powers, Archangels, Angels, Crowned Pontiffs and glorious Martyrs, Patriarchs and Prophets, fair Virgins and white robed Innocents, and the twelve tribes of Israel, following after Peter and the eleven, the holy Baptist, the lofty Michael, Joachim and Anna, and blessed Joseph, prostrate themselves in turn before her.

"O Mary, *our* Mother, too, forget not thy frail children in this triumphant hour!—Forget! oh! Mary knows not how to forget aught but the injuries done her by her enemies. Scarce had the army of Heaven passed by, and the last notes of the loud chorus, 'Te Deum Laudamus, te Dominum confitemur,' died away upon the ravished ear, ere she is kneeling at the feet of her Divine Son, and even before she has time to open her sweet lips, her angels have winged their rapid way, for they know that her

prayer is heard, and the gates of Purgatory are thrown wide open, and thousands of blessed souls come pouring out, up to her feet, to thank and bless her for their deliverance; whilst far over the wide spread earth, the banner of mercy is flying, and souls in their dreadful agony, have breathed a sudden hope, have felt a sudden strength, and calmly sink into the slumber of death, with her blessed name upon their lips:—others again, whose blood is coursing wildly through their heated veins, and who are even on the very point of yielding to some damning seduction of the foe, feel a sudden chill spreading through their bones, and striking to their hearts, whilst the scales of passion fall from their eyes, and murmuring, ‘Mary, mother,’ they sink on their knees, and beat their sorrowing breasts; whilst the baffled demons fly—hell rages—serpents creep into their dens—storms die upon the sea—and peace is upon the earth and in the hearts of men.

“AMEN.”

Further remarks of Mr. John T. Doyle, one of Julius’ boyhood friends at Georgetown College.

“After concluding his course at the Point and entering the army I cannot recollect where Julius was stationed, nor how frequently we met. In 1853 I came to California and lost sight of him till 1856, when I went East on a visit. Naturally I drifted to Georgetown and its old familiar scenes and there enquiring for old friends learned that Julius was in the Adjutant General’s Office, where I went next morning to hunt him up.

“From that time I never lost him again until we all lost him.

“His mind was imbued with a deep religious feeling, it was real piety, —not the sort that makes men grim, cold or censorious,—quite the contrary, his disposition was merry and his laugh frequent and hearty, but never once did I know him to go in the least beyond ‘the limits of becoming mirth.’

“There was a Church (St. Patrick’s) around the corner from his house, which could be passed on his way to the War Department. His habit was to stop there and hear Mass, or if no Mass were celebrated at the hour, then to say his prayers, on the way from his house to the Office; and going in there of an afternoon to look for the priest, on some errand or other, I have stumbled upon him kneeling at a bench, engaged in silent devotions after office hours.

“He was a remarkably conscientious man and scrutinized his own conduct with vigilant severity. To the faults of others, however, he was indulgent, always ready to find an excuse or palliation if any reasonable ground existed. I remember once when discussing his straightened circumstances and the fact that he had been compelled by the smallness of his pay to encroach upon his modest patrimony, I suggested that he was by the Army Regulation entitled to the keep of a horse and that he did not draw that. His answer was, the horse must be actually kept to entitle

him to it, and that would merely add to his expenses. I suggested that, no doubt, a livery stable keeper would contract to hire him a horse and keep him ever at his disposal, for less than the ration, and the balance even if small would be of some service. He replied, that was no doubt true, but that the law (or the rule) required a certificate as to the keeping of the horse, in such terms, that he could not sign it unless he owned and kept the horse. I heard afterwards that other officers did draw a horse-keep ration, in virtue of an arrangement with some stable for the use of an animal, and mentioned it to him. He said he believed it was so and he was glad they saw their way clear to do it, but for his own part he could not.

“That was all there was of it—no disposition to find fault with them,—but simply he could not see it.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

Julius' pleasure at the receipt of Mariquitta's last letters and his tender exhortations to her about her own health and the necessity of now turning Marie's attention to God and His Divine Mother—Father Telmon's Crucifix—how good God is to them all, even in their separation—sudden death of a gentleman in his Boarding House and frantic grief of the wife and mother—his longing and yet fear for another letter—receipt thereof and his great joy at its contents—approval of day chosen for the termination of the Novena—his gratification at the pleasure his little letters gave to his little girls and anxiety to know what Na thought of hers—abandons his voyage to Algiers for Mariquitta's sake—physical and spiritual good the Mission did him and wonderful eloquence of one of the Fathers—desire that his wife should speak only French to their children—about his renounced wish to visit France and Algiers—Capt. Ord's admiring criticism on his "Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Friday, November 7, 1856.

"MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

"Though but to-day I sent you a letter, I cannot restrain myself from repeating to you what pleasure and solace I derived from your letter of the 26th and 28th. What particularly gratified me was what you tell me of the little present I left for your Father and that it gave to yourself such pleasure.

"Your whole letter, however, did me good in its partial dissipation of the painful idea I had brought away with me, of the crushing life you were leading.

"Now that \*Madeleine is so much better, that your Mother without doubt is able to spend much more of her time at home, do, I beseech you, my Mariquitta, try and take a sleep every day, for you are so much in need of it! Another recommendation, dear Mariquitta, which you must not fail to observe is this, that I have been surprised at our little Marie's degree of intelligence. Reflecting since upon it, I think that it is time that we began seriously to occupy ourselves with the precious soul God has committed to our charge. If we do not soon begin to direct her heart and mind to God, she might acquire evil tendencies. Hang, therefore, in your room that large crucifix,† which was given to me by Father Telmon

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\* Madeleine, after her marriage to Doctor Hornsby, was now residing on his property of "Wildwood," adjacent to Limours.

† Julius always held this Crucifix in great veneration as a souvenir of



and which I entrusted at the *Dépôt* to your Father. Explain it to Marie; relate to her the Passion of our Saviour; the Creation of the world; the history of Adam and Eve; of Cain and Abel; of Abraham and Lot; of Joseph and his brother; of Moses; and of the march of the Israelites through the Desert. Tell her of the Manna, and of the partridges which God sent to them from Heaven; of the water He caused to gush from the rocks to slake their thirst; of the prophet Elias fed every day by a raven; of Achab and Jezabel, of their wickedness and their terrible death, &c., &c. Make brief comments on what you relate, so that she may understand the moral. But especially teach her to love the Blessed Virgin; to note her sweetness, her goodness, her love for mankind. To sympathize with the Passion of our Lord, make her understand how she may mitigate it, by her own resignation in suffering, by being kind to her little sister, &c., &c. You will see that these stories will wonderfully interest our little Marie, and thus you will accomplish two objects;—her own amusement, and at the same time the direction of her soul to God.

“*Sunday, November 9.*—I long to know that our dear little Marie has learned to spend all her time in the apparatus. I hope to have a letter this morning, and I shall soon go and enquire for it. Dear little wife, I hope that you have begun to regain your courage, to reconcile yourself to our separation, and that God will grant you the health and strength necessary to enable you to bear up under the distressing duty imposed on you. I hope that our dear little Marie no longer complains of my absence and yet I hope that she does not forget me, but loves me as dearly as ever. Does not Na ever speak of me; has she ever seemed, however slightly, to regret me? I fear this question is a very useless one. Naturally my beautiful little Louis does not think of me, yet I often think of him. How I would dearly love to hold him in my arms; to kiss his little satiny cheeks; and to enjoy now his look grave and solemn, then again his sweet smile. Dearest, we should rather thank God for his goodness to us, than think that our fate is unfortunate. True we are separated, but how many wives have

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good Father Telmon. After Julius' death Mariquitta prized it most highly, because he had thought so much of it. In her last moments it was continually with her and after her death it reposed upon her bosom, but was taken off before the coffin was nailed up. Her children continued to treasure the Crucifix as a most precious relic, on account of all its associations with the memory of their beloved Parents. It was one of the few last loving objects that Tavie, into whose hands it had come, clung to just prior to her Reception of the White Veil in her Carmelite Convent, in June 1886, when she presented it to her brother: for Religious are supposed then to relinquish all earthly things that they care for, to make a complete sacrifice of all they hold dearest—objects as well as relatives and friends—for the sake of their Divine Redeemer.

The wood of this Crucifix is costly and rare, and the figure of our Lord is of bronze and is of exquisite workmanship. The Crucifix entire is very old.

much more reason than yourself for sorrow? You may remember what I related to you last winter, how I was awakened in the middle of the night by the sobs of a poor Mother who had just lost her child in the room adjoining mine. This morning I was aroused by a servant and asked to hurry down to the apartment of this same lady who believed her husband to be dead. I did so, and found her almost crazy, pacing in haste the floor, weeping, shrieking, her Mother-in-Law even yet more agitated. I approached the bed; felt, and found only a corpse. And yet they would not believe it. One of them forced into my hand a glass full of something and told me to try to make him swallow it. But alas! it was impossible. Poor Mother! poor wife! This man was in the flower of Life, a fine looking man, vigorous and full of strength, but from time to time he drank, and had had several attacks of mania a potu. He died suddenly, without a symptom of impending Death; without the sacraments, without Religion! Here was a woman who might indeed be declared unhappy! And many another is there in the world!

"I feel a little uneasy to have received no letter from you, darling. I should without fail have received one yesterday, hence I felt *certain* of one to-day. I fear that you or Marie or Louis are suffering; something must certainly have occurred; for I have observed in the course of our correspondence, that after having received from you a letter so encouraging as your last to me, so full of good news, the next arrival is the bearer of tidings that overcast my joy. Hence the other day after having twice read this good letter, and in the midst of the pleasure I derived from it, the thought recurred to me, that the letter which will follow will be of a character to dissipate my happiness. May it prove otherwise, but I dread that it may be so! It is, undoubtedly, my little Marie who has become worse. But we may expect this, and that before the end of the Novena she may cause us even serious fears. For remember, as I have already remarked, this would be a favorable sign, a proof that God is about to vouchsafe her cure, but makes a final trial of our faith and confidence in Him, as if to assure Himself that we are worthy of so great a blessing. Take courage then, dearest, falter not at the very moment when there is the greatest need of showing yourself firm and courageous, and full of confidence in and love of God!

"Embrace your Mother, your Father, your Sisters, \*Che-tobaccò, and Robert, for me: remember me kindly to Dr. Lewis: and give very friendly messages to the *Bulls* and the *Hornsbys*.† These names certainly belong to the same families. Say good-day to Lucy.‡ Tenderly pet my dear children for me and receive for yourself, my dear wife, a host of kisses from your

"JULES."

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\* His little Octavie.

† Brothers of Dr. N. L. Hornsby.

‡ Nurse of his children.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Tuesday, November 11, 1856.

"MY DEAR MARIQUITTA,

"At last I have just received your letter, dated the 2d, but post-marked at St. Louis the 6th. I read it with very great pleasure and am rejoiced to find that no serious mishap has occurred; notwithstanding that my little Louis had been so sick, as to excite your serious fears. Yet as he has safely emerged from his illness, I see that there was no foundation for the anxieties I began to feel for yourself. I see with some regret that our dear little Marie does not appear to be as well as during my visit. But even if she grew much worse I would feel confident that the Novena would save her: for God would never resist the prayers of so many priests, Religious, and other holy persons. No matter how much worse she may grow, do not lose courage. Remember that God sometimes makes His favors so startling that it is impossible not to recognize His beneficence and consequently to bless Him.

"I perfectly approve of the day you have chosen for the termination of the Novena and hence its beginning should be on the 30th of November, should it not? Or perhaps on the 29th? I am so glad that your Mother intends to solicit the prayers of the Religious of the Sacred Heart and those of Ste. Clotilde, and especially that she will obtain prayers at Notre Dame des Victoires.\*

"I feel so gratified that my little letters gave such delight to my little girls. I wish you had written to me what they said about them, particularly Tavie. I am so curious to learn the impression made upon her.

"I am very content to learn that the stove gives so much satisfaction to you and to Marie; and that you always carefully keep some water on it. You pleased me also so much by your delight at your lamp—I who had reproached myself in its purchase as having committed a great folly.

"*Thursday the 13th.*—I have just received a letter from Alexander, who promises not only that he and Laura † will join in our Novena, but that he will also go with her to Communion for our intention. I agree with you that it is better not to ask too long prayers of the persons who have the kindness to associate themselves with us in this Novena, and I entirely approve of the choice you have made. You might perfectly well have written to Father Emig who is well aware that you are my wife. I could not, because it would be but proper that at the same time I should send him the money for the Masses. And it would be the same in respect to Father Damen. I shall ask Alexander to do it for me.

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\* A church in Paris celebrated for its miracles. Its walls are covered with votive offerings.

† Eldest daughter of Thomas Van Zandt of New York, (of an old Knickerbocker family) and married to Alexander in Cincinnati May 8, 1849. She was a convert and a most devoted Catholic.



"I cannot answer your query, darling, as to the nature of Mary Willcox's sickness; for I have never enquired and do not know.

"*Friday, Nov. 14th.*—It is raining this afternoon and the weather is ugly, sombre and sad, and I do not, darling, feel in the humor for writing to you. I have a little of the 'blues,' and as I have but little to tell you I will close my letter.

"The Mission finished yesterday and produced great results. This morning I asked Father Deshon, if he would not among his companions have a Novena of Masses ending on the 8th December said for our intention. He promised that he would and also that the Novices should join us in our prayers.

"I send you herewith two pictures given me for you; one (a Mater Amabilis) by my Confessor; and the other by Mrs. Lay,\* an 'Our Lady of the Cross,' which had belonged to Mrs. Mattingly.† I have had them both indulgenced, so that every time a prayer is said before them or the picture is reverently kissed, an indulgence, I think, of 50 days is gained. I do not know if the indulgence be transferrable.

"Good-bye, dear, dear wife, what would I not give to embrace you, to hold you even but for a moment in my arms! Embrace all the family for me. Caress fondly our children.

"Ever wholly thine, dear Mariquitta,

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Saturday, November 15, 1856.

"I am, my beloved wife, just in receipt of your letter of the 7th, and I learn with sorrow that my little Louis has been so seriously ill and has caused you so much anxiety, and by making you pass so many sleepless nights, so much impaired your strength. However, I receive with pleasure your assurance that he was out of danger, and your promise that I need no longer worry about him. I hope that now he is entirely recovered you have been able to recuperate from your fatigue. Poor dear wife! how painful it is to me to see you ever thus condemned to a life so wearisome by its fatigues, so painful by reason of its anxieties, as that which you have been compelled for the last two years to endure by the sickness of one or the other of our children.

"I have not the heart, my darling, to resist your affectionate appeal to me, to abandon for your sake my voyage to France. In fact, my dear wife, 'your good opinion' is of itself sufficient. To please you above every

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\* Mrs. Richard Lay. Her family were very intimate with Julius and subsequently with Mariquitta.

† A relative of Mrs. Lay, and the one cured of a lingering disease by a celebrated miracle performed through the instrumentality of the sainted Father and Prince Galitzin.



one else in the world is my highest desire and if therefore my 'actual reputation' satisfies you, and that in your estimation I cannot mount higher, I can have no wish to cause you pain by an effort to enhance it in the eyes of others. Hence I promise you to make none, not even the slightest effort to obtain permission to visit Algeria. But you must not ask too much of me, therefore do not require of me that I should say to Major Lee to go and tell the Secretary of War, in case he should have spoken to him about it, that I no longer wish to go. You can easily imagine that this would create a most injurious opinion of me. But let this not worry you, for to me it seems as if Major Lee had so far forgotten my request, that I have felt a reluctance in reminding him of it. And though, since our conversation on the subject, I have often found myself in his company, he has never broached the matter. I think, therefore, you have no further need of anxiety.

"I confess it costs me a great deal to give it up, for I had set my heart upon it. Aside from the special object I had in view, I would have been much pleased with it, greatly enjoyed it. And even if our Marie should be cured by the prayers we are about to have offered up for her, she would be no more fit to travel in the Spring than she was last Autumn. But do not reproach yourself, darling, that you have asked of me too great a sacrifice; I have already remarked to you that my hopes of success in respect to this voyage were gradually fading away. Hence my assent to your request, may be but the anticipation of what would really have been the result.

"The observation you make about Col. Cooper, strikes me as possessing a great deal of force and justice. For if I would gain his good will, and seek to make myself so useful to him, that he would be unwilling to part with me, I certainly will not accomplish this by leaving him at the very moment he begins to know and to appreciate me. He would soon forget me, and it might not on my return be so easy to ingratiate myself with him. This reflection, even before your letter came, had already occurred to me, but I had slighted it, so eager was my desire to take this trip and not to spend another Winter and Spring as I did the last.

"*Sunday, November 16.*—Your letter of the 7th, my dear little Mari-quitta, gave me unalloyed pleasure. I relished with delight the perfume of tenderness and affection with which it was so strongly imbued. For it is so sweet to find myself so loved by you, and nothing could compensate me for the loss of this affection, or entirely console me for your absence. I acknowledge, therefore, that notwithstanding all the pleasure of a trip to Algeria, as I pictured it to myself, nevertheless I quailed before the thought of a separation from you for an entire year. Happily, we are not obliged to endure such a trial.

"During the whole Mission, and in fact since my arrival, I have suffered from a dreadful cold in the head, which stupefied me and kept me continually in a feverish state. I persisted, however, in following all the lectures,

rising before five in the morning and returning home only at ten o'clock at night. But I have received my reward for it, not only by the spiritual benefit I have derived from it, but scarcely had the Mission ended, when my cold, which had grown so bad that it threatened to put me to bed, *suddenly, entirely*, and as if by *enchantment*, disappeared!

"You should have followed this Mission, it was wonderful to see the Power which God had conferred upon these preachers. One, in particular, completely swayed his auditors, reaching their hearts as if by a thunder-bolt; men and women, rich and poor, fell upon their knees, weeping, sobbing, stirred, penetrated to the very depths of their souls. Never in my life have I seen a *man* wield such a power, such an empire over the hearts of his fellow-creatures.

"I am so glad to hear that Madeleine steadily improves. You see I was, from its outset, right in my appreciation of her case.

"Again, dear Mariquitta, I beg of you to watch over yourself that you do not speak English to our children. You know I never refuse you any thing: strive then to give me this pleasure by a compliance with this, the request I have so often made to you. If you do not now habituate them to the French, later you will find it impossible. I do not doubt but you earnestly wish to see your children acquire it, but you can form no idea of the enormous difficulty which we will find in obtaining it for them, even though we make every effort for it. What then will it be, if you yourself are in the habit of speaking English to them? You have often made fun of the French of Alexander and Ferdinand, and yet they have improved so much in it since they have lived in St. Louis: and, especially, since mine and their marriages,\* by which they have been forced to speak it. Well! I repeat that it is impossible to have given one's self more trouble than Mamma took to induce them to speak French. Had she done as you do with our children, to-day they would not know one word of it.

"Affectionately embrace all the family for me, caress very tenderly our dear little children: tell my little Marie that her Papa sorrows because he is away from her, and would be happy if he could be with her, to pet her, to amuse her, to serve her, and thoroughly to spoil her. Say to Na that her Papa loves her very much, and will she not love her dear Papa at least a little? Fondle my beautiful little Louis and tell him that Papa would so like to hold him in his arms, to kiss him, to enjoy his delicious little crow.

"You did not tell me in your last letter whether my little Marie is more reconciled to her apparatus, whether she consents to sleep in it; and, yet, I have great need of knowing all this, for your first letter announced that she rebelled against it.

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\* Ferdinand was married to Miss Rosella Hicks of St. Louis, a pious Catholic of French descent.

"Adieu! dearest wife, I embrace you with all my heart, as I love you, and ever am

"Your good

"JULES."

"P. S. Do not forget at the end of each month to make up your accounts and to inform me: 1st, the *amount* of your expenses *during the month*: 2d, *how much* money you have *left*."

It had long been the desire of Julius to visit France and Algeria, but his tender and devoted love for his Mariquitta and children was too strong to permit himself a voluntary separation from them. But during his sojourn in Washington in 1856 the desire returned, and upon his coming back from Limours in the Fall of the same year, seeing the hopeless impossibility of his darlings joining him for many months apparently, he thought during the interval he would carry out his intention and thus his separation would not be so poignant.

The French were then extending their possessions in Algeria, and from the fact that he was an Army Officer and possessed of a thorough knowledge of the French language he thought he might be permitted to make a campaign with their Army. Such permissions during a time of War are constantly accorded to the Officers of friendly Powers, even though such Powers do not themselves participate. An additional advantage in his favor, as he imagined, was that his family were of French extraction and several of his wife's and his own relatives were then, or had been lately, in the French Army.

He was almost sure of success, though doubtful at first, of receiving the desired permission from his Superiors. He had already received from his Father-in-law and Mariquitta's uncle, Jean Baptiste de Coudroy de Lauréal, letters of introduction to Monsieur le Colonel and Marquis de Tanlay and Monsieur le Lieutenant General and Comte de MacMahon, and to other distinguished French Officers when Mariquitta's earnest supplications induced him to abandon his scheme, and he sacrificed for her sake all his wished for projects.

This idea of visiting Algeria suggested to him shortly afterwards the Translation of the "Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves."

In 1860, when his Translation appeared before the public, General Ord, then Captain, in a letter to him dated September 29, 1860, speaking of it, says :—

“I have read a portion of your translation with great interest and think you hit upon one of the most stirring, soldierly Books I have ever read, and that you have preserved the ardor and enthusiasm with which the narrator tells his experience, as if you had been along. I sent a short account of the origin of the Zouaves to the *Century* four or five weeks since, and I was glad to see that my authority agreed with yours.”



## CHAPTER XXVI.

Julius' description to Mariquitta of all he has done and is doing regarding the Novena, and his earnest entreaty to turn Marie's thoughts to our Saviour and Holy Religion—his heart's longings for Mariquitta and his children and his passionate love and yearning for her society—that it is their duty now and how they should turn their little girls' minds to God—love for his little Louis, Na and Marie—Mrs. Goddard—Julius' ever ready courtesy to women and his joke about one—a man's greatest human happiness—re-assembling of Congress and a respite of work—commencement of the Novena—the little Orphans of the Asylum and their belief in the efficacy of their own prayers—tender entreaties to Mariquitta to take more care of her health and to be less scrupulous—his confidence in the good result of the Novena, that God will surely grant their prayer, but if not then they must bear the cross patiently—entreats her not to despair about it—flattered by Na's refusal—his singular pleasure in knowing that Mariquitta dotes so tenderly on their little Louis—daily cold water bath.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Thursday, November 20, 1856. ”

“To-day there is a holiday in all of the departments and I greedily profit by it for my correspondence. For I have been so preoccupied since my return here, that I have not found time to write to any one save yourself, my dearly beloved. Hence I have written to Alexander, to ask of him to see Father Damen and Father Emig, to ask of each to say for our intention a Novena of Masses. Then I wrote directly to those two Fathers, to expose to them the distressing condition of our child and to seek to interest them in her regard. In the same strain I have written to Father Gleizal, and have also asked of him during the Novena to offer the Holy Sacrifice for our intention and to persuade the Novices and the Brothers under his charge to join us in prayer. I wrote to my Aunt Lalite, begging her to unite with us and to go to Communion for our intention, and to persuade the Religious of her Convent, and those of that of Baltimore (where a great miracle has recently been obtained, by a Novena in honor of Blessed Marie de la Coque), also to associate themselves with us in the Novena. I also wrote to Frederick, to recommend our intention to him, and to beg of him to obtain as many Masses and prayers as he can for our intention. I wrote also to the Mother Superioress of the Carmelites at Baltimore, to inform her when the Novena would begin, what were the prayers to be said, and reminding her of her promise to make it with us.

“Every thing is therefore arranged. Let us then begin at once to pre-

pare our souls to make this Novena well, so that we may deserve that God should vouchsafe to us so great a grace as the recovery of our dear child. And here let me repeat the injunction I have already so strenuously inculcated, dear Mariquitta, regarding our duty of beginning at once, by every means within our power, suitable to a child of her years, of directing her soul to God—by placing before her eyes the Crucifixion of our Lord; by describing to her His Holy Passion; by relating to her the life of our Saviour; by explaining to her the Fall of Man, the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, and that from Sin arise all of the sufferings and misery of this world; and by making her familiar with the immense goodness of our Saviour, who came Himself upon this Earth to atone for our sins &c., &c.

“Seriously consider, my dear wife, what an immense responsibility would rest upon us if, in deference to our prayers, God should accord to us the life of our child. Think! that perhaps God destined her for an early end, with an *Eternity of Happiness*; and should we by our prayers recall her to this life of Temptation, what a *Hell* for us if by our negligence we permitted this child to be lost! Can you think of this and not at once use every means within your power to direct her thoughts to God! Therefore gently teach her to say her prayers, night and morning; but let them be brief, so as not to weary her; and try to teach her to love God and the Blessed Virgin. And what in this respect you do for her, you will soon be required to repeat for Octavie.

“Good-bye, darling, embrace all of the family for me; lavish a thousand caresses upon our dear little children, and for yourself receive as many kisses as you care to accept from your devoted husband

“JULES.”

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Sunday, November 23, 1856.

“Your letter, my dear wife, of the 11th is the last I have received, and I was disappointed this morning not to have had another.

“For my own part I must write to you very briefly to-day, for I labored and wrote so much last week that to-day I would fain take a little rest. Besides I have no news to tell you, nothing of interest to communicate, and you know that without the inspiration of a letter from you my ideas are sluggish.

“I am very well, my morale is excellent, I bear courageously our separation; but nevertheless I miss you exceedingly, my dear wife, I was not born to live alone. Almost all my happiness is centered in yourself and the rest in our children. It seems to me that I would be but too happy if, with our children around us, I could have as much of your society as before they were born. But I fear that I shall never again possess such enjoyment: for you have so accustomed those dear little beings not to be able either night or day to do without you, that they, poor little beings, without the suspicion of it, have raised a barrier between us, which will deprive me of enjoying your society as much as my heart would desire.

Painfully did I realize this during the visit I have just made you. Neither night nor day could I feel certain of a moment's peace with you, the slave of those dear children, and to whom at every instant you had to run. Hence, at times, I could not withhold a sigh, for the happy days when you were exclusively my own. And although we did not appreciate those days as we should, yet I remember with delight some of them, intervals of that Spring time of Love, the first year of married life, embalmed in elating and delicious memory!

"Perhaps it is even better that I did not then realize that I was loved by you as much as I wished you to love me: for, as I believe, I am possessed of so ardent a nature,—love, the necessity of being loved, are sentiments so strong within my breast, that, if they had been fully satisfied, my whole being might have been overpowered by them and I might in my adoration of my Eve have forgotten or neglected the great and good God, from whom I had received her as my gift.

"Undoubtedly, it is for the best that our dear children so much preoccupy you. And yet, though I so often repeat it, that our first duty is to them and that we should even sacrifice ourselves wholly to their weakness, their need of us; still, despite the suggestions on this subject of Reason and of Religion, at times I will sigh a little for that greater enjoyment of your society which formerly I possessed, and regret, that while I *consecrate* you to your children, you cannot make just a little reservation in my favor.

"So much (as I have already expressed to you) did I feel this during my recent visit to Limours, that, since my return, it has served me as a kind of solace, when our separation has weighed too heavily upon my heart. For in such moments I have said to myself, 'Even if she were with me, I could not enjoy her presence: on the contrary I would be disappointed, for so much would she be the slave of her children, that perhaps I would never have her a moment to myself.'

"I do hope, my dear Mariquitta, that you will soon give me, as I have asked, more details of your own health. Nevertheless, your last letter amused me very much, and at the same time provoked a train of reveries very sweet, it is true, though a little tinged with melancholy.

"The Novena will begin but a few days after the arrival of this letter. From every direction there will soon be offered up to Heaven for us very pure and holy prayers, and God, who loves to hearken to such invocations, can He resist them? This is a question I continually ask of myself, and its invariable answer is, 'No! unless He reads in the Future that the salvation of our child would be thus imperilled.' This, in my opinion, will be the only obstacle to the success of what we so intensely desire. The subject is deserving of serious thought. I do not think it is possible to love one's children more than we do ours; for we are devoted to them. It is *impossible* that any Mother, in this respect, can excel you, and you always have been so! Their health, their happiness, their tastes, their pleasures unceasingly preoccupy us. But, my Mariquitta, do you think that we are



as eager about what is more than a million times more important for them, —their Eternal welfare? What efforts have we made to fashion their souls to Piety, to teach them to *love* God, to know His Goodness, His Power, His Mercy? I know well that our children are in the habit of saying or omitting, according to their caprice, their little prayers. But of what value are prayers like those, which they repeat like parrots, but which they do not understand, do not feel? When Marie was much younger, we succeeded perfectly in teaching her to love her Mamma\* Tavie, whom she did not as yet know. But how did we effect this? In a very different way. We frequently showed her portrait to Marie, we made her kiss it, we constantly spoke to her of her Mamma Tavie, of her goodness, her tenderness for Marie; we went zealously to work, incurring real trouble, and did it not doubting, not feeling it—and we succeeded. And we should pursue the same method for cultivating in our children the love of God. It is high time to begin. Indeed we should have begun with Marie even before we left Texas. We have both of us too long slept over this great duty, this dual duty to God and to these dear little beings whom He has confided to us. We have yielded to the illusion that they were still too young, that it was too soon to commence, &c. But this was not true, so now, darling, ponder, meditate, reflect, whether you are determined henceforth seriously to devote yourself to this task, conscientiously to perform your duty in this respect? God, perhaps, awaits your decision in regard to this: and it is needless for me to say to you, that it must not be spoken thoughtlessly, but with a firm, sincere resolution of following it.

"No doubt you reproach yourself that at times you cannot say as many prayers as at others. But I tell you that every *word* you will say to your children, for the purpose I have just stated, will be a *real prayer*, more acceptable in the sight of God than any long prayers could be. Do not forget this!

"Adieu! I have written at much greater length than I imagined possible. Embrace all the family affectionately for me; fondly caress our dear little children and speak to them tenderly in my name. Sweetly, dear Mariquitta, do I clasp you in my arms and bathe you in kisses.

"YOUR JULES.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

WASHINGTON, Monday, November 24, 1856.

"I am just in receipt, my beloved Mariquitta, of your letter of the 16th, and it gave me such pleasure. I am so happy to learn that my little Louis is better. These two attacks, following one upon the other, began somewhat to worry me. You delight me by saying that you find him so sweet,

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\* Mariquitta's mother. Little Marie could not then pronounce Octavie and called her grandmother "Maman Tée" and grandfather "Papa Dor," names which up to the present moment, 1886, they still bear among all their grandchildren.



and your Mother also by the message she directed to be given to me. It proves to me that he cannot be so very mischievous and that he does not weary you too much : and then it presents a picture of him before my eyes, that I love dearly to contemplate. Moreover, my fatherly pride is much gratified to hear such praises of my son. Dear little being, how I would relish his sweet faint cooing!

"I am delighted to learn that my dear little 'Na' loves Papa Jules 'much.' I dared not flatter myself that she would, but am more than content that she does. Papa Jules has certainly done his utmost to win the heart of his dear little girl; but the dear little girl could not appreciate it.

"In regard to the great affection in which you tell me I am held by my little and much loved Marie, I am deeply touched; I derive from it both pleasure and pain. Pleasure, since it is so sweet to see myself thus greatly loved by my own child, a child so very dear to me:—pain, because a disposition so full of love, can never be happy in this world, and my heart bleeds to think how often this poor little heart will be repelled and wounded in its contact with the world.

"What you repeat to me of her sad assurance to you, that 'she would never be cured,' saddened me. The words of that child always make upon me so great an impression; for I cannot divert myself from the thought in her regard that she is possessed of striking, and, in a measure, spiritual characteristics. My dear angel, how my heart yearns to see her cured!

"I thank you, darling, for your resolution of devoting yourself to the religious education of this dear child. I am sorry, however, that you cannot find a place for the 'Crucifix,' and I beg of you to reconsider the matter; for it does seem to me, that with a little good-will, you could certainly hang it in your room. I *especially* insist that you should teach her the history of the Passion of our Lord, of His Crucifixion, of all the sufferings, mental and bodily, all the humiliations and ingratitude which He endured for us. Let her think how the knowledge of what our Saviour underwent through His love for her, will aid her to support her own affliction. And yet, without images, it is very difficult to make children understand such things. Often they appear to understand, but are not impressed, do not feel them, are not touched by them.

"Do not forget that if our child is condemned to remain as she is, a strong religious fervor, a lively piety, a great love of the Cross, can alone procure for her resignation to her fate and a little happiness even in this world.

"*Tuesday, November 25.*—I am pleased at the news that Madeleine begins to raise herself. How is my little friend, Che-tobacco? Is she as sweet as ever?

"I have commenced my visits. Last evening I called on Mrs. Goddard;\* but did not see her, because her children were too unwell. She has sent

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\* Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Goddard, subsequently married to a distinguished U. S. Naval Officer, Rear Admiral Dahlgren. She became a warm friend of Julius and Mariquitta.

me an extract, which she culled from a European newspaper, upon the death of my great-uncle, and which is very complimentary both to himself and to his family.

"To-day a lady living in the same house with me, stopped me to say, that she was about to leave, and wished before her departure to have a conversation with me. She appointed a rendezvous at the Church. What do you think of that? For I dared not refuse. And suppose she suggests that we should elope together? I do not like to wound a woman, it seems to me so mean to refuse them any thing. What then must I do? I am nicely caught! I certainly do every thing in my power to avoid the conquests of women, particularly of those who live in the same house. I never go down to the parlor; never seek them, and yet of what use? It was only the other day that the one who awoke to find her husband a corpse, immediately sent for me. Her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, were in the house, and yet despite all this I was her first thought! She herself later confessed this to Mrs. Spalding. On me, therefore, devolved the task of turning the corpse over on its back, of watching it during half the night. In fact, I intend having a placard made, which I shall wear suspended around my neck, and on which I shall have written, 'Women leave me alone, I belong to Mariquitta.'

"*Friday, November 28.*—Lest you be too teased, my dear little wife, about my rendezvous, let me appease you by the announcement that it apparently has failed, and that anyhow there was no danger, as the lady was old and, moreover, was very ugly.

"Yours of the 19th and 20th has just reached me and it has filled me with transports of joy. It is very delightful to see myself so dearly loved by my little Mariquitta, and the praises of me falling from her lips are infinitely sweet. You are mistaken in thinking that I entertain the slightest doubt of your love. It is long since I have ceased all doubt. It is impossible that I should ever again doubt it! You cannot realize how you fill the cup of my joy in loving and esteeming me as you now do, nor how much it formerly detracted from my happiness, that you did not. Dear, dear Mariquitta, I too love you with my whole heart!

"I am enchanted to know that our handsome little boy has cut a tooth, and that the limb of our dear little Marie looks better. The Novena will gain her complete cure. I am soliciting prayers for her on all sides.

"I am grateful to your good Mother, for the care she takes of and the affection she shows my children, at the same time that I sincerely pity your poor Father, whom for them she so abandons. I can perfectly sympathize with him, as I told you in my last letter.

"I am perfectly well and entirely rid of my cold, and since more than a week have resumed my cold baths,\* or rather my shower baths, on rising

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\* Julius took a cold water bath every morning of the year, even breaking through the ice when impossible to take it otherwise. He found that he

every morning. I feel that I am greatly invigorated by them. Constantly I am told, how very well I seem to be, and that I am getting fleshier; and, in fact, I believe that I am as fat as I have ever been.

"Good-bye, dear cherished little wife, affectionately embrace every body for me. Tenderly caress our dear children. I press you to my heart and smother you with kisses.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, November 30, 1856.

"My good, sweet, dear, charming little wife, how happy I am to be able to express to you how much your letter of the 19th and 20th ravished and deliciously charmed me! If you could have been here, I would have smothered you with kisses! Yes, indeed, have smothered, or what you would have found to be the same thing. Such a letter renders me but too happy, affords me even consolation in our separation, makes me forget all the sorrows, all the fatigues, all the vexations which can beset me. For it is a great happiness to a man, to feel that he is so tenderly loved by a woman, a woman whom he loves. There is no happiness on this earth, no human happiness, that can, in my opinion, compare with it. Receive then, darling Mariquitta, a thousand caresses in gratitude for your good letter.

"Yesterday, although I was not anticipating another letter, I received yours of the 21st, and I nearly died laughing at Marie's answer to you. Poor little darling! she loves her Papa so much, that she imagines she owes to him every thing good that occurs to her!

"Thanks be to God, last week is over, and Congress assembles to-morrow. We have worked unceasingly for the last three weeks, and especially this last week; not only to prepare and expedite our own Reports, but also to assist the Secretary of War in completing his. Each day was I unexpectedly interrupted to hunt up some information or prepare some memorandum for him. And the work one performs in this rushing manner, which is so important that not a single mistake must be made, I find, fatigues my mind more than any other kind. Thank God! I am in hopes that it is finished. I have discovered that even the best will of Col. Cooper and of the Secretary was also worn out, for I had a good share in these hunts. Thank God! I am feeling so well and that I experienced only weariness.

"My health is really excellent. I take a great deal more exercise and a cold water bath every morning on rising; and not only am I growing fleshier and becoming much stronger, but I also feel that this good progress is not stopping but is continually developing.

"To-day commences the Novena for our little child, and I have already gone to Communion for this intention. One of the Sisters of Wm. Mat-

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received great benefit therefrom. He was, in addition to his other accomplishments, a very fine swimmer.



tingly did the same. All the Lays unite with us, and went to Communion for the same intention. I yesterday visited with Miss Anna Lay the Orphan Asylum, to ask the Superioress to join with us, together with her whole Community and all the Orphans, and she very graciously promised to do so. I explained the condition of our poor little child, and she said that she would mention it to the little Orphans and seek to interest them in her. It appears that these children think it is due to their prayers that the 'Army Appropriation Bill' passed and Mr. Buchanan was elected President; they had begged these two things of Heaven. I trust they will be as successful in their prayers for us.

"You do not tell me whether you have solicited the prayers of the Ladies of St. Joseph, nor whether you have given them a good Alms. Do not forget, my darling, I beg, the strong recommendations I have made you upon this last subject.

"I have also asked the prayers of the Jesuits of Georgetown. My Confessor promised me to say a Mass for our intention, and I have recommended Marie to the prayers of the Arch-Confraternity of the chapel of the Jesuits as also to the Sodality.

"I am pained to see, my darling, that you are weak and suffering: do take care of yourself, I beg, as much as possible. Remember, I shall be afraid to bring you here in the Spring, if you continue to be so feeble. For I should fear that being then far from your Mother, who assists you so much now, and myself being unable to do so, on account of my Office which keeps me busy all the day, you would succumb under the management of our children. I supplicate you, darling Mariquitta, to endeavor, as I have so often and in so many instances begged of you, to accustom our children to pass a less time with you, that they may not claim your attentions alone, that they may learn to allow themselves to be dressed and undressed by the servants, etc. You are too delicate and too weak to perform all these things for them, as you always wish to do. A day will come when you will not be able to do any thing for them, if you do not now take proper care of yourself. Your strength will become entirely exhausted.

"Embrace every body affectionately for me. Caress well and say many tender things to our dear children. I send you a thousand kisses, my darling, and remain always,

"Your good  
"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Monday, December 1st, 1856.

"I received to-day, my dear wife, your letter of the 24th, and it breathed so much sorrow at our separation, so much sadness, that it rendered me also a little melancholy. I feel so pained to see you already so poorly and exhausted, that I cannot contemplate without suffering your being still tried by so much sorrow. You must acquire courage, darling, you have



still many enjoyments, you have all your family around you, you have two charming children in good health; and if our little loved one is sick, at least she is gay, she does not suffer, God gives her graces in her condition. The fact is, dear Mariquitta, that you ought to approach *much oftener* the Sacraments. You do wrong in listening to scruples inspired, without doubt, by the enemy of souls, and in continuing to abstain from Holy Communion—owing to inspirations so perverted and so baleful. I assure you, my darling, that you give me real pain in thus falling into snares, which the demon sets for your soul. He thoroughly comprehends, wicked wretch! that our only strength lies in the grace of God, which flows so copiously from the Holy Table; he understands that we cannot live without this sacred nourishment; that it is our strength, our courage, our consolation; he knows that the Blessed Virgin, through whom alone we can obtain the favors of God, is grieved, wounded to see us keep away from this great source of all blessings. Then he makes use of every artifice that he can find, to induce us to abandon this Divine Sacrament. How can you listen to him? Do you not see that if God can reasonably fear that we will not give a good example to our children, if He sees us relaxing, searching for excuses so as not to practice our duties, that He will hesitate in reconfiding to us the child that we ask of Him and whom He had perhaps already marked out for Heaven? I beg of you, my Mariquitta, to listen no longer to these fantastic reasons, these artificial scruples; go to Communion as often as you can; prepare yourself as well as your condition of mind will allow, and leave the rest to God. He will come to your aid and for your good intentions excuse the faults of your preparation. Remember, that eagerness is not a reason to withhold you, for the greatest Saints have been sufferers for want of it, have been tempted, but they knew the remedy and never failed to have recourse to it—that remedy that you, on the contrary, fly from. But you are going henceforth to do otherwise, are you not? You have need, I see, of performing every day some good spiritual reading; endeavor, therefore, to read regularly each day a chapter in *The Spiritual Combat*, or *The Imitation*, or ‘*A Devout Life*,’ or ‘*The Conferences*.’

“As I indicated in my last letter I have already commenced the Novena, and many good persons have commenced it with me. My mind feels tranquil. I say to myself, that we are doing all that we can; that if God does not accord to us the cure of our child, it is decidedly for good reasons. I saw, to-day on the street, a very small child, scarcely older than Marie, all hunch-backed and deformed. I reflected, that there are many others who suffer and are afflicted in this world, much more so than our child, and who have not, as she has, kind parents, and an affectionate and devoted family, always ready to serve her, to amuse her, and to render her happy. It is, indeed, necessary that there should be among children some who are thus afflicted, and is it not better, that in place of selecting them from among a family, who are rude, selfish, harsh and cruel, God should place

the poor little being in a family, who surround her with love, kind attentions and carefulness?

"*Thursday, December 4th.*—My young cousin, Jerome Bauduy, dined with me to-day. He said he had received a few days ago a letter from his Mother, begging him to announce to me that they had commenced the Novena for Marie in her convent.

"My mind feels calm, I have a great deal of hope: it seems to me that the Blessed Virgin never showed herself more propitious and kind than lately. If our child is not cured by the end of the Novena, I shall still not give up hope:—I shall look upon that as only another trial, to which God wishes to subject our Faith. I shall continue, I trust, to pray and to perfect myself, so that the Blessed Virgin may have no reason to fear confiding her child to my care. And if notwithstanding all, my hope is lost, I shall submit with the certainty that God has disposed of the fate of our child for the best: that His name may be blessed in this, like in all other things.

"If by chance, my Mariquitta, God has chosen to defer the grace we ask of Him, you will promise me, will you not, not to allow yourself to become disheartened, not to allow yourself to murmur against Him? *If you love me*, dear wife, you will endeavor to resign yourself to His will: you will not discontinue any of your prayers, any act of devotion. Think of the pain, the grief, you would cause me, if you should allow yourself to be carried away by the spirit of revolt. Oh! *you could* give me no greater pain than that! Poor, darling wife, how happy would I be to see you make a good Retreat, under some judicious director; it would do you so much good, you must have such need of it! I feel myself that the Mission, in which I lately had the happiness of assisting, has done me an immense amount of good, in *penetrating* me with that truth—(which we hear so frequently, without however paying any attention to it) 'that we are created for another life, and that it is for that life we ought to work,'—that life of eternal happiness which our two dear little angels are already enjoying, whom we shall be so happy to find one day;—that this mortal life is very short, very miserable, and hardly deserves that we should occupy ourselves (vainly) in rendering it happy;—that, in fine, it is better for us to have it unhappy, since it is an additional chance of attaining happiness in the other.

"My paper is so filled I must really tell you Adieu. Embrace all the family affectionately for me; say a thousand tender things to our dear children, cover them with kisses. Dear, dear beloved one, how dearly I would love to give you some, what would I not give to see you before me, to hold you in my arms, to give you a thousand sweet caresses! Dear, dear wife, Adieu.

"Your good JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Friday, December 5, 1856.

“I hoped, my beloved, to have received a letter from you to-day, but I did not find any at the Post Office. It will come, no doubt, to-morrow. I received one from Alexander. He tells me that he has had Marie recommended to the prayers of those who are making the Public Novena at the Jesuits' Church in honor of St. Francis Xavier; and believing that they are going to make the General Novena at the Immaculate Conception Church, he will not fail, in that case, to recommend her there.

“*Sunday, December 7.*—I have just received, dear wife, your letter of the 30th November and am very happy to learn that you were able to go to Communion on the first day of the Novena. To-morrow it ends. I feel full of courage and hope, and at the same time full of resignation and calm, happen what may. Dear little Marie!

“It gives me great pleasure to know that your children allow you to sleep sometimes; you speak of it as if it were the rule, but I dare not think so; hence I wish that you would have your wrapper made as soon as possible, and made thoroughly warm.

“I am flattered by Na's refusal to dispense with my letters, when she saw one arrive for her sister. It proves that she has not altogether forgotten me. As I could not trust myself to a thought so agreeable I did not write to her, the last time I wrote to Marie; but next time I shall not fail.

“You cannot imagine, my Mariquitta, the pleasure you cause me by the tenderness with which you dote on our son. Surely it is but natural that you should love him, and it should not surprise me; yet none the less, in a most singular manner it pleases me.

“I thank you for having given me at the end of the month an estimate, that I desire always to have, of the condition of your finances.

“It is not yet Winter here; the weather is fresh but very beautiful. Nevertheless I find it very difficult to rise in the morning; the bed seems so warm and the water of my bath so cold. However, I continue to take my cold water bath regularly, and I derive from it an immense benefit.

“Adieu, dear little wife, take good care of your health if only to please me! Embrace all the family affectionately. Caress a thousand times and say ten thousand tender things to our dear children, and receive a thousand even more tender caresses from

“YOUR JULES.”



## CHAPTER XXVII.

End of Novena—Julius speaks to Mariquitta of resignation should it prove contrary to their hopes—Reading his sole pleasure, is averse to society—the kind of religious instruction he means for their children—letter from Father Fred—Julius' dread regarding result of Novena and great desire to know how Mariquitta bears the disappointment—his consoling advice—true happiness is not of this world—his pang of heart about his renounced trip to Algiers—beautiful and simple little act of devotion for Mariquitta to practice—begs her not to be so sad and discouraged—her particular attraction for him at first—his further reference to little act of devotion—his longings and yet dread to hear from her—receipt of her letter—prayers and acts of devotion he again recommends to her—Major Porter's second trial, and how he makes it "black and blue for the witnesses," and his declaration that "Julius was the *only* gentleman at Fort Brown"—receipt of two letters from Mariquitta—letters from Alexander and her father—Julius' joy to learn how piously Mariquitta bears her great disappointment—his reference to his children—"Christmas is approaching" and his entreaty to Mariquitta to purchase for herself some pretty things—his enthusiastic admiration for Beauty in all things.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, December 9, 1856.

"The Novena is finished, darling, and you already know its result, which I am so impatient to learn. It has done me a great deal of good, in teaching me to do justice to the goodness and the wisdom of God, who knows infinitely better than we do, what is for our true advantage. I experience a resignation I did not previously possess, and my great solicitude now is, that with your heart of a Mother, you will not be able so readily to accommodate yourself to His Supreme Will, should the cure of our dear child have been denied to us, or at least delayed. But you will control yourself, will you not, my dear wife! You will have the courage to overcome the temptation of murmuring against Divine Providence, which the enemy of God and your own, will not fail to beset you. Oh! if you will only reflect how wrong it would be for you, how ungrateful towards a God who has, save this one exception, so enriched you with blessings in your children; how likely it would be to excite His wrath and thus destroy every chance which may yet remain for the cure of our child; you would have good care not to listen to the deceitful suggestions of him who would ruin you if he could. And believe me, there is yet many a hope of the cure of our child. I believe that every one concurs in saying that in the



case of a child so young, there are *many* chances, *especially* while her general health continues so good, and you must admit, that her health is excellent. Trust me, then, dear wife, let us not despair, but putting our trust always in God and the Blessed Virgin let us continue to pray and strive to become better, more resigned, more faithful to our duties, more detached from ourselves, and even more devoted to God; and to win success, to approach more frequently the Sacraments, so that we may inspire confidence in God, that we will deserve that He should spare us this dear child, to rear her in His holy love.

"I have no news to give you. My life is a monotonous one and if I did not make a Rule to go out so much, I feel that I would succumb to the 'Blues.' The truth is, I have no real pleasure except that of Reading, of which I deprive myself to go out. While to visit, to go into society, are both of them real bores to me, to which I submit with great difficulty. But I force myself to do so, and thanks be to God, and to our Holy Religion, I enjoy a great peace of mind, a great deal of calmness, of courage, and of resignation.

"I think that you misunderstood me in regard to the religious instruction with which we should begin to imbue our children. You seem to think that I meant the Catechism, but I did not think of such a thing, for our two daughters are still too young for this, and I would even fear that it would weary Marie. What I did wish, was that under the guise of simple stories you would frequently relate to them the chief incidents of the Creation of Man, the history of the Patriarchs and of the Jews, of the wickedness of Men, their ingratitude towards God, of the Incarnation of our Saviour, of His Passion, and of our Redemption. That you should try to make them also understand the goodness of God, of our Saviour, of Mary, of their love for us, of their horror of Sin, the happiness of Heaven, the terrible pains of Hell, and thus, little by little, you should train their young hearts, through love of God, to love Good and to hate Evil.

"*Wednesday, December 10.*—To-day, dearest, I received your letter of Dec. 3rd, together with one from Frederick of the 8th. Frederick had then just completed the Novena. He tells me that thrice he received Communion for our intention, and that he had obtained a number of Masses and Communions among the Fathers and the Brothers, not only of those at Fordham\* but also of those in New York City: also prayers and Communions in the Convent of the Ursulines, in the two Convents of the Sacred Heart, and in the two Houses of the Sisters of Mercy. He begs me to express to you how much he sympathizes with you, 'a Sister whom he has never seen, but whom nevertheless he loves so much.' And he adds, that it is particularly on your account that he joined his prayers to our own; because, for himself, 'he would be more pleased to see his little niece enter Heaven, where she could pray for her parents, than that she

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\* College of the Jesuit Fathers near New York City.

should run the risk of losing her soul and leading a life of misery in this world.'

"I expected that should a miracle have been performed by the good God upon our child, that you would have announced the news to me by telegraph. And yet, although it is already the 10th of the month, I do not abandon all hope. And, moreover, I confess that I so little deserve so great and signal a favor, that I dare not expect it. Hence my great pre-occupation is, to learn how you bear the disappointment. You will give me, my Mariquitta, so much, *so much* pain, if you should not be able to resign yourself to the will of God. Remember also, I do beg of you, that the cure of our child is probably only deferred; or if it is never to be, it is because it would prove to be *positively* hurtful to her; and if so, certainly you would not desire it. It was once revealed to a Saint that no prayer was ever *lost*—*no, never*: that when God did not grant one's request, He bounteously accorded other blessings which He knew to be more necessary. Think then of the quantity of pious prayers which have so tenderly rejoiced the heart of God, and implored His Pity and His Mercy in favor of our child and of ourselves: what graces these prayers will obtain for us! Ah! my Mariquitta, do not let us reject them, but on the contrary let us respond to them, and make good use of them!

"I think the idea of my little Na, that you should not whip her, because you hurt her, is exquisite in its originality.

"I am so glad to know that the first two teeth of Louis have been so easily cut. Kiss him tenderly for me, as well as my much loved Marie and my sweet little Na. Tell them a thousand honeyed things for me. I wished to write to my little Marie, as also to Na—since she likewise values my letters—but this evening I do not feel well enough.

"Embrace all the family for me and thank them, and also all those who joined their prayers with ours, for their goodness.

"Dear wife, I love you with all my heart, I wish that I could be at your side, to console you by my affection and my caresses for the grief and sorrow in which, as I fear, you are plunged. But take courage, dear Mariquitta, it will be but a short while before we are reunited, and then, as I hope, never again to be separated from each other. Until then I know not what to advise you, for I dare not ask of Col. Cooper the permission you suggest. Dear little one, I clasp you to my heart and send you a quantity of kisses.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, December 14, 1856.

"I was very much disappointed this morning, my darling, in receiving no letter from you; so disappointed that I feel little impulse to write. Your last letter is of the 3rd, and five or six days have elapsed since its arrival. I recognize, however, that during the Novena you may not have had the courage to write; that your thoughts were absorbed in the im-

pending crisis and your heart the sport of a whirlwind of anxiety and hope, chasing, warring and clashing each with the other, that you knew not how to write to me and therefore waited the outcome.

"Courage, my Mariquitta, we dwell on this earth only to fulfill the will of God, a few fleeting moments, only to be all of us reunited in His Supreme Happiness for an endless Eternity. Let us remember, that it is not here below that our happiness has been promised to us, hence we must expect trials, sufferings—that these are even a proof of our predestination to Eternal Happiness. We are surrounded by thousands of beings who have never been baptized, who do not think of God or of the next world, but who nevertheless are good neighbors, amiable, charitable, honest, &c. Their human virtues must necessarily be rewarded; and since they have chosen for their part this world in preference to God, He gives them their reward here below. You would not wish to be happy like them, would you, during this brief terrestrial life, to be unhappy forever hereafter; you would not desire such happiness for your children, would you? Well! we must choose, we *cannot* enjoy the happiness of both worlds; we must suffer sorrow and affliction here or hereafter. Which shall we select?

"A few days since, I read in the *Courrier des États Unis*,\* that a number of Bavarian and Wurtemberg Officers had obtained from their Governments the permission to join the great expedition against the Kabyls in Algeria; and I am free to confess it to you, that my heart on reading it felt a slight pang that I could not also enjoy the same great privilege.

"I think that I have already written to you that Lydia† Johnston and her husband, as well as Dr. Abadie, and I presume his family, are at this moment garrisoned at Jefferson Barracks and will probably remain there a long while.

"Of myself I have no news to communicate. My life runs along peacefully, I am no longer overburthened with office work, I visit enough and am in good health. I am full of calm and courage. God has also deigned to inspire me with a great deal of resignation, which is always strengthened by a great frequency of the Sacraments and the daily recitation of two pairs of the Beads of our Lady and of the Sacred Heart. I would like to hear that you too, my dear wife, regularly practiced this devotion. It would obtain for you such graces, such aid, such strength and courage.

"There is another one which I would *particularly* enjoin upon you, it is so easy, and I should be so contented to have your promise of performing it frequently. It is simply this. *Often* during the day (even in the midst of your occupations, but especially in your moments of despondency)

\* A newspaper published in New York City in the French language.

† Lydia McLane, sister-in-law of Bauduy P. Garesché and married to Lieut. Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, U. S. A., who in 1861 resigned his commission—then Brigadier General and Quartermaster General of the Army—and went South and became one of its leading Generals.



turn *your thoughts* to Our Saviour Jesus, corporeally present on the Altar of some Church, neglected and deserted, where He dwells sad, solitary, abandoned,—He so full of love, who has suffered so much for us, who loves us so greatly! It is unnecessary to *pray*, to make even a single ejaculation, *especially* if you must make an effort to do so. Let only your *thoughts* turn to Him, and dwell upon His state of destitution, of neglect and sadness, if only for an instant; but accustom yourself to do this often during the day. Make this mental visit whenever you can; in company with Mary, the Mother of our good Jesus; unite your heart to hers, so sad and dolorous before this spectacle of the ingratitude of men! As you see, it is very simple, very easily done; and yet I doubt whether you could perform any thing more agreeable to God, or which would procure for you greater graces. Will you not, my Mariquitta, make the trial?

“I cannot express to you, dear wife, how much affected I am by your discouragement, your sadness, and the decline of your health. It has of late become my chief preoccupation, my greatest grief. I beg of you, to seek by your devotions, by Spiritual Reading, greater resignation to the Will of God, greater detachment from human inclinations. And think that we will be reunited before long! December is almost ended; in two, perhaps three months, we will again be clasped in each other’s arms, never again, I trust, to be separated. What a happiness, for me, dear Mariquitta, again to possess you, my only treasure! But how that joy will be corroded by bitterness and uneasiness, if I find you weak, suffering, discouraged! By your love for me, then, darling wife, learn to overcome the sadness which has such influence on your health. Try to do all that depends on yourself, so that I may find my Mariquitta, plump, gay, and in good health. Remember, that I am naturally of a sombre and unhappy character, that what particularly attracted me to you, was your gay and careless disposition; that you have always buoyed me up, been able to rouse my courage,—that I depend entirely on you. For love of me then, dear Mariquitta, take care of yourself; be courageous, resigned, submissive and patient! Dear, dear wife, I love you so much, that you cannot imagine how painful it is to me to see you unhappy or suffering.

“Embrace all the family for me: caress our dear little children; and receive for yourself a thousand tender marks of affection, a thousand sweet kisses

“From your JULES.”

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Sunday, December 14, 1856.

“I wish again, dear wife, to recommend to you the little act of devotion, of which I spoke in my last letter. I call it little, because it is so easy, so well adapted to the busy life you lead, which is so little your own; but I ought rather to have called it ‘grand,’ in view of the satisfaction it will give to Jesus and Mary, and of the abundance of graces it will procure



for you. I allude to the Practice, of often during the day directing your thoughts to our Saviour, really present as He is on so many Altars, where He dwells in solitude, abandoned and sad,—He who is so full of love for men, who so cruelly neglect him! I do not ask of you a single prayer; the emotion of pity which you cannot avoid experiencing at such a touching scene, and which will become the stronger as you persevere, is more dear to the hearts of Jesus and Mary than would be a whole Litany of prayers. And yet it is easily accomplished, is it not, dear wife, even in the midst of your cares! And it will prove one of your greatest consolations in your moments of sadness.

"*Thursday, December 18.*—Vainly, day after day, have I looked for a letter from you, my Mariquitta. Appreciating how painfully your heart would be agitated during the Novena, I thought that during it you would not have the courage to write, and hence reconciled myself to your silence. But now I can no longer doubt but that some very serious cause lies beneath this delay, and I confess it, my courage began to wane and my patience was thoroughly tried when on my visit to the Post Office to-day I found my box again empty. Your last letter is dated the 3rd, therefore a fortnight has elapsed since and nearly ten days since its receipt. Allowing six days for its transit I could to-day have received one dated the 12th, that is to say, four days after the end of the Novena.

"Are you sick, my poor wife? It is what I fear. I am afraid the disappointment has been too much for you and that your system has been too long and too seriously tried, as has been the case with you since the commencement of the illness of our dear child. I am now almost afraid to receive a letter, so frightened am I lest my gloomy presentiments should be verified. My poor, dearly beloved Mariquitta! You, my dear, dear little wife, whom I so tenderly love! I beg of you not to allow yourself to be overcome by your sorrow! Think of the anguish you cause me, by your neglect of your health, which is so dear to me, and by exciting such anxieties, which I have so little courage to conquer!

"*Friday, December 19.*—At last, dear Mariquitta, I am in receipt of your letter begun on the 7th and completed on the 9th, and it has given me great consolation. It is true, you tell me, that no favorable change is seen in the condition of Marie, and you, my poor little one, suffer in making this announcement. I too am greatly pained, but yet it is no news to me, because for ten days past I have not doubted it. I knew that were it otherwise you would not have failed to gladden my heart by at once telegraphing me the tidings.

"At the same time, your silence began to disturb me; at first, on your own account I was very uneasy, then lest Louis, attacked by scarlet fever, was dangerously ill. At last, thanks be to God, I see that there was no reason for my fears. Our two youngest are well, Marie does not suffer; and you, darling, bear your disappointment with patience and resignation. These are excellent news and I thank God for them. Let us continue to

ask of Him the cure of Marie, in the name and through the merits of our Saviour, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, and especially let us the more merit it, by our greatest fervor, by our greatest fidelity to our religious duties, by our absolute submission to the Will of the Omnipotent. Say but *few* prayers, but say them *well*, in a *recollected* manner, meditating as much as possible upon the Passion of our Saviour. Observe what I here tell you; for the Devil often tempts us to say many prayers, knowing that if we undertake too many, we will not fail to say them hastily, without devotion, etc. Do not say the entire Beads, but only a decade, until you have formed the habit of saying it with recollection. Then if you are so inclined, you may say a second decade and so on. But say the Beads always in serious meditation upon the mystery attached to each decade: otherwise it will be difficult to recite them with attention and fervor, and you will also gain less merit and confer less pleasure on the Blessed Virgin. But most especially do I urge upon you to adopt this very day the simple Practice, of which I spoke in my last letter and also in the beginning of this one. You can form no idea of the abundant graces, of the courage and resignation, it will procure for you.

"Mussina from time to time pays me a call at the Office. The other day he told me that Capt. Shannon was in town, sick. I called, and Shannon gave me news of Fort Brown, &c. He had recently seen Pelouze,\* the Dr.,† Capt. Phelps, and Howard at New Orleans, some on their way to Florida and others to Leavenworth. He says that the Court-Martial‡ of Maj. Porter is interminable. The Major has for his lawyers Power and Bigelow, and it seems that he makes it black and blue for the witnesses. These gentlemen told him that instead of contenting himself with his own exculpation, as far as in his power, he subjects every witness to a public examination of conscience, particular and general. It seems that all the while he remained at Fort Brown the old fox took notes of every thing he saw or heard on the part of the witnesses; and with his notes spread out before him, he begins, 'Were you not drinking on such and such a day with Webb and Miller? Were you not accidentally a little drunk on such and such another day &c?' Pelouze declared to Capt. Shannon that he did not believe that he had ever drunk a glass of wine, at any place, during his sojourn at Fort Brown, of which the old Major was not cognizant.

"Capt. Shannon told Mussina, and himself repeated it to me afterwards, that the old Major declares to every one who will listen to him, that I was the *only* gentleman among them all; and it seems that he avows for me a great esteem and affection. What think you of all this, my Mariquitta?

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\* Louis H. Pelouze, a young officer of the 4th Artillery and subsequently a member of the Adjutant General's Corps.

† Probably Dr. Jarvis, U. S. A.

‡ Major Porter was being tried on charges preferred against him by Capt. Phelps.

"But I must tell you good-bye, my dearly beloved. Embrace all the family affectionately for me: give a thousand caresses and say ten thousand tender things to our dear children. I press you with love and tenderness to my heart and with many kisses remain always, my Mariquitta,

"Your good JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, December 21, 1856.

"Dearly beloved, for two days past the weather has been so gloomy and disagreeable, that I have been unable entirely to cast off the feeling of sadness, with which it inspired me. But I am greatly aided by the good God. These moments of sadness are but rare, and I am both morally and physically a great deal better than I was last year.

"I received day before yesterday your letter of the 7th and 9th, and this morning that of the 12th.

"I did not tell you in my last letter the painful impression caused by my first glimpse of your Father's. I had been ten days without any news from yourself, and this silence began to worry me. To see then a letter from Alexander arrive simultaneously with one from your Father, who so seldom writes to me, made me tremble; for I inferred the announcement of some bad news. I was afraid to open them, but after awhile, thanks be to God, I was able to assure myself that my fears were groundless.

"Your Father writes very kindly, and affectionately alludes to our children. 'Louis,' he says, 'has improved a great deal, and improves from day to day in flesh, beauty, and goodness.' He speaks more favorably of Na than he usually does, and grows a little enthusiastic over what 'he sees of the good, the sensible, and the loving in the character of Marie.'

"I was truly touched by the affectionate letter of our good and dear Nancy, and would wish to answer it at once; I would also like very much to be able to write to your good Mother; but since my return I have been too much engaged to devote as much time as formerly to my private correspondence. You will not fail, darling, to make my excuses to the family.

"I infer from your last letter, to my great joy, that you are more resigned to the will of God and bear your great disappointment with all the patience and resignation I could desire. You do well in this, dear Mariquitta, giving thus a good example to your daughter, that she may learn from you to recognize the goodness of God in every act of His, to love Him, to bless Him, to serve Him with her whole heart. This is her only resource of being happy on this Earth. Let us then do our utmost to increase it, by our best efforts to promote her piety.

"I am happy to learn that my little Na bears me in tender remembrance, and I hope she will preserve this good remembrance until we are reunited. Is she becoming less choleric and pouty?

"I am also so glad to learn that our little Louis grows so pretty and so

good. How I would love to hear his little coo, to enjoy the kisses that I long so greatly to imprint on his little velvety cheek!

"And my Marie, my little beloved, does she reconcile herself to my absence? Dear child, she becomes every day dearer to me! And it does me good, to see how your Father appreciates her fine qualities, her golden little heart, so affectionate, that God has given to our treasure!

"Christmas is rapidly approaching; and as I am not there to give you, as I would wish, a beautiful present, do you, my darling, give it to yourself. Give me also the pleasure of not being sparing with your money in this festive season. You have so few pleasures, so do, at least, give yourself this one. And for yourself do, I beseech you, purchase pretty things. You know that I am an enthusiastic admirer of Beauty in every thing and everywhere, and that I cannot endure to see you wear any thing either ugly or common. It is truly money thrown away when you do so; for it is your duty to please me by your nice dress and I confess that during my visit your toilet provoked both my *shame* and *pity*.

"Adieu, my darling, embrace your Father, Mother, Sisters, Robert, and Cissey for me. Wish them all 'A Merry Christmas' in my name, as also Dr. Lewis. Caress our dear, dear little children, and do not forget them on New Year's day. I press you to my heart, dearly beloved, and send you a thousand tender kisses.

"Your JULES."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Christmas—their terrible voyage on preceding one—severe Winter—Sister Lucy—how did his Mariquitta and children spend their Christmas—his desire and her failing to give him little details about herself and the children in her letters—how he is spending his Christmas—is full of hope, love, and courage—his ardent desire that they should not allow their children ever to lose their precious little souls—fears he is to have two serious boils about the eye which will hinder his writing to her—enormous occupation at the Office—his love and devotion for her—pain her last letter has given him and entreaty for her forgiveness for his scolding and his sorrow at this scolding—his beautiful tribute to her loving heart—his repugnance to but still making New Year's calls—Capt. Phelps—Cassin's statement about Major Porter's trial—no need to worry about himself, and his pain in their separation—Congress to increase the pay of Officers of the Army and its absolute necessity—General Quitman's strong language—necessity of Mariquitta preserving her health—Major Garnett's notice of her strong resemblance to the beautiful Rachel—Julius' recommendation for her father to remain in the U. S.—heavy snows—the “Army Bill”—his fond recollections of her, and her image ever present to his mind.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Thursday, December 25, 1856.

“To-day, my darling, is Holy Christmas. Do you remember what a sad time we had on its last anniversary! What a terrible voyage! I shall never forget it! I am very happy to think that you are to-day with our children in peace, in comfort, and in safety. To-day the weather is fine, as if on purpose. For three days past Winter attacked us like a thunder-bolt with squalls of icy winds, clouds of dust, snow, hoar frost, and an excessive cold. The River was at once frozen and they say that the ice on it is already a foot thick. I do not think that I ever suffered more from the cold, even last winter, as during this disagreeable tempest.

“I have just paid a visit to the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity. She interests herself very much in Marie, and we have become great friends. She has the appearance of being a very saintly woman.

“How are you, my Mariquitta, spending your Christmas? What presents have you received; what have you given? What have you purchased to please our dear children? Did you make them hang up their stockings last night, to find them this morning filled with candies? Did they seem to be happy? Do relate all of these details. It will give me so much

pleasure, and unfortunately just such simple details are matters of which you never think, dear Mariquitta, of writing to me, notwithstanding I have so often asked you to do so. Your Mother or Nancy in only one of their letters give me more interesting incidents in regard to yourself and my children than are contained in half a dozen of yours.

"As for myself, my Christmas is not remarkably gay. As you may perceive, I am in my room, quietly engaged in writing to you; but I feel happy. I have heard my three Masses; I had the pleasure of receiving Communion, and now my heart blesses God for all the blessings He has so bounteously showered upon us and turns with love to yourself, the beloved wife, and to those dear children, with whom He has crowned my happiness.

"Dear Mariquitta, I feel full of hope, love and courage. I say to myself, that I shall soon see you and, as I hope, never again to be separated from you. I do not in the least despair of the cure of our dear Marie; I continue to pray for it and do not doubt but that eventually God will accord it to our perseverance; particularly, if we seek to please Him, by leading a better life, by thinking more frequently of Him, and by proving ourselves to be more grateful for the graces and favors with which He has already favored us, and which He still so generously bestows every day upon us.

"I hope, darling, that you have not wearied of relating to our little girls sacred stories: that you do your utmost to imbue them with a true and lively love for God, our Saviour, and for the Blessed Virgin. Let us do all we possibly can, dear Mariquitta, that our children may never lose their precious souls and may never curse us for having given them their existence, only that they should be *forever* lost.

"I fear, as happened last year, that I am about to have two large boils on my face. Already all around my eyes there is a swelling and I fear, that if this continues, it will happen, as last year, that I shall not be able to see to write to you; and hence you will be deprived of my letters. Already I experience regret on account of it, judging you by myself, that it would be to you so serious a privation. But, at least, if it should so occur, being forewarned of the cause you would not, my darling, be uneasy. My health continues to be most excellent. I still take my cold bath every morning, never omitting it, however cold the weather has been, and I take an immense amount of exercise. I am constantly making new acquaintances, some of whom I anticipate will prove agreeable to yourself.

"I hope you have not hesitated to gratify the various caprices of gifts which may have tempted you. Tell me all about this and about all the different gifts presented to each other by the members of the family. Kiss everybody for me; tenderly fondle our dearly loved children, make them in my behalf many a little cajolery and receive for yourself, my dear, dear Mariquitta, a thousand sweet kisses. I love you with all my heart.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Saturday, December 27, 1856.

“My sweet, dear, charming darling, I love you, love you with all my heart. How I yearn to be with you! How I miss your sweet caresses! I dare not dwell on our separation, the thought would be too oppressive. I would become too unhappy. Indeed I do not know how I endure with so much courage our present separation. True, I feel that God aids me; that it is to Him I owe my courage. Besides, since my return, I have been enormously occupied. The most important and most laborious part of the work of the entire year is ever incident to the re-assembling of Congress. My mind has been so busied with my duties that I have had no time to indulge in love reveries. But soon, within a month, I shall have finished all that preoccupies and harasses me, and then I must look out for other sources of labor and preoccupation.

“The weather is delicious to-day, Spring like, and the sunshine, inspiring a good humor, has greatly assisted me—confined to my room, as I have been the whole day. For, as I had expected, I was compelled to recommence treating my left eye with lotions and emollients &c., as it had again become inflamed. It is already a little better and my right eye is almost cured. It is not of much importance, and fortunately I suffer but little. If I must spend, as I anticipate, to-morrow also in my room, I hope that I shall be regaled with a letter from my little Mariquitta to console me,—a letter in which she will say that she is going to be reasonable and renounce, as I have begged, the nursing of her child. Will I be thus gratified?

“*Sunday, December 28.*—No letter to-day, my darling, from you; but, no doubt, it will come to-morrow! My darling Mariquitta, what would I not give for some of your sweet kisses! I do so miss you whenever, in a moment of rest and tranquillity, my heart is free to speak!

“I have no news to give you; I shall not leave my room until my eye is entirely cured. For some days past the weather has been so mild as to render fires unnecessary.

“*Monday, December 29.*—My eye was so very much improved this morning that I was tempted to go to the office, but prudent counsels deterred me, and I accordingly remain in my room. Without, the day is magnificent and a fire is a disagreeable superfluity.

“This beautiful weather leads me into sweet thoughts of you, little Mariquitta, into thoughts of love and dreams of happiness, in which I seem to be reunited with you and our dear children and as happy as it is possible to be on this earth.

“I am just this moment handed your letter of the 21st, and I am almost angry with you, my Mariquitta; first, for your want of submission to Almighty God; and next, for your want of obedience, of respect, of affection for myself.



"In these respects, your letter gave me a great deal of pain and I do hope, my poor little one, that you will—by dwelling oftener on the Passion of our Lord, by uniting yourself more frequently with His heart, made desolate by the neglect and ingratitude of men, by practicing more regularly the simple devotion I urged upon you—do what you can to merit the great grace of a more perfect resignation to that Supreme and Merciful Will, which desires only your welfare and that of your child, but which foreseeing more clearly than you can, promotes it even now by methods that—to the blindness of your vision—appear to be harsh and even cruel. Dear Mariquitta, to see this spirit of insubordination in you causes me more pain than all the rest! Your letter, in this regard, greatly saddened me.

"As for the other subject, I had dared to promise myself that you loved me sufficiently not to refuse the prayers, so fervent and so reasonable, as those I addressed you relative to taking a nurse.

"I will not tell you all that my wounded and, I may even add, irritated heart tempts me to say on this subject. I regret that I have to say even this much. The pain it will cause you is another pang for me which I suffer from in advance. But nevertheless you must endure it, if you will persist in only following your own will in this regard. For my own part, your health and your life are to me objects too precious that I can see them sacrificed. I *insist*, therefore, and shall *continue* to insist, that you take a nurse for your child. Do not, my dear Mariquitta, drive me to extremities, do not at last rouse me to anger, by your further refusal to listen to me! We are already sufficiently tried without adding ourselves to our trials. Our mutual love is too great a good that we should in the least menace it. If I offend you, I ask your forgiveness; for it is not my intention to inflict pain. I only wish you to understand, so that you may not ignore it, that my firm resolution is that you shall not kill yourself by continuing to nurse your child. You must confess that I have spared neither prayers nor supplications to obtain this object, and that it is not my fault if I am forced to adopt a different tone.

"On reading again your letter I see that you do not allude to those letters, in which I so earnestly begged you to obtain a nurse. Perhaps, you had not yet received them; and if so, I have been too hasty in scolding you, and you do not merit that I should write as I have just done. Ah! my Mariquitta, forgive me, for you know not how uneasy I am on your account, how your state of health worries and saddens me! If, my dearly loved wife, I have given you pain, refer it truly to the love I bear you. Can you not do this? Oh! Mariquitta, if you love me, prove it to me by taking care of yourself! What would I be, what would become of me without you!

"Embrace all the family for me: caress well our darling children, say to them a thousand tender things for me. I press you to my heart, that heart which loves you more than its life.

"Your JULES."



"P. S. Even should you have to pay \$40 a month for a good nurse, do not hesitate to do so; and do not on this account dismiss Lucy. My little Marie clings so to her, and depends so entirely on her for the only amusements which remain to her, poor little one! that I would wish to keep Lucy as long as she would be willing to remain. Hence I will be *grieved* if you send her away and beg of you, darling, not to do so."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Tuesday, December 30th, 1856.

"Pardon me, my dear wife, if I caused you pain by the letter I addressed you yesterday. It was certainly not my intention to do so, but my love for you, my solicitude for your health carried me away. I know perfectly well, that you have not been impelled, either through selfishness or obstinacy. That it was a tender maternal feeling for which you sacrificed your health, your will and my own, to the welfare of our children. I do, my own Mariquitta, even admire your devotion and self-denial. And the truth told, I was far, very far from being as angry as I permitted myself to appear: but it had become full time to put an end to your sacrifices, unless I was willing to see you succumb. And, therefore, I was forced to speak as I did. Any other style would have failed. Forgive me then, my Mariquitta, you know that I love you with my whole heart. And it was only, because of the interest I take in you, the love I bear you, that I saw myself forced to address you thus.

"*Thursday, New Year's Day, 1857.*—I would love, my dear Mariquitta, to clasp you in my arms, to cover you with kisses, to make you forget every thing I had said that might have distressed you in regard to the nurse for Louis. I am always so unhappy, when I think that I have caused you pain. I so bitterly reproach myself for it, so cruel in me does it appear. Poor dear little thing, you are already so unhappy, so much are you tried! And it was very unjust, too, for me to accuse you of wilfulness. If you have been so in the Past, I also have been; and if, as my love for you increased, I have learned to yield, you likewise have learned how to do the same; and you could not have given me a better proof of it, than by the baptism of our little Louis, as soon as you did. It was very wrong in me then to make you any reproach whatever, my darling wife,—you who bear with so much courage, devotion, self-denial and love, the difficult burthen which devolves upon you. Again, do I beg of you to forgive me, my Mariquitta. Never, I assure you, could I have brought myself to speak to you thus, but that my love for you—anxious and suffering on your account—roused me to the pitch of sharply rescuing you from the state of sacrifice to which you had abandoned yourself. Hence, my cherished wife, reprove only my excessive love for you, if I have wounded your feelings.

"Have no anxiety about me, I deprive myself of nothing. I have one of the best rooms in the house, the table is one of the best in the city, and at night I am well wrapped up. Indeed I often reproach myself with being

too well, too luxuriously installed. My eye is well, and yesterday I went to the Office.

"I embrace you, dearest, with an overflowing love. Kiss all the family for me and wish them in my behalf A Happy New Year. Caress my little treasures, my dear children. I press you to my heart, my darling, and remain faithfully

"Your JULES."

### Extract from a letter of Julius to Mariquitta.

"WASHINGTON, Friday, January 2nd, 1857.

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"After a long hesitation, of several days, and despite a repugnance which you can easily appreciate, I at last decided to make the round of visits incident to New Years' day. Though it occupied me a good part of the day, yet it did not bore me as much as I anticipated. I went alone and paid fifteen. I would greatly have preferred, however, remaining home and writing to you, my dear Mariquitta. \* \* \*"

### *Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Wednesday, January 7, 1857.

"I wish, my darling Mariquitta, to write to you without further alluding to the nurse or to your health, which causes me so much anxiety: but as I cannot refrain from thinking of all this, I find it difficult not to speak of it, so that I feel in no mood for writing to you aught that is interesting.

"Yesterday I received a letter from Capt. Phelps, dated on the 5th and written from some town in Pennsylvania not very far from here. It was short and marked with so much restraint and reserve that it really gave me pain. He did not say a *word* about the Court or about himself. He tells me that he had received a letter from me, together with one I had addressed to Father Olivier, which had reached Fort Brown only after he had left there. He speaks much more than usual of Marie, and with the request to be remembered to you and to your family, begs me to say to you that you must not physic Marie too much.

"This morning Cassin paid me a visit. He said that the Court-Martial of the Major still dragged along when he left Fort Brown on the 11th December: and the officers composing it had already had their fill of it.

"*Thursday, January 8.*—I did hope, my dearly loved wife, to receive a letter from you to-day, and I keenly felt the disappointment. We are in the bad-season and will therefore often be subjected to these disappointments and annoyances, incident to the failure of the Mails. Bear this in mind, darling, and do not attribute these delays to any sickness of mine. I am, thanks be to God, in perfect health. I have gained flesh and have lost the sallow expression I acquired in Texas; I may almost say that I have grown ruddy. I sleep like a log and eat like a wolf. My cold bath and daily exercise have changed me into a different person. Nor must

you worry about my comfort. I have one of the best rooms in the house, just above the one I had at this time last year and facing the sunny side. It is warm, spacious, and well lit. I have more coverlids than I need, and am therefore never cold at night; but on the contrary often am too warm. The table is excellent. *Every day* we have roast fowl, and turkey at least five times a week. Besides, we have regularly three or four other plates of meat; in a word, the fare is abundant and altogether select.

"I begin to breathe more freely about my work, in which, since my return, I have been over head and ears plunged.

"I have been, my dear, very desirous of writing to your Parents, but cannot find time to do so.

"Dear, dear Mariquitta, how my heart overflows with love for you! How I languish when away from you! What would I not give again to see your dear face, again to clasp within my arms your form which I think to be so graceful, and which I love so much! Unceasingly, my darling, are you before my eyes and present to my thoughts! I find it very hard to be separated from you, and that it is impossible for me to be happy without you. Ah! dearest, you cannot imagine what a great love I bear you. I beseech you, do take care of yourself, if only on my account. Only think of the suffering you cause me by sacrificing yourself as you do; and if you wish no longer to grieve me, cease to weigh a few wretched Dollars in the scales with that health which is my most precious treasure. I assure you, that we would not ruin ourselves even if we engaged the costliest of nurses. Even should Congress reject the increase of our pay, we could still meet this expense; but there is a *very strong* probability that this act of justice will be accorded to us. The number of valuable officers who, during the past year, have sent in their resignations has attracted general attention. The papers have spoken of it, especially those of Washington: and all agree in attributing the cause to the insufficiency of our pay. Gen. Quitman, on introducing the Bill in the House, used this strong language, 'that it was a measure to keep the officers of the Army from starving.'

"Hence, dear Mariquitta, set aside your economical ideas, which are in the present instance very much out of place, in a question so important as that of your health,—a health so necessary and so precious to your children, and still more so to their Father.

"My old friend and comrade, Major Garnett,\* to whom I introduced you at Cairo last year, was here this morning; and in the course of our conversation, enquiring how you were, repeated to me what he had then told me, that you were the living image of Mlle. Rachel,—that he had never seen a more striking resemblance. I am at a loss to express to you how much this compliment pleased me: for Rachel is said to be one of the

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\* A classmate at West Point. In 1861, he resigned his commission and went South and was killed in one of the Battles—Carrick's Ford, Va.



most beautiful of women, especially when seen, as he saw her, upon the stage.

"I am sorry to hear of your Father's sadness, but I feel sure that he would feel even more gloomy, if he should leave St. Louis to establish himself in France. He would make your Mother perfectly unhappy by her separation from three of her daughters. Octavie, too, would go most reluctantly, and your Father would likewise regret his children. Nor is this all; setting aside the prophecy of Orval, every thing certainly proves that Europe, and especially France, within three years will be upturned by a *horrible* Revolution, more consonant with Hell than with mankind. I should, therefore, *deeply* regret to see your Father leave. As for the United States, I know not where he could locate to escape the cold, and yet not be sorry to have left St. Louis. New Orleans and the Southern Cities are out of the question; part of the family have already tried this and were forced to fly from the Yellow Fever. In the interior, and here on the Coast, one always experiences cold. The other Cities of the South are subject to the same scourge as New Orleans. Here, at Washington, the Winters are milder than in St. Louis, but then there is no French circle of Society as there, and your Father having no occupation, would be unable to *imagine* how much this want of Society would affect him. Even my Father, raised in this country and speaking English perfectly, sighed for it. And so too Mr. Bernoudy at Louisville. In the interior of Louisiana, and where the Yellow Fever is never seen, there are superb lands to be had at very low prices, where he could settle himself in the midst of a French speaking Creole population. But your Father is too old to think of creating a new home, and yet this is what he would there have to do. I do not see, therefore, where else than at St. Louis he could locate. One must be patient. Last Winter, in the severity of its cold, surpassed every other during the last forty years: soon the Winters will begin to grow milder, let your Father then have patience.

"Adieu, my darling, embrace very affectionately for me all of the family. Give a thousand kisses and say a thousand tender things to my dearly loved Marie, to my little Na, and our dear baby. I press you, my dear wife, to my heart and send you a thousand sweet kisses.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

WASHINGTON, Sunday, January 11, 1857.

"Again, I must digest the same disappointment. These days pass away, my darling Mariquitta, without the letter I had hoped to receive from you. It is already more than a week since I heard from you. Your last letter was dated the 29th December, and yet here are we already well advanced in January. But though this delay be painful to me, it excites no apprehension; for I remember that we are in Winter, and that for some time past the Mails have been subjected to delays, and that heavy recent snows and the severe cold have thrown fresh obstacles in the way of the Post.



Hence, I am not at all surprised that we should be several days without letters from St. Louis. Several times already has it happened to me to find myself, as now, for fourteen days without a letter, and yet almost invariably has it happened that later its explanation was in the delay of the Mails.

"I thank you for having told me of all the presents given to our dear children and to yourself, my own dear wife. And I am much pleased with your Sisters' gift to you, which you need so greatly, namely, a pretty silk dress. If Congress should pass our 'Bill,' I too would contribute to your crying necessity, of a renewal of your poor wardrobe. I can now tell you of only rays of hope concerning this measure, so very desirable to us. A few days ago General Quitman (Chairman of the Military Committee of the House) sought to set aside the regular order of Bills, which had precedence over it, to reach an immediate vote upon our own. To effect this an unanimous vote was necessary, which he did not obtain. But, as it seems, a great *majority* voted in its favor, and as simply a *majority* suffices for its passage, this is regarded as a good augury for its success when it is reached in its regular order. The universal opinion here is, that it will pass the House before their adjournment. And as for the Senate, there has never been a doubt but that there it would be sustained almost unanimously. Then it comes to the President, who will undoubtedly approve of it, as for two years past he has himself in his messages recommended it to Congress. With this explanation, darling, you are as thoroughly posted as myself regarding its status; and, as you may perceive, you were led into error by the statement that it had already passed. According to all human appearances,—which I admit to be often very deceptive, but which nevertheless are the only basis on which we can build our expectations,—we may count with certainty that before the 4th of March we will be allowed an increase of pay.

"The weather is so magnificent; cold, yet dry and invigorating, that I have just returned from a walk beyond the suburbs. Your image, my darling, accompanied me, and indeed very rarely does it desert me, save when I am in a mental abyss of papers and figures, for which, however, as I can assure you, you need not feel the slightest jealousy. I seem very often to see you, living before my eyes. I see you walking in that woody promenade through the woods at Fort Brown, for it is always there, or at Point Isabel, that my love locates you:—your society and the pleasure you gave to me, while I dwelt in those two places, have *forever* consecrated them in my memory. Often, dear Mariquitta, do I dwell on those two scenes and particularly on the occasion of those two first visits I paid you from Las Animas, when beautiful by your plumpness and health I felt so proud of you. Ah! what would I not give then to seize you in my eager arms and cover you with kisses! At other times, I picture you receiving me at Point Isabel, on my return from the office, dressed in my little blue vest, and my little cap of black cloth, and so gay, so unruly, so deliciously pretty, that I cannot withhold a sigh that you will no longer allow yourself

to look well, will no longer take care of your *health*, that you no longer care enough for me to look pretty! Again, my fancy loves to recall that day,—do you remember it? When for a moment I had returned to the house, and you would not allow me to return to the office: when throwing yourself upon me, you seized my hat and tossed it to the other extremity of the room and clasping me within your arms, clinging to me, you obliged me to take a seat upon the sofa beside you; for weak through the force of laughter and amusement, I had no longer the strength to resist you and vainly struggled within your embrace. Ah! these are indeed delicious memories! You did not suspect that I so preciousely preserved them, you naughty one, who are continually pretending that you doubt my love! There is many another besides these, of which I have never spoken to you. They are, when I am away from you, my very sweet treasure, my support and my only happiness.

“Adieu, my darling. Embrace affectionately for me all the family. Caress for their dear Papa our darling children: say to them all sorts of tender expressions, with which your heart overflows in their regard. For yourself, accept a thousand sweet caresses and a thousand tender kisses from

“Your JULES.”

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Happiness Mariquitta's letter has just given him—advises her to read "All for Jesus"—is sorry that her father received no Christmas present and advises her to induce her sisters to co-operate with her in giving him a nice pair of furs—joy at her consent to procure a nurse for Louis—Col. Cooper's pleasure at his report—attends several dancing soirées—his love for Catholic reunions like the Lays'—detestable ink she uses—misses intensely his little boy—his special fondness for his babies—her uncle Callard and Cousin David—diplomacy she must practice about the gift to her father—intense severity of Winter—Col. Freeman's perfect astonishment and exclamation—enormous press of work at the Office—point of honor with the President and his Cabinet—great snow storm—fondness for his position and confident it is what is best suited for him—Col. Cooper's satisfaction with him as also that of the Secretary of War—his pleasure in completing a certain important Work and the aid he received therein from his friends in Heaven—his passionate love for Mariquitta and the great sacrifice of his Algerian expedition for her sake—abscess of Marie and his hopes thereof—the good and pleasure Mariquitta's recent letters have given him—her father's great suffering from the intense cold not surprising—his horror of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris at the Altar—his gratitude to her mother for all her love and devotion to herself and their children—situation of the Army Bill—Capt. Phelps not angry—pride in his little girls and boy—hopes his wife does not suffer from the severity of the Winter—his painful longing for her—his sources of consolation so few and so different to other men's.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Wednesday, January 14, 1857.

"My own darling, you made me very happy by your letter of the 2nd and 5th: it was so affectionate, so long, so full of details, that are to me so interesting. Your account of Marie's health also fills me with hope. I myself had thought that her recovery would be effected by an abscess or something of the kind. Very surely, all of the physicians concur in saying, that so long as she sleeps well, eats well and does not seem to suffer, there is no reason to despair of her cure. Let us then be very good, very faithful to our duties, think often of God, and constantly make acts of His presence and, especially, let us perform the devotion I recommended to you, in order that we may learn the better to love and to serve Him. He will then have less hesitation in committing to us the care of our dear child's soul. I wish that you could read a pious English work just pub-



lished, 'All for Jesus.' It is so fine, so enticing, that it could not fail to improve you. I have recently derived great benefit from its perusal. Without a doubt, if you asked Robert, he could borrow a copy of it for you, either from the College or the Cathedral. I would be very glad if you could read a few pages every day. As I have already told you, do not overwhelm yourself with prayers. We are but too apt to think that we must recite a multitude of prayers, which we are but too apt to recite negligently, and hence derive no advantage from them. I believe that nothing increases piety more within our hearts than often, very often, as often as possible during the day, to turn our *hearts* to God. Not simply the mind, by words, by ejaculations, which are undoubtedly good, but which we too often, as in the case of our prayers, repeat with but little attention: but the very heart itself, by acts of interior love, of gratitude, of pity for the sufferings of our Saviour, of sympathy with His heart—so wounded by mankind—so afflicted by their ingratitude. The book I have recommended to you will teach you all this. Buy it, for I, indeed, would like to possess a copy.

"My dear little darling, I thank you for the full account of all of the gifts which have been exchanged between yourselves; the perusal gave me so much pleasure. I also thank you, my 'sweet,' for having gratified me by the purchase of the little veil you desired. I am so pleased that you allowed yourself this small gratification. I hope that Congress will not refuse us the increase of our pay, that I may have the pleasure of renewing your wardrobe. I was grieved that in all this your Father received no present, but we will remedy it. You say that the furs you gave to the Doctor cost \$5. Now, invite the aid of all your Sisters to the extent of 25 cents apiece, no more, and then adding to it five or six dollars of your own (but mind, not *less* than five dollars) buy for him a good, warm, and pretty pair. Do this *at once*, that he may enjoy them before the end of Frost. You will, my dear Mariquitta, confer on me a real pleasure by doing this immediately.

"I cannot understand how you manage to have a balance of \$42 on hand at the end of December. Certainly I expected nothing of the kind and I envy, my dear, your economy, for proportionately I spend a *great deal* more. I am rejoiced that at last you have freely consented to procure a nurse, and I hope that at this very moment you are in the possession of an excellent one. Yet, to be candid, I doubt it. I do not think it possible to obtain a good one, who would go to the country, for less than \$20 or even \$30 per month. And I wish you to have a *good one*, whatever be the cost. Dear little wife, you strive too much to economize in matters where none is to be exercised. And you give me pain in appearing to fear that I will scold you for your expenses. Have I ever yet done so? It has indeed been an age since I have done so! I must, moreover, tell you that I am distressed to think of your intention of sending Lucy away: and I do hope that my letter, in which I begged of you not to think of such a thing, will have reached you in time to prevent it.

"I had quite a pleasure this morning at my Office. I had drawn up a report of no mean importance and thought I had very well succeeded with it: yet I feared that the Colonel might not approve of it. Nevertheless, he did seem to be very much pleased, and then read to me one of his own, as if to obtain my views in regard to it. He is always very amiable in my regard.

"Last night I attended a dancing soir  e at the Lays, and I even danced once and altogether had a very pleasant time. To-night, I go to another, given by an Officer; and to-morrow night, to a ball given by Col. Freeman. I must confess that I go to these last two as I would take a dose of medicine. But I love reunions like those of the Lays, where I met only good Catholics, whom I knew, and where every thing passed off without ceremony. There is here a small Catholic *coterie*, which is very agreeable, and in which I must tell you there is a *lively desire* to make your acquaintance.

"*Thursday, the 15th.*—I hope that my sweet little Na did not have long to wait for her 'tiny letter.' For I sent it to you but two or three days after I sent you those for her and my dearly loved Marie.

"What detestable ink you use! It blackens my hands and soils every thing which it touches. It sticks so to the envelope that it is difficult to extract the letter. May not Miss Tavie by chance be amusing herself by putting sugar in the inkstand?

"You will not believe how much I miss my little boy. I have always had a special fondness for my babies. They are so pretty, those pure little souls, so self-willed, and yet to me their lives seem so angelical. I confess that, when you repeat to me our boy is so sweet, I feel such a desire to hold him in my arms, to caress him, and to play with him. And it does me good, to see how much you love him, how charming you find him. Your last letter was to me of real utility, it somewhat allayed my fears in respect to yourself and my dear Marie, and gave me real pleasure by the perusal of the interesting details with which it was replete.

"Ask of your Mother, when she will write to them, very affectionately to thank your uncle Callard for his invitation, also David for the greeting he was preparing for me, and *especially* for his intention of accompanying me to Africa. They must already be informed that I have abandoned my expedition. But I wish that David should know that I was greatly delighted to think of him as a companion, at the same time that he would have been to me of great advantage.

"Upon reflection, to avoid the semblance that the gift be only your own, I think it best to pursue the following course. Give in my behalf to each of your sisters \$2, telling them that I desired also to make them a small Christmas gift. And then, as if a sudden thought of yours, propose to them on the following day to buy these furs for your Father, who had received no Christmas gift. Then, even should you contribute no more than they, there would be still enough to buy a handsome set.

"Embrace all the family very affectionately for me, my darling wife; give a thousand fond caresses to our dear, dear children, and receive a thousand sweet kisses from your

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, January 18th, 1857.

"The river here is frozen to the depth of a foot, a most rare circumstance and one which, excepting last year, has not happened for a long while. I have not found the Winter so severe. But Washington has a climate of mild temperature, and from what I am told by the citizens and read in the papers, I am inclined to think that this has been a severe Winter. That of last year was in every respect extraordinary. Your Father, therefore, has reason to complain of the cold, but not sufficient cause to blame it upon the country. If he will only be patient, there is no doubt but that the Winters will soon resume their ordinary temperature.

"While I am writing, it is snowing heavily, a real tempest, and I am distressed to think that the Roads will be blocked and communication impeded, and that we will thus be compelled to wait much longer than usual for each other's letters.

"You no longer mention your nights, my dear wife. How do you spend them? Are you ever obliged to get up in the cold? Are you able to keep up the fire in your stove? And does it warm your room thoroughly during the day? Do write to me on this subject.

"During the past week I went to two balls and a dancing soirée. You see I am becoming dissipated. And really were I not so blind, but could only distinguish and recognize the ladies, I feel that I could greatly amuse myself. The last I attended was at Colonel Freeman's. He was perfectly astonished to see me arrive, and two or three times exclaimed, 'Well! this is something truly complimentary!' I went only in acknowledgment of the civilities the Freemans had shown me and intended in a quarter of an hour to make my escape. But every thing was so beautiful and so glittering, the music so enchanting, the ladies so superbly dressed, that I would willingly have remained the whole evening and, as it was, spent two hours.

"I am occupied as much as ever. I had hoped that when I had finished the compilation of the Army Register for this year, I would have a little respite. But not at all. Not only is Congress in session, which always involves a very great increase of labor, but the present Administration is drawing to a close. And, as it is a point of honor with the President and his Secretaries to leave behind them, if possible, no unfinished work, we must necessarily share in the extraordinary activity which, at this moment, exists in all the Government Bureaux.

"Embrace all the family affectionately for me, my darling. Fondly caress our dear children, and tell them a thousand tender things in my behalf. I embrace you and clasp you tenderly to my heart.

"Your JULES."



*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Tuesday, January 20, 1857.

“As I feared, my dear wife, all communication is cut off, and we must wait a long while before we have tidings of each other. I should have received a letter from you yesterday or to-day, for your last one was as long ago as the 7th inst. But now I may not expect to hear from you for two or three days. I hope, at least, that this delay of the Mails will cause you no anxiety.

“It is a regular whirlwind of snow which we have had, and yesterday morning it was almost impossible to thread one's way through the streets, either in vehicles or afoot. The snow drifts in many places were as deep as three or four feet upon the sidewalks.

“I have nothing new or interesting to say to you. I am very well, and still am so occupied, that I have not the chance to feel very sad. Besides, I feel myself so strengthened from above that I endure our separation much better than I dared to hope. I continue very fond of my position and of the duties pertaining to it. The more I remain the more I feel that it is just what best suited me, just what I needed; and if there were any method whereby I could make myself noted and distinguished it is in the very position I occupy. All vanity aside (for I know full well that God aids and strengthens me, and that I owe to him every thing) I think that this, in a measure, I have already obtained. I fancy that I have already made a great inroad into the good graces of Col. Cooper, and a little into that of the Secretary. I regret that the latter will soon retire. But he will enter the *Senate*, to become there very probably the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, which would cause his relations with the Army, and the interests of which he has so much advanced, not to be entirely broken off.

“This morning I completed a work, in the execution of which it seemed to me that the aid I received from my good friends in Heaven was palpable. It was an *opinion* of the U. S. Attorney General, upon a Military Law passed last year, which Col. Cooper gave to me the other day, praying me to read it attentively and, if possible, to unravel its meaning which he himself, as he said, was unable to do. I took it, studied it, discovered in it a grave error and two or three omissions scarcely less serious, which, in my opinion, so vitiated it as to render it of no value. Noting these errors, I wrote a criticism of the argument, which to-day, just as he was leaving his office, I handed to Col. Cooper. Of course, I do not know how he will appreciate it, but before he left, pointing out one of the errors, which could not be denied, I noticed that his eyes gleamed somewhat in triumph. If, therefore, I have correctly argued, the affair must redound to my honor. And even if the Attorney General should feel wounded by it, it would trouble me but little, for he once played me an ugly trick in Mexico, and hence deserved to receive at my hands this retaliation. For, during the War, he was a Brigade Commander, and having received an



order to join General Scott upon the grand line of operations, asked me to accompany him, (I supposed as his Adjutant General). I accepted on the spot, only too happy to exchange our line, where it might be said that Peace reigned, for one where they were still fiercely fighting. Well! darling, would you believe it, without a whisper to me of his intention, without even a brief note, to tell me he had changed his mind, or to excuse himself, he left, taking another officer with him! You can understand, that if really I have gained over a statesman, and over a lawyer of his distinction, such a victory, as I think that I have, I would have every possible reason to derive from it very great satisfaction.

"Wednesday, January 21.—Yesterday we received two Mails from St. Louis, one of which was due since last Saturday. And thus I received, my darling, together your two letters of the 10th and 13th inst. You tell me, my Mariquitta, that by my letter of the 1st I greatly pained you. I assure you that I sincerely regret it, for already I had reproached myself for it, and still reproach myself. The pain I may have given to you by my letters on this subject is absolutely *nothing* as compared with what I suffered. Forgive me then, my dearly loved one; if I loved you less, I could be indifferent. I thank you with all my heart that you yourself took my part, and attributed my fit of anger to its real cause, and hence excused it. I love you so passionately, my dear little Mariquitta, that you must pardon the unreasonableness of my love.

"As for the African expedition, I thank you, my darling, for the permission you give me; and, very certainly, I will do all that you ask of me, if I should be able to go. But the sacrifice of it is not 'beyond my strength,' and I have entirely abandoned it. If God permits me, I will go on for you, just as soon as the health of our dear little Marie will permit her to travel; and when I will have rejoined you, I will devote myself entirely to you and seek to render you as happy and as comfortable as possible.

"You give me some hope in respect to our poor dear child. Kiss and caress her for me, as also my sweet little Na. Say to them, for me, a thousand tender things. Affectionately embrace all of the family. By little gifts to your Father from time to time, try to show him that you suffer in seeing how much loss of sleep your children occasion him, which you would so much like to avoid. If you cannot, as I proposed, arrange it with your Sisters, then do you yourself buy for him the furs I mentioned to you. Do not restrict yourself so much, dearest; every person still assures me, that our increase of pay will certainly be accorded to us.

"Again, my dear little wife, permit me to ask your pardon for all the pain I have given you in this matter of a nurse. I will strive my utmost never again to allude to it. You must, after all, read in it a proof of my affection. Say to me then, dear little Mariquitta, that you bear me no resentment. Give me, therefore, a sweet kiss and receive in return a million from me. Good-bye, my loved one, I clasp you tenderly to my heart.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Friday, January 23, 1857.

“I was engaged in reading, my Mariquitta, when your image appeared to me, so sweet, so full of charm, that I fell into a delicious reverie, full of yourself, and embalmed in a perfume of intoxicating love. My dear wife, how much I do love you, and what an immense void does your absence create in my existence! Ah! if you could but read my heart! If, forsooth, you could have assisted at all the pathetic thoughts, the sweet emotions which have just chased each other successively there, you could not have avoided being moved, flattered, and contented thereby, and led to love with all your heart a man who so dearly loves you. And you will also willingly pardon the flights of my love, which lately have given you so much pain! I do assure you that I am very repentant, to have caused you trouble on account of those miserable nurses, and I will do my utmost never again to relapse into my fault. The sweetness, with which you bore it, and which led you yourself to find excuses for me, in attributing my perversity to its real motive, most keenly affected me and produced a great effect. You will, dear, dear Mariquitta, not again have reason to complain of my fits of anger, and of my unjust reproaches.

“*Sunday, January 25.*—Yesterday, my darling, I received your two letters of the 16th, and 18th, together with that of your Mother of the latter date, and I cannot express to you the good they did me. Dear, dear little Marie, and can it be that God intends to cure our Angel! You lead me to hope so. What a happiness! Let us continue then to pray, and, especially, to merit such a favor by making real progress in perfection, in order to become more agreeable in the sight of God—so good, and so merciful. Every thing in that abscess, from its beginning to its opening, seems to me clothed with such insignificance, hence indicative of a supernatural interposition. Therefore, I think that we have every reason not to despair. And I entirely concur in the opinion, expressed by your Mother and yourself, that happen what may, we will have a thousand reasons to bless God and His Holy Mother, that our child has suffered so little through this long sickness. Even though our prayers have obtained no more than this, it would still remain a great favor, a most signal benefit, and one which deserves that we should now exhaust ourselves in thanksgiving. I feel light and gay of heart; for the moment, every thing looks rose-colored, and I am contented with every thing which I see happening to me.

“In the first place, you delighted me by telling me how much my letter of the 7th and 8th pleased you. Then again, you seemed to be gayer; you promised me, for my sake, to take care of your health, and to please me by becoming again youthful and pretty; and you do not know what value I attach to these promises and how grateful I shall be for their fulfilment. Then, too, the prospects for the passage of the ‘Bill’ relative to the increase of our Pay, brighten from day to day. Moreover, I am more

than ever pleased with my place and my future. One or two reports I have recently prepared and my refutation of the argument of the 'Attorney General' of the U. S., are calculated to distinguish me, and in them I read proof that at last I have found my vocation, my true career, and may God aid me to pursue it in an honorable and striking manner.

"To conclude, all that you tell me about my children tends to make me happy. Their good health, their discretion, their tender solicitude for our dear little loved one; the affectionate vivacity of Na; the goodness, the beauty, and all that you perceive so sweet in our dear little Louis, charm and greatly rejoice my heart. May God aid you to bring them up in piety, and in a holy fear, a sweet love for Him! You do not, I am sure, my Mari-quitta, neglect to tune their little hearts to Him, by often speaking to them of Him, by inspiring them with a gratitude, mingled with fear and affection, for His benefits, and in sowing in their hearts the seeds of a touching piety! I am glad to hear that Louis is entering upon good habits, and I hope that you will not let him lose them.

"I am not surprised that your Father should suffer so much from the cold. There is not a doubt that this Winter is more severe than the terrible one of last year. I have not suffered from it, but for a while past I have thought it colder than that of last year, although I was unwilling to acknowledge it. But now it is an assured fact. Last Sunday, the 18th, you tell me that the thermometer at St. Louis stood at 24°; last Winter I think from 18° to 20° was the lowest limit it reached there. On this same Sunday, we had here and throughout the East that terrible tempest of snow. That same day the cold in the Northern part of New York was 30°, 36°, and at some places even 40°. But last Winter, the severest cold experienced was upon the exposed plains of Nebraska, and yet it did not exceed 34°. You see then, this Winter very much exceeds the extraordinary one of 1855-56. But such Winters are exceptional and must be rare. Your Father must therefore resign himself. At all events, better even such Winters than the Revolution and the horrible scenes which are besetting France.

"I would like to see your uncle Callard return: and as for David, I tremble.

"The abominable crime of the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris at the Altar, and by a priest, is one of those phenomenal crimes which are always the prelude to great social upheavals, the grand outbursts of the anger of God,—the precursors of the storm,—the signs in Egypt. I see by the public papers that this odious crime has produced in France a deep and painful expression, a fearful suspense; for it appears that there it is regarded as I do. May these expectations be disappointed, though I dare not hope so!

"Tell your Mother, that from the bottom of my heart I thank her for all her tender care, her affection, her goodness toward you and my children, and that I shall try very soon to answer her affectionate letter. I



begin to see a break in my work, of which I will certainly take advantage, in order to write to her, your Father, and Nancy. I think her idea now of beginning a Novena in honor of St. Joseph most excellent, and I hope that you will carry it into execution; and I beg of you to advise me of its beginning, in time to permit me to join in it, as also to obtain the aid of some pious prayers.

"Very affectionately embrace all the family for me; fondly hug our dear children, saying to them a thousand sweet things in my behalf; and receive for yourself, my darling sweet little wife, a thousand sweet and loving kisses from your

"JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Tuesday, January 27, 1857.

"Our Bill for increase of Pay has, my darling, passed the House by a very large majority—130 votes against 62. The greatest peril has been overcome, for it was the action of the House which we most dreaded, as it has always proved to be hostile to this measure of Justice. But while the prospect thus becomes *very much* brighter, I do not yet feel like indulging in Hope. The Senate, *without a doubt*, is favorable to us; but, it is said, that instead of having there adopted the same measure, the Chairman of its Military Committee loaded it down with other measures, which may entirely defeat it. For if the Senate should pass the Bill thus amended, it must go back to the House thus changed, to be subjected there to another vote. Thus it may share the fate of many another measure, which is defeated through the differences of the two Houses. Then, there remains the President, who is very greatly favorable to us; but at times he is very scrupulous, and I do not know that he has ever declared himself in favor of *so great* an increase as has been adopted by the House. I think it my duty thus to portray to you the real situation of the Bill, so that you may understand why I still doubt of our good fortune. But, though thus explicit, I must say that since the vote of yesterday no one seems any longer to doubt of its passage.

"To answer one of your questions I am quite sure, my darling, that Capt. Phelps is not angry with us. For, even in the letter of whose brevity I complained, he asked of me a slight service, and, if he had been displeased with us, he very certainly would not have done so. Just the reverse, particularly in regard to you and to Marie, was his tone very amicable.

"Without tiring I read and re-read your two letters of the 16th and 18th, whose receipt I have already acknowledged. They inspire me with fresh hope for my dear little Marie, besides being otherwise very interesting. The sweetness, the tenderness, the submissive and affectionate disposition of that dear child, render me not only very happy but also very grateful to God who has deigned to give us so great a treasure. I am quite pleased that our 'sweet' little Na is growing so much more reasonable, and that both of my little girls have improved so greatly in their

French. Dear children, how tenderly I do love them! How proud I am of my little girls! And my dear little Louis also, you cannot imagine how agreeable it is to hear you repeat that he is charming and pretty, or how I delight to see you so tenderly attached to him! Your two last letters did me an immense amount of good, my dear little wife, by their tone of courage, hope, and peace of mind, of which it is so long since you have given me any proof. Your melancholy oppressed me and deepened my own. So too, the better disposition you now have reacts on my own.

"I hope that the storm of the 18th did not cause you to wait too long for a letter from me. It raged along our Coast. We were longer without Mails from *New York* than from *St. Louis*, and our communications with the former are even as yet scarcely regulated. Every day we receive information, which indicates that this Winter exceeds in its severity even that of last year. Yesterday, I read that in a certain locality of Vermont the mercury of the thermometers froze, and it was thought that the cold there must have reached the intensity of  $50^{\circ}$  below zero! It must have been at least  $40^{\circ}$ , to have frozen the mercury.

"*Thursday, January 29.*—I have nothing new to tell you and I must, therefore, close my letter. The Senate has not as yet touched our Bill, and I do not know when they will consider it.

"I hope, my dear wife, that you do not suffer much from the inclemency of the Winter. It has been, and continues to be, of a severity—the parallel of which is almost unknown. The Bay of Norfolk, about 150 miles south of Washington, is frozen over to the depth of 8–10 inches, something till now unheard of. Throughout the whole South East, they are gathering a crop of ice. Here, the temperature has always been quite tolerable, although a little to the North of *St. Louis* it is from  $6^{\circ}$ – $10^{\circ}$  less cold than it is ordinarily with us. Hence, I regard the cold we have had here as unimportant; I have not suffered from it, either this year or the last, either by night or by day.

"As five days have elapsed since my receipt of your last letter, I did have some expectations of another to-day, but I did not receive any. Still I am not in the least surprised, for we have had more snow, which must have necessarily created fresh obstacles for the trains.

"I believe that the brunt of my winter's work is over. For two days past I have had a respite, and I see nothing in view to overwork me. I made use of this leisure to answer some of the letters I have received since my return. I wrote to Nancy yesterday, and intend writing soon to your Father and Mother.

"For a long time I have had no letter from Alexander, and I am somewhat worried on his account, as he was then suffering.

"Since I find myself less occupied I begin to pine for you, and I fear that my impatience again to see you, dear little wife, increasing from day to day, will become so great as to render my present situation intolerable. Have you ever thought of what you would suffer, if for a year you were

forced to be far from me, your children, and all of your family? Imagine then what it must be for me! I do not deny that a woman so situated, might suffer more than a man; but, on the other hand, I am certain that very few men under such circumstances would suffer as much as I do. For I do not possess a single one of those different sources of consolation which serve so many other men as a means of distracting their thoughts and making them forget their troubles. I do not smoke, I do not play either cards or billiards, I care nothing for the Chase, nor for Fishing, nor for the society of other men or for that of Ladies. There remains but *one* recreation,—reading.

“But I must close, my darling. Affectionately embrace all the family for me. Caress most tenderly my dear little children, and receive for yourself, little Mariquitta, my *sweet*, a thousand tender and loving kisses from

“Your JULES.”



## CHAPTER XXX.

His worriment over his own expenses—his reproaches to himself—better to give Alms to God's poor than to fee physicians uselessly for Marie—joy Mariquitta's last letter gave him—Lieut. Saxton—Major Garnett and his young bride and his notice of Mariquitta's strong resemblance to the beautiful Rachel, and Julius' own regret, for this reason, not to have seen Rachel—Louis—hopes the Winter is about to end—again advises Mariquitta to buy "All for Jesus"—his anticipated joy at soon being reunited to her and his children—his pleasure at the contents of her last letter—Sister Lucy's story—his regret that Mariquitta's mother anticipated them in the gift to her father—his Criticism on argument of the Attorney General—has found his true vocation—Alexander's letter and its good news about her and Marie—his duty to submit to little disappointments—his father's Translation—begs her, for her own and Marie's good, occasionally to visit the City—imprudence in her father's wish to return to France and better for him to act upon his own (Julius') suggestion—his longing for her but pious resignation.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, February 1st, 1857.

"Yesterday, my darling, I received your letter of the 21st and 23rd, which arrived just in time to enable me to commence with you the Novena in honor of St. Joseph. You may rest assured, that I will not neglect it. You must know that ever since we began the former Novena, our little Marie is prayed for regularly every week at the Arch-Confraternity established in the Jesuits' Chapel here, to which I have been for some time affiliated. I have a great mind again to ask of the Sisters of Charity to join us with their Orphans. I feel tempted, also, to ask the Jesuit Fathers to say some Masses for our intention; but I hesitate, because, since my return, I have spent so much money, (nearly \$70 in December, \$63 in January, and \$68 in November) that it worries me to keep on at this rate. At times, I reproach myself that thus far I have not laid by *one cent* for my children, not a single cent of my earnings; and that if I should die to-morrow, all that would remain to them, would be what my poor Father and my good Mother accumulated with such a struggle and by dint of so many deprivations. And I say to myself, that this should not be the case. Then again I say to myself, that it is not my fault, if hitherto my Pay has been so very small; that, after all, I have incurred no extravagance;—and to come down to the real state of facts, apparently God wishes that, instead of our feeing physicians, we should give something to His Poor;—and,

after all, is it not better that it should be so? Do you not think so? And now that our Pay is about to be increased and our expenses yet remain stationary, we may for the Future lay by something every month. Hence, I conclude upon reflection, to give what I have just mentioned. I hope, my darling, that it will meet with your approval.

"Your letter, dear Mariquitta, gave me real pleasure. It is such a consolation to me, again to see you giving way to Hope, to feelings of gayety and courage, and to learn that of late your health shows signs of improvement. Then, too, you give me such encouraging news of my dear little Marie, and cause me so much pleasure, by saying that our little daughters, of their own volition, begin to speak French. You so sweetly make my heart thrill with all that you relate about my little Louis; and, finally, I am so satisfied to learn of all the pleasure my late letters have given you.

"Mr. Saxton, who always, whenever he meets me, so warmly enquires after you, begs to be kindly remembered.

"My friend, Major Garnett, the person who called upon us aboard the 'Luther M. Kennett' at Cairo, is in town with his young bride, a pretty little woman. It is he, you may recollect, who recognized in you such a great resemblance to Rachel. The very first act of his, on meeting me again, was to speak of this resemblance, which he thought so striking. And his little wife told me, that on his return to New York last Winter, he had mentioned it to her. This makes me regret still more, that I did not see Rachel, when she passed through this country.

"I am glad, my darling, to hear that you form Louis to good habits, that he learns to sit still and to amuse himself all alone. I learn, too, with pleasure, that you have begun to give him bread to eat, and I shall be well pleased to hear, also, that he can take a little soup and suck a morsel of meat.

"To-day is a beautiful Spring day, but at the same time there is a fearful thaw.

"On account of the Poor, of yourself, darling, and of your Father, who have all suffered so much from it, I do hope with all my heart that the Winter is about to end, and a more pleasant season about to be inaugurated.

"Have you yet, dearest, bought the book, 'All for Jesus,' which I so strongly recommended to you? If you have not, do so at once. It is the finest work of devotion I have ever read, and so fascinated am I by it, that I cannot be without it. Though I have already read the book once, I am again reading it, and with just as much pleasure; and had I not told you to buy it in St. Louis, I would certainly buy it here for myself.

"Your last letter completed the first volume of your letters that I have received since my return. I trust there will not be sufficient time to complete a second one, before I shall have rejoined you, my love, never again to be separated.

"Ah! dear little wife, what a happiness for me again to see you and our dear children! I begin to grow too impatient for this reunion. You must,

therefore, show me a great, great deal of love, to repay me for all I have suffered by my absence from you. It is such a trial for one who loves as I do, and who stands so much in need of affection, to live thus separated from every thing in the world that he loves most dearly. And but that we should always be content to do the Will of God and to suffer a little for His sake, I would not have the fortitude to endure such an existence.

"Good-bye, my own sweet little Mariquitta. Embrace very affectionately for me all the family. I will try soon to write to your Father and Mother. Tenderly caress our dear children for me, and receive for yourself, darling, a thousand kisses and endearments from

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Monday, February 2, 1857.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED,

"As it is but two days since I received a letter from you, I could not expect another to-day, and yet I have received one, and oh! what a good, good letter it is! Dear, dear Mariquitta, how much good you do me and how happy you make me, when you give me such good news of yourself, of our dear Marie, and of our two other babes. The tone of gayety, of hope, of animation which pervades your letter so reacts upon me as to inspire me with the same dispositions. I am so happy to learn that our dear little Marie continues to improve, and that you have secured a good nurse, as well as a good woman, who gives you so very little trouble and so well suits you. I am *unable* to find words to express my delight at hearing that you feel so well, are growing fleshier, have a good appetite, and feel yourself so very much stronger. What you relate of Louis and Na adds to my pleasure. Dear little beings, how I love all three of them, how charming I find them! And how ardently I love you too, Miss Mariquitta! Even though the nurse be of no use to you at night, I will not, darling, scold you any more; I will be pained by it, but then I see that you are disposed to do every thing that is reasonable. Hence, never mind what may happen, I promise you not again to trouble you on this subject. Yet you should not, in regard to the Past, forget that I was really, my dear wife, very uneasy on your account; and I had good reason to be so, when you yourself told me that you felt worn out, were constantly suffering &c., and when your Mother wrote that your health was very delicate.

"I have just returned from a visit to Sister Lucy, the Superioress of the Orphan Asylum, to ask of her to continue the Orphans' prayers for our dear child, and to say that their prayers had availed much more than we had at first thought. I then recited to her the whole history of the abscess, etc. She said that it did not surprise her, that she had great confidence in Prayer, especially in that of children; and that since she had seen me, a young lady from New York had called upon her. This young woman had a frightful cancer in the breast. The physicians had informed her that but a single chance remained to save her life—an operation. She trembled at the thought, and unable yet to decide, had wished first to visit her



good friend, Sister Lucy, to obtain from her the necessary courage to yield. Sister Lucy told her, that for so *slight* a chance of cure, it really seemed too cruel to be subjected to such an operation; still it was her duty to submit, since her physicians and family urged it. The young girl thereupon returned to New York, resolved to yield. But, all of a sudden, the physicians announced to her that they had no hopes of success, even from the operation; therefore, no longer to think of it, but to place all her trust in God. She then wrote to Sister Lucy, who answered that she would get her Orphans to pray for her. This she did, and but a short time ago she received a letter from her young friend (who is from her description pretty as well as pious) announcing her perfect, *perfect* cure!

"*Tuesday, February 3rd.*—Does not, my darling, what I have just related to you fill you with hope? I feel my own heart grow full!

"So pleased am I, my darling, with your letter, that I read and re-read it. It is so gratifying, to see you shake off your melancholy, to see you gay and animated, to know that you are gaining every day in strength and health; and then, to have such good news of my children. I am so impatient to embrace my dear little Marie, to see my charming little Louis, and to tease my bright and engaging little Na! The portrait you draw of her, trying to put your wardrobe in order (to your great dread), or sweeping your room, amused me very much.

"I am sorry your Mother has anticipated us in the gift to your Father of the furs, of which I am certain he stood in great need.

"Do you remember of my mentioning to you in one of my late letters a criticism I had made of an argument of the Attorney General of the United States? Well! Colonel Cooper told me, day before yesterday, that he had read it to the Secretary; and the latter accepted it without reservation, and wanted at once to send it to the Attorney General. But Colonel Cooper opposed this, observing that it might cause the Attorney General too much mortification. I was, therefore, directed to write a letter, to be signed by the Secretary, in which the errors of the Attorney General should be in a delicate manner exposed. This I did to-day.

"I love to relate to you this little triumph, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, not that I experienced from it any vanity; for it was, *in the first place*, by a chance, purely Providential, that a person in the position of the Attorney General could have played into my hand by so gross an error; and *next*, that I should have had the good fortune to discover this error:—I recognize in the circumstance a palpable proof of the protection God wishes to afford me. But where I derive my greatest satisfaction, is from the thought, with which I am inspired, that I have at last found my true vocation, the position and the duties which suit me, and wherein God is the better disposed to aid me. This is all there is of it, for you must not imagine that such things will contribute to my advancement:—Oh! no; I will not, in consequence, receive one cent more, nor one day earlier the rank of Major. The only material benefit it may confer on me is that, if Colonel Cooper finds me to be useful to him, he will the longer retain me near him.

"*Thursday, February 5th.*—I have just received a letter from Alexander, dated the 31st of January. He says that on the previous day you had been in town and that Laura regretted very much, that through a mistake of her servant, she had not seen you when you called. He tells me that Julia\* found you 'very pretty,' while 'others thought they had never seen her looking better.' All this gives me such pleasure, by its proof of your really being much better; for this letter is five days later than the one I received from you. Dear little, sweet wife, I am so happy since my receipt of such good news of yourself and Marie. May they continue to gladden my heart! Then again I am greatly pleased that my little wife is considered pretty, it makes me feel quite proud.

"Tenderly kiss and caress for me our dear children, and tell them many endearing things in my behalf. I press you, my dear Mariquitta, tenderly to my heart and imprint a thousand kisses upon your lips.

"Your JULIO, wholly yours."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, February 8, 1857.

"To-day, my dearest, is my regular day for writing to you, but to be candid, I feel but little inclination to do so, for I have nothing of interest to tell you,—a state of feeling occasioned by my disappointment this morning, when I called at the Post Office and found there was no letter from you. Your last one is dated the 25th of January and it is but three days ago that I had one from Alexander of the 30th, that is to say, five days fresher than yours. Do not for a moment, my darling, interpret this as any reproach to yourself, for I know too well your regularity in writing to me, which is all I should exact of you. Nor am I uneasy, as Alexander tells me that you were in the City on the 29th, from which I infer that every thing was all right. I feel also that it is my duty to submit more patiently to these little disappointments, which, after all, are sent us by Almighty God. But, none the less, at the first blush we feel carried away, and though I shall try to accept it with resignation, this does not prevent me from feeling downcast and disappointed, without ideas, and unable to write.

"I have nothing new to relate to you since my last letter.

"I left lying about in our room, upon my departure from Limours, a translation by my Father into French verse of the '*Batrachomnomanie*' of Homer, or, perhaps, I may have left it in Octavie's room. You would, my dear little wife, render me a very great service, if you would find it and precious preserve it for me. You will at once attend to this, won't you?

"I am quite content, my dear Mariquitta, that at last you found yourself free enough and able to make a little trip to the City, and you would please me still more if you would oftener do so. For there is not a doubt

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\* Julia Francis, *née* Garesché, 1st Cousin of Julius and married to Mr. Alfred Francis of Phila.

but that the forced seclusion, to which for a long time you have been consigned, must have greatly affected your feelings, as well as your health, and that even the slight distraction of going to town, on a visit to your relatives and friends; to enjoy some concerts, and to make your purchases for your toilet or what is required for your children; to eat a few delicacies at Guenaudon's &c., cannot fail to do you much good, not only by the exercise for the body, but by the delicious excitement it gives to the mind. By the love, therefore, you bear me, I beg of you, my dear little wife, from time to time, to visit the City; and if you can summon enough courage, even to remain there a day or two. You would thus amuse yourself, and would return gayer, and with a fresh stock of courage, to the side of your little Marie, upon whom your gayety and courage would react with good effect. For, it is important, that in her critical state, her courage should be maintained, and that she should not give way to despair, which might prove fatal to her. Do not forget this, for it is a serious matter, which should be watched.

"During more than a week past we have had a bright sun, warm air—truly Spring weather. The snow has almost entirely disappeared, only a few scattering flakes remaining.

"Alexander writes to me that apparently, or at least from what he hears, your Father is more than ever resolved to return to France. I do not, however, believe it. I understand the nervous temperament of your Father and will readily concede that he thinks of doing so, but I cannot believe that he would ever determine upon a step, so fraught with anguish for your Mother, and which, in view of the condition of France and of Europe, would be of such rash imprudence. He would do a great deal better to act upon my suggestion, from which I always told him he would reap a fortune, and on which he can now embark, thanks to the Railroad which unites St. Louis with Carondelet. It is, to transform his farm on shares into a dairy farm, to rear cows, and every day to send the milk to St. Louis to some milk man, with whom he would have contracted. I am sure, that before two years, he would thus reap a \$1000 a year, and the business once well established, he could augment his revenues by the increase of his cows.

"I am a little under the 'blues,' darling, and will therefore close. Ah! it is so painful to me, to be so long separated from you! God, I confess, does powerfully aid me to bear this absence, and, despite my ingratitude, His goodness towards me is inexhaustible: but, yet, there are moments when I long for your presence, and cannot be consoled. And, to-night, I feel in this disposition.

"Affectionately embrace all the family for me, dearest. Give a thousand caresses, say a thousand sweet little phrases for me to our dear children; and for yourself, my Mariquitta, receive a number of affectionate kisses, which I would love dearly to bestow myself upon your sweet lips. Good-bye, sweet wife, love dearly your

"JULES."



## CHAPTER XXXI.

How his happiness is bound up in Mariquitta and his agony of heart at their separation—success of the “Bill”—his intense joy thereat—his late painful perspective of his future—noble offer of Alexander—promise to his mother—idea of a partnership with some rich Capitalist or Company—great sacrifice it would have been to give up his Profession—his perfect fitness for his present position—advance of Spring—his great sorrow when he receives no letters from Mariquitta—her consolations in such moments—pleasure her letter of the 12th gave him—Father Fred’s letter and his ear-ache—strangers flocking to Washington for the inauguration of President Buchanan and necessity of his purchasing a new uniform—sittings for his Daguerreotype that he intends presenting her—wins two prizes at the Orphans’ Fair—Mrs. Buell—the “Cottage Furniture” and cost of their undertaking housekeeping—painful fears that Marie’s sick condition will prevent their soon being reunited—wonderful influence Mariquitta’s letters have over him—pleasure her latest news gives him—sea-baths for Marie—hopes for a respite of work through termination of present Congress—her mother’s idea of a Novena to St. Joseph and his own to St. Rose of Lima—probable time he can start after her and his children—Piney Point a good bathing-place for Marie—shaves off his beard—his necessary official calls upon new and old President and Secretary of War and his sorrow at parting with the retiring ones—about the new President and Secretary—vexation about his Daguerreotype—Marie’s excellent memory and his pleasure at Mariquitta’s religious instructions to her—his endeavors to obtain for her uncle Jean Baptiste the Professorship of Spanish at West Point—intention of applying for his Leave to go after her and sorrow at thus separating her from her mother.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Monday, February 16, 1857.

“Dear wife, I feel a need of writing to you. Hence, I take my pen in hand, but find myself forestalled by a single thought, the only one in my mind, and I know no other of which to speak to you. My life is like an arid desert, in which appears only one single *oasis*, the thought of yourself;—a thought at once both my happiness and my torment. All things else procure for me no contentment, no satisfaction. Every thought of happiness for me is summed up in *yourself*; and yet, thus separated from you, what misery for myself! This season of Spring-time, of love, augments my *sufferings*; for your image is vested in new charms. I feel more drawn towards you, it seems more impossible for me to live away

from you, and I feel less strength, less courage, to endure my fate. If I shut myself up in my room, I am oppressed by my loneliness. If I go out, every young and well dressed woman makes me think of you; and the sight of one, more than ordinarily attractive, brings you so vividly to my eyes and to my memory; that I burn with the wish, a wish alas! but useless, to press you to my heart. If I permit myself to look, my eyes are fascinated, such is the eagerness with which I watch every motion of her dress, every movement of her foot, and always with you in my thoughts! But almost instantly I turn away my eyes, I cannot permit them this empty and feverish satisfaction, I suffer too much from it later. And, yet, though it be a happiness thus to entertain myself with you, and to open to you all my heart, I hesitate whether I should do so, and whether I do not do wrong, by awakening, perhaps, in you the same sentiments of sadness. Therefore, I am at a loss what to say, how to write to you.

*Thursday, February 19.*—To-day, my darling, I can tell you some good, good news;—it is that our ‘Bill’ has passed the Senate, has been signed by the President, is therefore become a law! My pay is increased \$44 per month. At last, we can live without impairing our little Capital. By continuing to live economically, we may be able every month to lay by something for our dear children after we are gone. We will have almost sufficient, when the time comes, to set up house here. I send you my December Pay-roll for \$114.10. It is the gift I promised you for the renewal of your wardrobe in case the Bill became a Law. Remember, darling, that this sum is not for ordinary expenses, for which you must continue to ask money of Alexander. But it is to be devoted exclusively to your toilet. As you will not need it all now, the surplus will aid me next Winter to procure for you the velvet cloak and furs I so ardently wish you to possess. My heart is a good deal lighter, since I realize the certainty of this happy event. I dared not speak of it to you, lest I should communicate to you my own sorrow about it, for its fate for a long time was in doubt. We had bitter enemies in both Houses, unscrupulous men; actuated by personal resentment towards some of the officers of the Army; and they used all their eloquence, every effort, to defeat us. I had so often been disappointed, that I could no longer count on a successful issue; hence my heart was very sad, for during the last three years, it has been plainly apparent to me that my pay was insufficient for our support. And if now it was so, when our children were so young, I enquired of myself how would it be, when our children would have increased, and our expenses have been augmented by their age and number, and when it would have become necessary to meet the expenses of their education? I foresaw the entire extinguishment of our little Fortune, and then, should God call me away, what would have become of you all? Nothing but the Charity of their Uncles and Aunts! You can understand how painful to me was such a perspective. Now that I can speak of it to you, darling, you will the more readily excuse me, that during the last few weeks I

should have caused you pain, but these thoughts very much excited and saddened me. Although I concealed my thoughts from you, I could not from Alexander, and, at once, he replied to me, to send in my resignation and come and enter into partnership with him. That for the first year he would give me a fourth, and the next year, a third of what he would realize from his Profession of a lawyer; assuring me that last year he had made \$5000, of which he had already collected \$4000, and that, but for his sickness, he would have gained \$5500; and he anticipated that in the near Future he would much exceed these sums. Placing his receipts for this year at \$6000, a figure I think he will likely reach, as for the first two months of last year he made nothing, because all of his clients thought to see him in his former office and thus fell into the hands of Bauduy, and he made nothing during the first two months and scarcely any thing during the third. But putting it \$6000, I should have realized \$1500 for the first and about \$2000, or more, for the second year. It was very generous on his part, as for the first year I could have been to him but of very little use. But, though I thanked him for it, I had promised my Mother never to be a partner of one of my brothers. Moreover, I feared that the generosity of Alexander had led him to make me a rash offer, besides that I disliked somewhat to accept of what savored of Charity, and I feared that in the outset we might not have so well agreed together, and again I feared that I was too old to begin anew the study of the Law. In fine, I still cherished the hope of the passage of our Bill. Since then, when its fate seemed to be in doubt, I have seriously thought of leaving the Army. I did not recur to the offer of Alexander, but I had the idea of a partnership with some rich Capitalist, or Company in New York, in need of a reliable, upright, capable, and zealous man, to supervise and direct some great enterprise. Rich men eagerly seek to obtain the services of such men, and seldom find them, and it was just such an occupation that would have suited me. It would have cost me a great deal to have given up my Profession, but no other recourse remained. Happily now, we have no longer cause of uneasiness about our Future. My pay will suffice not only for our wants, but even permit us to lay aside a little. Every day, our lands increase in value, and we can lay aside the \$200 a year that we receive from the 5th street house\* and the Levee\* lot. I believe, without vanity, that there is not another officer of the Corps, who can better fill the position I now hold; hence I have the hope of keeping it for at least three years to come, possibly even much longer, and I believe that you will like Washington as much as I do.

“For the past two weeks we have had real Spring weather, and every one is so astonished that the enquiry is general, can it be that Winter is gone? We no longer have fires, and the doors and windows are even

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\* These properties were part of his father's small estate, and he had a  $\frac{1}{2}$  interest in them.



opened. The thermometer marks 70°. At this rate, we will soon see the grass green and the trees in leaf. But, for myself, I cannot believe that the Winter is entirely over.

"I hope to-morrow to receive a letter from you; shall I, my darling, be disappointed? Affectionately embrace all the family, and tenderly caress for me our dear children. I trust that I am not much longer to be separated from you and them. How I yearn, sweet wife, to clasp you within my arms! Till then, I send you a thousand most tender kisses and am yours entirely.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Sunday, February 22nd, 1857.

"For the last two days I have longed to write to you, my dear wife, but the disappointment of returning, day after day, from the Post Office without receiving a letter from you, affected me so painfully that I feared to write you another sad and sulky letter, like what you have already complained of once or twice. I no longer dared hope for a letter from you, and this morning I went to the Post Office, saying it was useless, but feeling if I were again to be disappointed it would be with difficulty I could resign myself. For you do not know the effect such a disappointment has upon me,—the sadness, vexation, ill temper, that it excites in me, and in which I remain plunged for whole days. When you are thus tried, you have the sweet smile, and delicious little countenance of our Louis; the gayety and caresses of our charming Na; the angelic tenderness of our darling Marie, to console and distract you; but I, I have nothing of all this!

"At last, I had the happiness to find your letter of the 12th, which took ten days to come, and it gave me pleasure and did me good. I thank you, dearest, for your description of Lily's\* wedding, and I was so pleased to see you had enjoyed yourself so very much. You could not have lacked attention, since you danced the whole evening. You know how often I beg of you to give me more details in your letters, and which you never seemed to have fully understood,—this eagerness of mine for every thing, for the nothings, trifles etc. And yet those trifles, that concern you or our children, are for me the most interesting items in all your letters. For example, those few words, 'I danced all evening,' which you wrote without much attention, to me were worth your whole letter—worth at least a hundred of those I have received from you this month. Why? Because, they spoke of you, they showed me you had not lacked attention, as you made me fear they would, a thought that had worried and troubled me since, and of which you did not speak a word to reassure me, except indirectly in that last line. That has pictured to me my Mariquitta, prettily dressed, looking younger, beautiful, gay, happy, smiling, and naturally

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\* His sister Lily—see Page 411, Note.

admired. And all this gave me great pleasure, not only for the moment and each time I re-read your letter, and re-read it again, but for several days, that this agreeable picture presented itself to my eyes. And yet one thing is wanting, I would have liked to know the names of those with whom you danced.

"I thank you, darling, for the wedding gift you gave Lily. I approve of your selection, and am very happy to learn that it seemed to have given Lily pleasure.

"What you tell me of the effects of the fever on our dear little Marie, preoccupies me; though the fever came while we were making the Novena to St. Joseph, it may be a forerunner of an improvement in her case.

"Her state of health does not cease to preoccupy me. I am constantly reflecting, whether she can endure the trip to Washington. You have not yet received the letters in which I speak of my anxiety on this subject, for you do not answer me, in the one I received this morning. I would have loved to have had your advice, my dear wife.

"This beautiful Spring weather, so extraordinary at this season of the year, when we should still be in the rigors of Winter, still remains. I am writing with my window opened, through which enters the warm and languishing breeze of Spring, and the heat of a magnificent sun.

"This weather, which fosters thoughts of love, makes me feel more cruelly and more sensibly the sad and painful separation from you, my darling wife, and our children. I suffer so much at times that my courage completely deserts me. May God give me the patience and spirit of resignation, and allow us soon to be reunited!

"Embrace all the family affectionately for me and give a thousand kisses to our dear little ones. I cover you with the most loving kisses my darling little wife.

Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Ash-Wednesday, February 25, 1857.

"Again, just returned from the Post Office, but no letters! You cannot realize, my darling wife, what a bitter disappointment it has been to me. I felt so very sure of receiving one to-day, because your last was of the 12th; and how even with their known irregularity the Mails can take five days from Washington to St. Louis at this season, is to me a mystery.

"I am not able to portray to you an idea of the effect which this disappointment always produces on me. Leaving the office with my mind engaged and wearied with from five to six hours of work, I reanimate myself by the consolation, 'Well! never mind, I shall surely have a letter from my Mariquitta to-day, it is so long since I heard from her, that to-day I cannot fail to have one.' Then, I enter into all sorts of calculations, to make sure that there will be no failure. I reach the Post Office, but no letter! Then, my poor wearied head feels overwhelmed. For several hours, I become a prey to despondency, bad humor, and a host of kindred

feelings, without the strength, scarcely even the desire to resist them. To-day, happily, I recollected in time, that I ought to commence my Lent with more submission to the Will of God and a greater mortification of spirit, so that my ill temper lasted but a very few moments. Still, this does not prevent me from finding it almost an impossibility to write to you. My life is too monotonous to give rise to incidents that could interest you. It is every day, the same unvarying routine.

"I received a few days since a letter from Frederick, who is slowly recovering from a paroxysmal ear-ache, which for a week past had caused him such agonizing pain, that, even as often as four times each day, he would be thrown into convulsions. He, however, very seriously thanks me for it, and with an apparent air of real gratitude; because, as I had informed him, when making our great Novena of eight days, I had, together with the favor I asked in behalf of our dear child, joined the intention that he receive the graces necessary for the Holy State upon which he is so soon to enter. He, therefore, attributes to the prayers of the Novena, the martyrdom he has endured, and which, he says, God out of His mercy had sent him, that he might reap from it a shower of graces, of which he stood in need.

"Dear brother, I hope that he may profit by them! But, though he appreciates his illness in a truly religious spirit, I must confess, that I thought the view he took of it somewhat original, and, but for the thought of his sufferings, could even have been amused by it.

"The City is filling up with strangers, flocking here from every quarter, to assist at Mr. Buchanan's inauguration on the 4th of next month. It is in view of this ceremonial, that I could no longer defer the purchase of my new uniform, which will involve an expense of \$70. But then, there was no escape from it.

"The passage of our 'Bill' has permitted me to incur another expense, in the shape of a gift, which you have often asked of me and which will, I hope, therefore, please you. Can you guess it? Will you be contented with it? For, I was eight years younger, when last I had my daguerreotype taken. Since then, Time, care, sorrow and anxieties, so inseparable to the life of a father of a family, have made me much older. My forehead is more wrinkled, my complexion less fresh, my look more serious. However, to please you as far as I could, I have lately permitted my beard to grow much longer, and have combed it in the manner you prefer, so that upon the whole I hope you will not be displeased with my Ambrotype. I can assure you, that you owe me no little thanks for the patience with which I bore the sittings. It seems that my expression has become so gloomy, that my air is dark and threatening enough to throw my artist into despair. Twice, I went to his studio, and four different attempts did he endeavor to take of me, without either he or I being satisfied, so that I must again return. And, yet, both of us did our best. He, after having already exhorted me on this chapter, would, at the critical moment, repeat;—'Now, pay attention, this is the moment to assume an



*agreeable expression, quick!*" I, for my part, would make herculean efforts to assume an agreeable expression; I would exhaust my imagination in raising up laughing images, amusing ideas, and would curl my lips, to enthrone a smile upon them. But it appears, that smiles no longer know me; for, thus far, my efforts have been unsuccessful. Once, I succeeded best, partly, by imagining that I saw the Blessed Virgin, young, teeming with beauty and grace, crowned with flowers, a miracle of beauty and sweetness,—partly, by thinking of the air of my little Tavie, coming out of your closet at Fort Brown, with a great piece of sweetmeat in her hand, which she had just quietly stolen from you, and was as unconcernedly eating.

"And, yet, do you remember, how readily and how easily the man in St. Louis took me, and how, every time, I wore a smiling expression? But, at any rate, none of my late efforts resemble the caricature, taken of me in Mexico.

"*Thursday, February 26.*—No letter as yet! Though *fourteen* days have elapsed since the receipt of your last; never, even during the Winter, has there been such a delay; hence, with such fine weather, it cannot be ascribed to the Mails. Some one of your family must be sick, this *can alone* be the reason you have so long neglected me. Now, I shall feel afraid to receive a letter, I shall so much dread it to be the harbinger of bad news. This thought already makes me feel sad. At least, I hope that it will be nothing very serious. With all of my heart, I recommend you to God and to the Blessed Virgin.

"Spring has decidedly come among us; the grass in the Parks is green; the trees begin to bud; and, this morning, I heard a bird sing for a long while.

"Something, for me, most extraordinary, and which, I believe, happens for the first time of my life! I have won two *prizes* at the Orphans' Fair; one is an *egg-boiler* in Britannia ware, the other, a little silver knife and fork. Having no use for the former, and not thinking the latter very pretty, I think I shall give them away to some persons, to whom I am here under some obligation.

"Again, this morning, I returned to the Photographer's, and once more posed; but, I think, with even less success than on former occasions, so that I do not think it worth while to make another trial. I shall, therefore, content myself with the one taken before the last, ugly though it be. One cannot, at his own caprice, look young.

"Very affectionately embrace all the family for me. Caress tenderly our dear children. How I would like to do it, and to kiss yourself too, dear, dear wife! I press you with love to my heart, and ever am

"Your JULIO.

"P.S. Major\* Buell, who has just arrived, begs to be remembered to you."

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\* Major Don Carlos Buell, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., subsequently Major General of Volunteers.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

“WASHINGTON, Friday, February 27, 1857.

“At length, to-day, my dear wife, I received your letter of the 19th and 20th, and, as I had anticipated, you tell me that your room has been turned into an Hospital, and that you were very much exhausted. Poor little one! I was pretty sure of this, I knew very well that but for some cogent reason, you would not have abstained so long from writing. Naturally, the news you give me cast me down, but I much prefer to know the truth, than to worry myself over imagining the worst, and I feared that it might be so. I observe that, at least, none of the children have been seriously ill, and that all exhausted as you are, still you are not in the least sick. I wish, indeed, my darling, that I were near you, to aid you in the nursing of our dear children, and I must confess that I feel quite discouraged, when I think that Marie may not be able to travel, and if so, this situation of affairs must be prolonged. You have not now the leisure to speak to me of this fear, but I hope you will soon give me your views about it.

“*Sunday, March 1st.*—The weather is magnificent, and the City wears a holiday air, due to the immense concourse of people who have come to participate in the inauguration of the new President. It is difficult to find a lodging place. Mrs. Buell told me, that she and her husband had been able to procure only a single large room for themselves and their two daughters, who are grown young ladies, already in Society. They divide the room in two by linen partitions, and live thus. I called on them yesterday, and Mrs. Buell was exceedingly gracious.

“In another visit I made, after leaving her house, I was able to see the ‘Cottage Furniture,’ which I had been told would please you, because very pretty, and very cheap. I found it, in truth, both pretty and cheap, but I see, that to set up house will cost us much more than I had anticipated. The gentleman whom I visited, an old and intimate acquaintance of mine, assured me that to furnish two bedrooms like the one I saw, had cost him not less than \$300. Hence, I calculate that we cannot undertake housekeeping under \$800. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Col. Cooper will hold me in such favor, that we need not soon change our domicile, for one or two removals would work great injury to our little Capital.

“But, can we even be reunited? This question of late preoccupies me incessantly, and I can see no certain solution to it. According to my limited ideas, the condition of our dear Marie seems to suggest an insurmountable obstacle. And when I think so, I fall into dull and gloomy musings; for I cannot bear the perspective of another year of separation from you, my darling, who are so absolutely necessary to my happiness. Within myself, I see no courage to bear this prolonged anguish. God, it is true, would aid me, but I prefer to cherish the thought that He will come to our assistance, sooner to reunite us; and this is my only hope.

"You must excuse me, darling, if I do not write to you a longer letter, but I am utterly unable to do so. Ordinarily, from your letters I take the subjects of my own, and the sources of my thoughts are yourself and our children. My own life is too monotonous and too indifferent to furnish themes for my letters. God is very good to me, a million times more than I deserve: He gives me *excellent* health and the courage necessary to enable me to endure our separation. But then, this is all I have to say about myself. When you have good news to tell me; when your letters are gay, affectionate, full of details about yourself and our dear children, then I feel inspired by them. At once I feel moved by a desire to write to you. I love to retrace all that you have written, and I have a host of things to express to you,—I can easily write. But all this depends upon the character of your letters: when they are sad, meagre of details, brief, or like the last one, only speaking of illness, fatigues, exhaustion, then I become sombre, and it is with difficulty that I can write even a few short and sorrowful lines.

"Good-bye, then, my darling, embrace affectionately all the family for me: tenderly fondle our dear children. I press you lovingly to my heart and send you the sweetest of kisses.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Monday, March 2, 1857.

"Dear, dear, sweet little wife! I have just this moment received your two letters, one of the 15th, and the other of the 22nd February; and the first, especially, transported me with happiness and love. And, it is this delicious letter, that Master Robert permitted himself to keep from me for so long a time! Truly, if I did not feel so happy, I would have good reason to be seriously put out with him. This negligence of our good brother-in-law, explains why I have not heard from you for so long a time. I cannot describe to you the sadness it occasioned me; I had already been so carried away by this sentiment, that it finished me. But now I am altogether gay and contented, and oh! so full of love! You can see, as I have before intimated, what a wonderful influence your letters exercise over me: I am as sensible to them as the thermometer is to the heat. Last month, I only received about ten, all told, very short and dry, and my spirits suffered in consequence. To-day, I am in receipt of two, and such good letters, especially one of them, and my clouds of melancholy have dissipated themselves like the shadows of Night before the rising Sun.

"One of your letters is so charming, my own dear wife! When my Mariquitta speaks to me of love and poses herself in an alluring manner before my eyes, I am unable to give her the faintest idea of the passion of love into which I am thrown! My own dearest, my heart burns with love for thee; I love you above all others in this world, and every day, more passionately. And, when you reveal your inmost heart to me for a



moment, as in this letter, and show that you bear me the same sentiment, I cannot express how happy you render me. You appear more beautiful, more charming than any one else, and I feel my heart overflowing with love for you.

"I am so pleased to know that every one finds you looking so well, my little Mariquitta, may you long enjoy this splendid health and thus rejoice my heart and eyes!

"I am also delighted to learn from your letter of the 22nd, that you will be ready to return with me next month; for, it relieves my heart of a weighty care; but are you sure, darling, and have you inquired of the physicians whether Marie can now make the trip?

"You render me very happy, by your recital of the tender affection our beloved Marie bears us both; and very proud, by your description of the beauty of our son.

"Should the sea-baths do our dear child any good, we must not then regard the expense. The only difficulty that I anticipate is, that I cannot absent myself with you; and, as the greater part of these bathing-places are overrun with the multitudes that flock to them, you would not know how to live at one, all alone, with three children, one of whom is so incapable of making the slightest movement. However, the good God will aid us, and I do not despair, therefore, of giving you this pleasure.

"For some days, I have experienced the wish of writing to our good Mother, but I have not really found the time, for we have been so occupied at the Office. I hope that, as the two Houses of Congress will finish their sessions to-morrow, and the new Administration cannot have much work for us at first, we will be able to enjoy some respite. I have great need of it, so as to complete some memoirs I have in my mind, and to make some studies relative to my duties, which will greatly assist me in the sequel. In an Office, like the one I am in, one finds always, continually, something to do, and one can never study too much, in the intent to perfect himself.

"I thank our good Mother for her idea of making another Novena, in honor of St. Joseph, terminating on his Feast Day. It is an excellent thought, and I will join in it with a great deal of pleasure. I was myself about to propose another, but in honor of St. Rose of Lima, an American Saint. The idea came to me yesterday, in hearing the priest repeat her name at Mass.

"*Thursday, March 5th, 1857.*—My darling, you are my 'sweet,' and I love you with all my heart. I have great difficulty in restraining my impatience to see you again. For, what you tell me of your certainty of being able to return with me, has raised my courage and so filled my mind with the thought of our reunion, that I can with difficulty think of any thing else. I hope, also, soon to hazard asking Colonel Cooper for a Leave. I am toiling without relaxation, so as to leave no unfinished work that might detain me. However, do not allow yourself to be too hopeful,

for every thing here is just now in a state of uncertainty. Although Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated yesterday, his Cabinet has not as yet been announced, and it is said that some dissensions have occurred between him and those he had chosen to compose it. Everybody is awaiting the issue, and I do not know what turn the affair will take in what concerns myself. Every thing considered, I hardly think I could start before the end of the month, and I even clearly see the *impossibility* of doing so before the 15th. The 20th is about as soon as I dare promise to be able to leave Washington.

"Regarding the sea-baths, of which I am continually thinking, I can inform you that, at the distance of a twelve hours' voyage by steamboat from here, on the Potomac River (on which Washington is also situated), near to its junction with the Chesapeake Bay, there is a bathing-place, rather agreeable, called Piney Point, where one can be well enough lodged, and which is not over-crowded. You can spend the Summer there with our children, and I could visit you every Saturday, or, at least, every second Saturday, returning to Washington on the following Monday. The waters are not as salty as those of the Sea, but what matters that, if they will agree as well with our dear child. Moreover, there is this advantage, that I shall be near you, and able to see you from time to time. The more I reflect on it, the more it seems to me the proper spot that will suit us.

"I cut off my beard the other day, and see by my face, as I suspected before, that I have grown thin during the past six weeks. I am, however, feeling in excellent health.

"The abscess of Marie greatly preoccupies me. Dear child, to do her good, I would willingly go to the expense you mention; I would be only too happy, provided it benefited her.

"Tell me (after receiving the information from your Father) in your next letter, at what house in Carondelet I could leave my trunk,—supposing that I arrive by the Railroad,—so as to proceed, at once, on foot to Limours?

"Embrace very affectionately all the family and tenderly caress my children for me. I lovingly press you to my heart, dear Mariquitta, and send you a million of sweet kisses.

"YOUR JULIO."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, Saturday, March 7, 1857.

"I regret, my own darling, to have said so much to you in my last letter of my approaching arrival, especially, in holding out to you the hope that I could leave so soon. For now I cannot expect to be able to leave Washington before the end of the month, and, perhaps, not even then; because the Senate, unlike the House, has not closed its Sessions, but remains to discuss an important treaty with England, in respect to which public opinion is very much divided. It is impossible to say how long it

will occupy them. Some say two weeks, others six; but, be this as it may, until they go I see no chance for me to leave. This delay, this disappointment is a great trial for me, as my impatience to rejoin you increases from day to day.

"To-day, we called to pay our respects to the new Secretary and the new President, and then went to take our farewell of the former Secretary and President. The last had the goodness, in a special and most amiable manner, to thank me for the trifling services I had rendered him. I confess that I felt sorry to part with him and Col. Davis; for, after all, though I have nothing to expect from them, yet for the first time in a long career, to be esteemed and singled out by persons of eminent position, could not fail to attach me to those who had paid me this justice, or this compliment.

"The new President is a superior statesman and, in Society, displays distinguished manners. The new Secretary, Governor Floyd, is the same person I have mentioned to you, and belongs to a family of converts, so that he himself is more disposed to be Catholic than aught else. It is even reported that he is one; but, though he attends our Churches, I doubt if he be. At all events, this is none of my business.

"I have just received your brief letter of the 24th and 26th, and thank you, darling, for the information you gave me about our children. I am so glad to know that our little Marie, though slowly, nevertheless begins to improve, for I was somewhat uneasy about her. Poor dear child, how it afflicts me to see that she is so alive to her misfortune and is so powerless to accept it with resignation!

"*Sunday, March 8.*—Darling, all my thoughts turn to you and to our dear children. I am preoccupied with the thought of our reunion and the disappointment of seeing this happy moment delayed. Let us hope that God will remedy this, and allow me to make my escape to you sooner than I expect.

"My photograph is another little vexation for me. The other day I called for it, but the photographer is so displeased with it that he would not let me have it, remarking, 'It is poor; to tell you the truth, Sir, *damned* poor, and we're ashamed of it;' and he wishes me to return for another sitting. But, unfortunately, in the belief that it was altogether finished, I have shaved off my beard, and, without taking into consideration my dreadful disgust for another sitting, of which I have had such a surfeit, of what use to take my likeness now, when it is with my beard that you like to see me, and without it I look so thin and ugly.

"I agree with you, that it is better to buy our own furniture. Besides, during the Summer, we would have no use for it, since we propose sea-bathing for our dear little Marie. And it may be that, on our return from the sea-shore, it would be better to board—at least, until the Spring. For, with a child as afflicted as Marie, and who requires so much of your attention, and, too, with a little baby, like Louis, I fear that housekeeping



would be too much of a burthen for you. I am of the opinion, that it would be better at the outset to try boarding. It is cheaper, and would aid you in the cost of your toilet, here such a necessity, and would enable us to lay by something, so that in the Spring we could take a house without encroaching on our modest Capital.

"I see with pleasure, from the happy instances you cite of Marie's memory, that you continue to instruct her in her Religion. Continue, darling, to do so; for not only do you thereby fulfil a duty, but perform an Act most grateful in the sight of God, aside from the immense boon you confer on your child, by thus placing in her power for her whole life, the greatest of all consolations, in fact, the only one which, in her condition, she can appreciate.

"Very tenderly kiss this dear child for me, as also our sweet little Na, and our little Louis, on whom you seem to dote so much. Give them a thousand caresses for me. Also affectionately embrace for me the whole family, and receive for yourself, my dear little wife, a host of sweet little kisses which I would like so well to imprint myself on your lips.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquita.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Monday, March 9, 1857.

"My dearest, I have just received your sweet letter of the 1st., which gave me such pleasure that I have since read and re-read it, and will re-read it again.

"I am so happy that mine of the 19th and 22nd of February gave you so much pleasure. For, during the last six weeks, I have felt so low-spirited, that I feared my letters would, on the contrary, give you pain.

"I am also pleased that you advise me not to leave before the 1st of April, for I dare not hope to be able to do so sooner, and dreaded telling you this, knowing it would be such a disappointment to you, since you would have expected me about the 20th of this month. As I remarked to you in my last letter, the Senate remains in session, and no one knows how long it may last. To which it may be added, that the new President and his Cabinet are so very busy trying to seize the thread of the important business, that the business of the bureau suffers, and can but slowly progress.

"*Tuesday, March 10.*—To explain a dispatch I have just sent Robert, I must inform you that Congress, at its last session, authorized the appointment of a Professor of Spanish for the Military Academy. I only learned of it the other day, when joking with an Officer, an old comrade, and now an Aide to the Chief of our Engineer Corps (to which is attached the Academy) who mentioned it to me, I enquired, 'But why not give me this place?' He as quickly answered, 'but would you accept of it;' and he wore so much the appearance of thinking that I could have it for the asking, that it set me to thinking. It is a permanent position, with fuel and dwelling, and my pay would be even better than what I now have. But,

then, there would be no promotion in prospect. Moreover, my present place, in point of distinction etc., is so much finer and more important; and, in addition, the climate of West Point is so cold, and might not always suit you, and then what would we do. I hesitated but a moment, and almost immediately thought of your uncles \*Jean Baptiste and Charles. It occurred to me, that I had been told that both spoke fluently the Spanish, and I decided immediately at once to apply for the position for one of them, and this I did in writing yesterday. If I were *certain* that they could teach Spanish, I feel confident that I could obtain the appointment for one of the two, and if your uncle Jean Baptiste were here to help me, I would feel almost assured of success. But in my uncertainty as to the extent of their familiarity with the language, I feel embarrassed, even by the step I have already taken. This morning, at the Engineer Bureau, it was observed to me, that I dwelt much more on their other qualities than on their knowledge of Spanish, and I was asked to be a little more explicit on this point. But this was just what I dared not do. I had, among other things, boasted of the part the old Bailli de Suffren took in the success of the Revolutionary War, in soundly thrashing the English in the West Indies &c. &c., but I had taken good care not to dwell too much on the Spanish. I hoped they would not notice this, but since they have, I very much fear, that unless Robert can come to my aid in this respect, by sending me certificates less vague than my own, there will be but a slim chance of success.

"The late President refused to make this appointment, as it would go into effect only on the 1st of next July. My hope is that, for the same reason, Mr. Buchanan may again postpone it for a few months. Were I but certain of this, I would on the spot write to your uncle Jean Baptiste, to come on immediately, backed by all the recommendations he could obtain. But, as it is impossible to say when the appointment will be made, I am unwilling, in this state of doubt, to assume the responsibility of sub-

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\* Jean Baptiste and Charles de Coudroy de Lauréal, brothers and 1st Cousins to Mariquitta's Parents. Jean B., the elder, entered the military school of St. Cyr, which he graduated from in 1829 as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Infantry. He took part in the wars of Spain and Greece from 1827 to 1828. In 1830 he resigned his commission and married during the same year his 1st Cousin, Augustine Lemercier de Pombiray, and then returned to Guadeloupe, where he remained until 1848, when he came over to the United States. Charles entered the military Polytechnique institute, but, owing to sickness, was compelled to leave. He returned to Guadeloupe in 1830, when 21 years old, and lived for many years on the property of his family called "Lilet." He also married his 1st Cousin, Eliza Lemercier de Pombiray, and during the troubles of 1848 left for the United States, having like other nobles of Guadeloupe lost the greater part of his means. After a few years both brothers with their families went over to Cuba, and were living there at the time (March 1857).

jecting him to so expensive and, perhaps, useless a voyage. It would be quite a different thing if he were in St. Louis, for then I should urge him to start at once. But this much your Father and his friends can do, obtain as many recommendations in his favor as possible from eminent St. Louis persons, especially from those who are familiar with his knowledge of Spanish and then forward them direct to the Secretary of War.

"*Wednesday, March 11.*—Alexander's delay in the last remittance you asked of him, arose from his want of funds of mine.

"I should love to hear my little Na sing 'Jim crack corn, Na don't care,' and I hope soon to have this pleasure. I am glad to learn that she has grown so well behaved. Dear children, what a happiness for me to see them again—what a life to dwell so far away from them!

"*Thursday, March 12, 1857.*—My own darling, I shall close this letter, having nothing further of interest to say. I am still very much engrossed with my duties and cannot fix the date of my departure. I saw Gibbon to-day, and he enquired about you. I found him somewhat thinner, and changed to his disadvantage.

"Very affectionately embrace all the family for me; caress our dear children; and receive for yourself a thousand sweet kisses, and always dearly love

"Your JULIO."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Sunday, March 15, 1857.

"MY OWN DARLING,

"I received yesterday your letter of the 6th, and you made my heart bleed by what you said of the sadness of our dear Marie. What would I not give to see her cured! So ardently do I desire it, that I cannot permit myself to think that it will not be realized. I am in hopes that the change she will receive from the sea-baths will do her good.

"The Senate terminated its session yesterday, and hence, after I have cleared out a few office matters, I see nothing to delay my departure. I intend speaking of it to-morrow to Colonel Cooper. I even flatter myself with the expectation of being able to leave to-morrow week.

"The position I sought for your uncle Jean Baptiste greatly preoccupies me. I received a telegram from Robert; and though it was not quite so clear as to the extent of your uncle's knowledge of the Spanish language as would remove all doubt, still I felt so emboldened by it, that I called upon Governor Polk\*, the Senator, and asked him to give it his aid. He replied, that the position had not yet been filled, and that the President was sick, and that he would, therefore, have time on his return to St. Louis to see Robert and by a personal interview satisfy himself of your uncle's fitness; and, if found capable, he would then write to the President,—that the matter would admit of this delay. I fear, however, that

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\* Governor Trusten Polk, Senator from Missouri.



this delay will be fatal, and besides a letter will carry so little weight. It would have nothing like the effect of a few words spoken in the ears of the Secretary of War. I felt it would be well to insist upon this, but bashfulness prevented me, for I cannot be urgent where I am personally interested. But, in the expectation that the place will not be speedily filled, I think it better to write to your uncle to return at once and urge him to go to the Barracks.\* I will give him letters of introduction to the Officers there, and endeavor to obtain others from them. *Their* recommendation would be very useful. Then, he must obtain letters to the President, to the Secretary of War and to the Chief of Engineers. The position is such a splendid one that he may well risk the expense of the journey. Moreover, he must enlist at St. Louis the aid of Gov'r Polk and of other prominent Democrats. We will have returned here soon, and I can then assist him with my advice. In the interval, he must upturn Heaven and Earth. He should try to induce our Senators to take the matter so *warmly* to heart, as to make it their own personal affair. An apathetic letter from them would do no good.

"Among politicians, there exists a species of Free-Masonry. They are so beset with applications, that they sign them in a mass, without exercising any discrimination, and in favor of persons for whom they care nothing at all. They dare not refuse, but then they have a way, by reason of which the Authorities perfectly comprehend their indifference, despite their recommendation. You must, therefore, arouse their interest, and yet not importune them.

"Mrs. Thomas Hornsby,† being a relative of Gov'r. Polk, would have influence with him; and, if he become really interested, he would carry great weight. The Lucases, and some others of his friends would also help to sway him.

"It grieves me, as the time draws near, to think that I must rob your Mother of you. She does so ardently love you all, has been so devoted to you all, and will be so affected by your departure, that it pains me deeply to think how greatly she will feel it. If only the whole family could come with us, for I am sure they would be delighted with Washington! And, since your Father wishes to leave Limours, why not come here? United under the same roof, we would form such a happy household! But then Nancy and Madeleine would have to be left behind with their little flocks, and I am not so selfish as to desire this.

"Good-bye, my darling. Affectionately embrace all the family for me. Give a thousand sweet kisses to our beloved children. With the most tender love do I press you to my heart and remain

"Your JULIO."

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\* Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—see Page 231, Note 1.

† Sister-in-law of Dr. N. Lewis Hornsby.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Julius goes after his family—his description of their trip to Washington—his distress in seeing no material for *Religious* in his little daughters—Mariquitta's severe illness, his devotion and agony—her longings for their own home—his success in marketing—his description of their little son and daughters—Mariquitta's love for auctions—his objection to her reading "*Les Confidences de Lamartine*"—his able and conclusive argument in the case of Lieut. Schaumberg—birth of Edgar and his death—Julius' connection with and organizing Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Washington, his charities and works relative to it and anecdotes thereof—Col. Richard F. O'Beirne's remarks.

IN April of 1857 Julius set out with a joyful heart for Limours, after his beloved little family, and had the intense happiness of being able to bring them back with him to Washington.

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

WASHINGTON, Friday, May 15th, 1857.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"Since my arrival, I have unceasingly thought of you and of writing to you, but my occupations at the Office keep me so busy, that I cannot even think of writing there; and when I return home, it is to dine, attend to the children's dinner and then take them out for their walk. After returning, supper is announced, shortly after which we retire. So it is only on such afternoons as this, when we are afraid of going out walking with the children, for fear of rain, that I find time to write to you. I acknowledge that even to-day I must make an effort to take the pen, for, after the fatigues of my mental labors of the day, I do so enjoy abandoning myself to Mariquitta and my children.

"I do not know whether Mariquitta gave you a full account of our journey. Taking every thing into consideration it was a good one and the three children stood it perfectly well. Marie suffered much, I believe, from her separation from you; she scarcely spoke, but from time to time had such mournful and sad manners that they rent my heart. I tried in vain to console and amuse her. The greater part of the time she feigned sleep, so as not to be compelled to answer us. This was really painful to see in so young a child. She really appeared soothed only on the last day of our journey, between Cumberland and Washington. We were travelling over a beautiful country, all was green and fresh and bore such an air of Spring,

that Marie, who possesses in a high degree the sense of the Beautiful, and has real artistic tastes, enjoyed it immensely. At first she was disappointed in Washington, and in our boarding, but she is becoming little by little accustomed, although she frequently asks to be 'taken home'—'in her house'—for it is thus she speaks of Limours.

"My little Tavie also misses you. She often inquires after you, and does not understand that you are no longer near her. I told her Papa Douard\* was sick and you had gone back to Limours to take care of him. She often asks to be taken back to her Mamma Tavie.

"As for Louis, I do not doubt but that he would recognize you if he saw you now, but you know he does not yet speak."

### Extracts from Letters of Mariquitta to her Parents.

"WASHINGTON, May 20, 1857.

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"Marie and Tavie enjoy very much the attentions of the little boys of our boarding house, which distresses Jules: for he pretends that he sees no material in his daughters for becoming Religious. \* \* \* \*"

"WASHINGTON, June 25th, 1857.

"I am very sorry for all the anxiety Jules has caused you, by all his telegraphic dispatches, and my only excuse for him, is, that he was almost crazy and thought you only, dear Mamma, could save me from the imminent danger in which I was. He was so loving and devoted during all my illness, that afterwards several ladies, who had assisted him to nurse me, united in saying that they had never yet seen *such a perfection of a husband*.

"Thanks to God I am in full convalescence since the last four days; I am rapidly regaining my strength, and I am very, very glad, dear Mamma, you did not undertake this journey, which would have been for you so full of pain and anguish.

"It was on my Dollette's† First Communion day, and the 16th anniversary of my own, that my life seemed in the greatest danger. Adèle was constantly before my eyes, and I said to Jules: 'Dollette is praying for me, I shall not die.'

"My children did not suffer by my illness. The mistress of the house took good care of them.

"I hope my strength will permit my going into our own home next Monday. The house being already furnished, I have nothing to do for our instalment. I do not like a boarding-house table, it disgusts me so, that since my sickness, all I eat Jules has brought from a French Restaurant. I will be charmed to be in our own little home, where we can have just what we like to eat. \* \* \* \*"

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\* Little Tavie's Grandfather.

† Her young sister Adèle.



“WASHINGTON, August 9th, 1857.

“It is Jules who now does the marketing, and I can tell you that there is a very great difference in our expenses, in having the same things, in the same quantity but of a better quality. \* \* \* \*”

*Julius to Mariquitta's Mother.*

“WASHINGTON, Sept. 22nd, 1857.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“We are delighted with the good news we have lately received from you, and to hear that even Madeleine is growing stronger. For the last two weeks Mariquitta had improved so rapidly, and I was beginning to think my fears about her were at an end, when suddenly she was taken very sick, for five days, and became so very weak, that all my old anxieties sprung up anew. But for the past week she is much better, so much better, that I hope she will regain all her strength.

“We are leading a very quiet life, go out but little, and devote ourselves entirely to our children. All three are very well; Louis was a little indisposed for a few days, but nothing serious, and is now entirely recovered. He has grown much plumper, and is improving in every way. He is very cute, very quick, and very intelligent, and sometimes, when his teeth bother him more than usual, is fearfully bad. He is very fond of me, but becomes easily angry with me; because I wish him to learn to obey me, and this costs him a great deal. It is amusing to see his look of indignation when I sometimes scold him severely. He gives me an *injured* look, regards me steadily, as if to say ‘*Is it possible?*’ then his little lips quiver, and he *bursts* into tears. After having cried for some time, he extends his little arms towards me; for he cannot be consoled, without reconciling himself with me.

“Since two days he can stand all alone, without holding on to any thing; and I am expecting, from day to day, to see him walk.

“Marie and Na are a little bit more obedient; they are both very sweet, and more affectionate than ever. Frequently during the day, Marie feels called upon to say to me, ‘Papa, you love me? me love you, with all my heart.’ Each time that their Mamma pretends to address me abusive language, or gives me small kicks, they both rush to my assistance and warmly take my part.

“I find but one consolation, in a series of things which makes me look upon my house with horror at times—it is, that I see the perspective of a great reduction in our expenses; for my little Marie plainly announced to us her preference for a little house in the yard, in which she intends living henceforth with Na.

“Mariquitta hunts up auctions with her habitual energy, and reads the announcements with as much interest as ever. I do not oppose her; on the contrary, I am more disposed to encourage her taste for a literature, in every respect so moral. I decidedly prefer this, to seeing her fill her head

with '*Les Confidences de Lamartine*,' and then coming and overwhelming me for several days thereafter with reproaches, because I have not '*the heart for loving her*, as' it appears, Mr. de Lamartine says '*he loved the wife of another man*.' Although not understanding clearly how to imitate Mr. de Lamartine exactly, I feel nevertheless convinced that Nature has not rendered me capable; for a heart, *so tender*, does not fall to the lot of every man; and a man, who knows how to love so passionately another man's wife, must certainly have cherished *his own* (that is to be taken for granted), with a tenderness *unequalled* by others. Please try and explain this to my poor Mariquitta.

"Embrace all the family for me and believe me, dear Mamma,

"Your devoted son,

"JULES."

Some time previously an Officer of the Army, a very handsome and wealthy man, by name Schaumberg, resigned from the service as a 2nd Lieut. of Dragoons. Just before his resignation was accepted he was by lineal rank entitled to promotion as a 1st. Lieutenant, though his resignation was granted only as a 2nd Lieutenant. He contested the case for a long time with the Government, claiming that he should have received his promotion prior to the acceptance of his resignation. Many able reports of the very best Officers, such as Col. Freeman, Julius' predecessor in the Office, and of others had been rendered in the matter, but still the case came up, time and again, until finally it reached Julius' hands. He took up all the papers relating to it, which were voluminous, examined them carefully and then made his report; and so masterly was it that Schaumberg was never more heard of on the subject. He was perfectly satisfied with the decision of Julius.

On Sunday, June 20th, 1858, Mariquitta presented Julius with her third boy, Edgar Jean Daniel. The baby was baptized at St. Matthew's Church on the following Tuesday, its Godparents being its Aunt, Marie de Lauréal, and Mr. Jno. T. Doyle who was represented by Mr. Richard G. Lay,—both intimate friends of Julius.

The beautiful boy did not live long, he only came to gladden his fond parents' hearts for a little while, and then returned to the bosom of his Maker, to join his little angel brother and sister in the angelic choir. He died at Washington on the night of the 25th of November, 1858, an hour before midnight,

and his little corpse was interred amid the sobs and tears of all who had known and learned to love his sweet little self, in the Catholic cemetery of Mt. Olivet, near the City.

He received the third part of his name—Daniel—after Rev. Daniel Lynch of the Society of Jesus, stationed at Gonzaga College, and a very intimate friend of his father and his most intimate one among the clergy of the City. They had formed a strong friendship for one another,—only broken, but not destroyed by Julius' subsequent death.

Julius whilst busy all day at his official duties in the War Department, and devoted as he was to his family, nevertheless did not allow his time to pass by without also following the dictates of his charitable heart. Every evening after his dinner he would visit some poor family and minister to their wants. He was the principal founder in Washington of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, that admirable Association, originally founded by the sainted Frederick Ozanam in May 1833, and whose main object is the visiting of the poor, the sick and unfortunate, irrespective of religion, and assisting them temporarily, and spiritually, likewise, if needs be. Julius had never forgotten the early lessons of charity his good and affectionate Mother had tried to instill into his youthful mind; and now, as always before and subsequently, he loved to perform good and charitable deeds, through love of his Divine Redeemer, though few knew of them. For he never spoke of what he did, his deeds were known to but a very few, he was too humble in mind to wish to parade them; and this is true Charity—to do good to our neighbor and then endeavor to forget our good action, lest it occasion pride in our hearts.

The first Conference of the Society established in Washington was that of St. Matthew's Parish, in June 1859, and Julius was chosen its Vice President, and Mr. Richard H. Clarke, President. The Conference was aggregated to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul throughout the world on the 25th of March 1860, feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, when the members in a body attended Mass and received Holy Communion.

Julius was seldom absent from any of the meetings, and then



only unavoidably. He was often appointed on Committees for charitable and various other purposes.

At the usual meeting on Sunday, August 28, 1859, he called attention to the case of a poor colored man, Geo. Hunter, sick and in great distress, residing in an alley between 13th and 14th streets. The question of caste then ran very high. At the next meeting he again called attention to this same case; whereupon a question of doubt arose as to the propriety of adopting it, Hunter being a colored man and there being in existence a colored Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Spiritual Director, Rev. Chas. J. White, Pastor of St. Matthew's Church, suggested that it be taken up anyhow, as if no such colored organization existed, and on motion it was decided to adopt it, and a certain sum out of the Society's funds was appropriated for the relief of Hunter, to be expended by Capt. Garesché.

This poor colored man was the first permanent beneficiary of the Conference.

At four subsequent meetings money was appropriated out of the Society's funds and given to Julius to expend for Hunter's relief.

On October 23d, 1859, he announced the death of their colored beneficiary and, in accordance with the rules of the Society, the "*De Profundis*" was recited in Hunter's behalf.

At a meeting held on February 12, 1860, Julius moved that the Conference take the necessary steps to call a meeting of the Catholics of the City for the purpose of raising pecuniary relief for His Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth, and expressing their sympathy for him in his existing difficulties.

In November of 1860, the Conference of St. Patrick's Parish was organized, and Julius being unanimously chosen its President and feeling satisfied that he could be of more assistance in this new organization than in the already well established one of St. Matthew's, he resigned from the latter, and his resignation was announced by Mr. Clarke, the President, at the following meeting on Sunday, December 2nd.

Julius' manner of conducting all matters pertaining to the Society was so thorough and his charity so boundless, as to excite the admiration and sincere respect of all his brother mem-

bers, who felt inspired by his example to practice some of that zeal and fervor that inflamed his own heart. Even when shortly afterwards the terrible Civil War broke out and his official duties were in consequence increased to the extent of scarcely giving him a moment's repose, he yet never forgot the poor and unfortunate. He still busied himself about their needs.

Not only did he preside at the meetings of the Society but he also visited the poor and distressed, conversed with and consoled them, read to them, and in a thousand and one ways strove to alleviate their miseries. He became their counsellor and almost their father.

On one occasion, learning that a poor old colored man was very ill with the Small-pox, and that he lay all alone in his little hovel in the alley back of his own house, every one of the old man's race having fled from his contagious disease, Julius went at once to the sick man's bedside and nursed him, with all the tenderness of a woman, all through his terrible illness—even overcoming his repugnance of flesh so far as to hold the basin while the dying man vomited. And he, the refined and gentlemanly Officer, performed the most menial offices for this unfortunate creature. During the long and terrible agony preceding his death Julius held him in his arms, administering words of consolation and hope, and when the last expiring breath left the body he with his own hands laid it out reverentially. Then he went to an undertaker's, bought a coffin, in which he himself placed the remains, and thereafter followed them, *the only mourner*, to their last resting place, paying all the funeral and other expenses out of his own pocket. When remonstrated by his wife as to the danger he thus exposed himself and his family, he answered, that he had not done all this for pleasure, but simply because he felt it to be his duty, illustrating his remark by mentioning that he had himself held the basin while the sick man vomited.

This was not the only instance where Julius nursed a sick colored man. During the period when the Small-pox was raging in Washington he went among the poorer classes stricken with this loathsome and terrible disease, colored as well as white,

nursing and alleviating in every possible way their affliction. Not sparing himself he was indefatigable in their regard.

Even at the present time such an instance of charity would be accounted as almost a wonder, how much greater then must it have been when the colored race were universally scorned, when the distinction of caste was so severe, that he could not perform in the eyes of the world a *more humiliating act!*

In his charitable love Julius never questioned the uncertain Future, but always gave freely and abundantly when called upon; never stinting his alms, but giving away all that was not absolutely necessary for the wants of his own family.

Some years afterwards, while the members of St. Matthew's Conference were assembled at one of their regular meetings and were speaking of different members who had belonged to their Conference but were now dead, one of the gentlemen present mentioned the following incident concerning Julius.

Late one night, in the middle of Winter, possibly about 12 o'clock, he was wakened from a sound and refreshing sleep by hearing a knock at the front door. Partially dressing himself and feeling in no very pleasant mood with being aroused at such an unseemly hour he went down stairs, opened the door, and to his intense amazement discovered his visitor to be no other than Capt. Garesché. At once all his feelings of rising anger disappeared, for, like all the other members of their Conference, he loved and admired the noble Captain, who now informed him that he had come to ask him to accompany himself to visit a sick man, whose name was on the relief book of the Conference, and whose family he did not think had any fuel to warm their poor bodies.

'Twas a most bitter night and these people lived at the extreme northern end of 14th street, which was then an almost impassable swamp and decidedly disagreeable in every way. He had decidedly no inclination to go out there on such a night, but then he had too much respect for Capt. Garesché to refuse him any thing, and moreover, as the Visiting Committee of their Conference, they went in company very often on such errands of mercy and charity. Accordingly excusing himself he went up stairs, finished his dressing and off they started. On their



way they stopped at Capt. Garesché's, and filling a large basket with coal and kindling, together carried it all the way, occasionally having to pause and rest themselves, and were nearly dead with fatigue when they reached the sick man's shanty. Their feet were sopping wet and he himself contracted a cold which lasted for some two weeks.

He felt repaid, however, for his arduous labors on reaching their destination. Their coming indeed seemed providential and almost as if the Captain had felt a presentiment of the truth; for they found the unfortunate family totally unprovided with any fuel, and shivering in their scanty garments.

Remarks of Col. Richard F. O'Beirne, U. S. A.

"My recollections of the revered and lamented Col. Garesché only go back to about 1856, at which time he was on duty in the War Department. Although we occasionally met, it was not until sometime in 1859 we came together as members of the first Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which was established in St. Matthew's parish—of which he was elected Vice President. Shortly after this, however, a Conference of the Society was created in St. Patrick's parish, and as he was unanimously elected its President, he separated from that of St. Matthew's.

"Although our Conferences were assigned to different portions of Washington, I heard frequently of his zealous and efficient work among the poor.

"I remember on one occasion he discovered a poor, forlorn negro who had been taken down with the Small-pox and who was left in a miserable hovel alone to die—being forsaken even by his wife and family. Col. Garesché at once took charge of him, nursed him and had the satisfaction of seeing him recover.

"When his good wife accidentally learned of what he was doing—by noticing that he changed his clothing before coming into the house—and began to chide him for the risk he ran of not only taking the disease himself but of bringing the fearful infliction into his own family, he gently replied that there was no one else to look after the poor man if he had not done so, and he also assured her that 'God would take care of her and her little ones.'

"There was no member of the Conference more earnest in increasing its good works and who not only labored hard himself but encouraged others to do so.

"I remember once telling him about a particularly sad case that I had charge of, and although my part in it was nothing compared with that which he was constantly doing, yet he praised me and made me feel I had done a good work."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Julius' Articles on "Executive Power over the Army" and "Law of Divorce."

IN May 1858 Julius wrote the following able article to the Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and it appeared in the columns of the first page of that paper of the succeeding Saturday, May 22, 1858.

"EXECUTIVE POWER OVER THE ARMY.

"I believe the power, here declared, is a high one, and in some respects a dangerous one.'—MADISON.—*Debate on the President's sole power of removing from office.*

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL:

"I would fain say a few words—and if you could spare me the room, should prefer doing so in your much esteemed JOURNAL—upon a subject which I consider of no little importance to the future liberties of the country, and which, though much discussed, has certainly never yet been very satisfactorily settled. I refer to the question, 'Has the President a legal right to dismiss, without trial, an officer of the army?'

"Those who have taken the affirmative in the discussion, maintain their point on three grounds, viz: 1st. On the construction given by Congress to the President's constitutional power over the executive officers of government, in the debate upon the bill to establish the 'Department of Foreign Affairs,' in the year 1789, June 16th, etc. 2d. On the words, found in every officer's commission, 'this commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.' 3d. On the clause at the end of the 11th Article of War, which says, 'nor shall a commissioned officer be discharged the service but by order of the President of the United States, or by sentence of a General Court Martial.'

"1st. Those who deny the power, reply to the first point that the question debated on that occasion was, exclusively, as to the President's power to displace a civil, executive officer; that there is a wide and essential difference between the cases of civil and military officers, in that the latter are subject to a distinct penal code, which minutely defines all the offenses of which they may be guilty in their official capacity, and prescribes the punishment which may be inflicted for each; and that the determination of the question, as regards the former, consequently settles nothing what-

ever in respect to the latter, since these were not more concerned in the discussion than were the judicial officers of the Government, and were, therefore, just as little affected by its result.

"This reply is undoubtedly good. The only question really settled, upon that occasion, if any, was one affecting a civil, executive officer. But I will venture to assert, that no one can attentively study the reports of that debate, without feeling convinced that the weight, both of precedent and argument, was decidedly in favor of those who denied, on constitutional grounds, the existence of this unlimited and exclusive power in the President over the civil officers of the Government; for, as the Constitution is avowedly silent upon the subject, and since the power was acknowledged to be an implied one, the next direct and natural source from which to imply it would certainly seem to have been the correlative power of appointment, so far as expressed in the Constitution. But if so, the conclusion is irresistible, that the measure of the appointing power must also constitute the measure of the removing power.

"Mr. Madison's principal argument in favor of declaring this power in the President was derived, it is true, from those words in the Constitution, which say, 'The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States;' but the strange inconsistency of this argument will not fail to strike any one who recollects, as Mr. Madison himself must have recollected, that the Constitution, using the same identical language, says, in another place, 'The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish.' Now, as Mr. Madison would have been the last person in the world to argue that, by this phrase, all judicial power not expressly excepted was vested in the judiciary of the United States, how could he maintain that, in virtue of a similar phrase, all executive power not expressly excepted was vested in the President of the United States? Yet such was, in fact, the substance of his argument—an argument acknowledged on all hands, to have been the very best, too, that was offered on that side of the question. Surely, then, no better evidence need be offered to show that the Constitution does not imply this power in the President, than the simple fact that one of the great and luminous mind of Mr. Madison should have been reduced to such a shift as this in the endeavor to uphold his position!

"The truth is, that by the majority of Congress the Constitution was deemed to be, in this respect, defective; the co-operation of the Senate was thought to be both inexpedient and dangerous; and to remedy the defect, and overcome the inconvenience, a *forced* construction was put upon the Constitution! Such, in a few words, is the plain history of the matter.

"However, as I am not discussing here the President's power over the civil officers of the Government, and as, moreover, my own opinion is that Congress has, under the Constitution, the same power given it to organize



the subordinate executive departments of the Government, and to provide for the removal of the officers thus created, as to organize inferior courts of judicature, I shall not quarrel further with the decision. My sole object is to show that Congress did not, at the time, mean to give, and did not give, to the President this power over the officers of the Army; and this I prove unanswerably, I think, by the fact that, at the very same session of the same Congress, and only three months later (see act of Sept. 29, 1789, sec. 4, Hetzel's Military Laws, and Resolutions of Congress of May 31, 1786, of art. 13 Hetz. Mil. Laws, p. 36), a law was enacted declaring explicitly that 'no commissioned officer of the Army shall be cashiered or dismissed from the service *excepting by order of Congress, or by sentence of a General Court Martial.*'

"2d. The reply to the second point has been, that though a similar form of words, originally occurring in the British army commission, had been, with some necessary modifications, adopted by the Continental Congress, yet their introduction into our present commission, closely copied, not from the Continental but from the British original, with the mere substitution of the word 'President' for 'King,' was wholly unauthorized, and, being without any sanction of law, was equally void of meaning as of effect.

"This is so clearly true, that it is no easy matter even to conceive how words of such weighty import could ever have crept into the military commission of a people so jealous as our own of the power of their Executive over the military forces of the country. But how these words should have been permitted to remain there down to this late day, is absolutely incomprehensible! For, if these words are to be allowed any weight, they must be, certainly, allowed that due to their natural signification, which is perfectly clear and unambiguous. They mean, if any thing, that the commission is to hold good only so long as it may suit the pleasure—or, in other words, the whim, caprice, or intent of the President to let it stand. And their effect is, consequently, to degrade the officer from being a responsible servant of the Republic, into a mere armed creature and instrument of the President's will!

"Now, it needs no argument to show that the attribution to the President of the United States of such a despotic and unbounded power over the officers of our Army is radically repugnant to the spirit of our free institutions; and it may well be doubted, therefore, whether it would not be void of effect even if it had the sanction of Congress.

"3d. In answer to the third point, it has been, in the first place, urged that the word '*discharged*,' in the 11th Article of War, has a more general signification than that of 'dismissed' only, since it includes all the modes in which an officer's connection with the service may be terminated, whether by resignation, disbandment, or dismissal; in all of which, the President's order discharging him is the officer's warrant for quitting the service, and without which he might be reputed a deserter. To which

might be added, also, that the apparent object of this article is not to define the powers of the President, but, on the contrary, to restrict those of subordinate authorities, *ex. gr.*, generals commanding armies in the field, who might otherwise have continued to discharge officers, on tender of their resignations, agreeably to the known custom of service during the Revolutionary War.

“But the above reasoning can be made still more conclusive by a reference to the history of this article. It will be recollected, that the power to dismiss, or cashier officers without trial, was undoubtedly possessed by Congress, under the old Confederation, among other sovereign powers delegated to it by the States. It is even expressly recognized in the old articles of war. But we must not fall into the error, however, of supposing that it derived its sanction thence; for Congress could not, by its own act, have arrogated to itself powers not conceded to it. The right existed prior to, and independently of, the article, and the article can only be cited, therefore, as evidence of the affirmation of the right. Hence, were we even to suppose this 11th Article of the present code to have conformed so closely to the old Continental 13th Article, on which it was modeled, as to have run, ‘nor shall any commissioned officer be *cashiered*, or *dismissed*, etc., excepting by order of the President,’ etc.—though here would have been some evidence to show that such a power was understood to reside in the President—yet would it have been mere evidence of the *existence* of such a grant of power—not the grant itself, however. And comparatively useless evidence, I may add, too, since it would have furnished us with no idea of the extent or measure of the granted power. And for this, we should consequently have had to look elsewhere.

“Otherwise—and should we admit that the article, in its supposed form, instead of being, as it really is, a prohibitory or restraining statute, were one actually conveying to the President the full grant of a power to dismiss, at his pleasure, the commissioned officers of the Army—it would necessarily follow, that the same power was conveyed to any General Court Martial; for the two are named in such close conjunction, that any implication affecting the one would equally apply to the other. But a power so arbitrary and unlimited has never been claimed for a General Court Martial, and, besides, would be in direct conflict with other express provisions of law, such as Articles 2d, 3d, 15th, and 24th of the Articles of War.

“But does the 11th Article run in this supposed form? So far from it, that instead of repeating the words ‘cashiered,’ or ‘dismissed,’ used in the Continental Article, it has substituted for these the word ‘*discharged*,’ a word which, though it may, and even does, include the two other meanings, has, in ordinary military parlance, however, another and much milder signification; which substitution would certainly justify an inference that the power to dismiss officers without trial was altogether and designedly withheld from the President.

"And the presumption is fortified by a glance at the intermediate changes in this Article. It has been already stated that the old Continental Articles of War—among which the 13th, declaring that 'no commissioned officer of the Army shall be cashiered or dismissed from the service excepting by order of Congress, or by sentence of a General Court Martial'—were re-enacted, without change, by the first Congress which assembled under the Constitution (see Act of Sept. 29, 1789, Hetzel's Mil. Laws, p. 41). The next year, however (see Act of April 30, 1790, sec. 13, Hetzel, p. 44), as if beginning to perceive that the old Articles of War, in reserving to Congress the chief executive authority over the Army, were no longer in harmony with the new Constitution, which withdrew all executive power from the legislative body, Congress, though it once more re-enacted these old Articles, yet added the proviso, '*as far as the same may be applicable to the Constitution of the United States.*' Which clause was repeated in the Act of March 3, 1795 (sec. 14, Hetz., p. 60); and again, in that of May 30, 1796 (sec. 20, Hetz., p. 66); until finally, by Act of April 10, 1806 (Hetz., p. 109), the present 11th Article was substituted for the old 13th.

"Now, I pray you, mark the length of this period, of no less than seventeen years, which elapsed before the passage of the Act of 1806, and note how often, in that time, the subject appears to have engaged the attention of Congress, and then tell me if this strong reluctance, this long and evident hesitation, on the part of that body, before it could be induced to make a formal surrender of this power, of which it, yet, had been so clearly divested, do not afford unequivocal proofs of a fear entertained, lest the President should claim it, and of an unwillingness to entrust it to him. And, when, in addition to this, we advert to the very remarkable substitution of words made in the 11th Article, how is it possible to resist a perfect conviction, that, in so far as respects offenses created by the military code, the power was purposely and expressly withheld from him?

"I, therefore, distinctly maintain that, in pursuance of its constitutional powers, 'to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces,' and 'to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and *all other powers* vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or *in any department or officer thereof*,' Congress had the right, and has exercised it, of defining all the offenses of which an officer of the army might be guilty, in *his official capacity*, and of providing for the punishment of the same; and that, in doing so, it has confided the award of punishment to General Courts Martial exclusively, and even gone so far as to prescribe the *limit* of punishment to be inflicted.

"But how, if an officer be guilty of murder, arson, burglary, rape, forgery, or any other felony, since these are cases not covered by the Articles of War, is he to retain his commission in the army? The reply is not



difficult. The only power possessed by Congress in respect to such offenses, is that of providing for the removal of the offender from office, in the event of his conviction by an authorized tribunal. But as this power has never been exercised, the matter rests just where it was left by the Constitution; and the officer may, consequently, be removed by the President, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*. So, likewise, of the case of an officer who absents himself from all duty, sets his superiors at defiance, and refuses to be tried. These, and the case provided for by Act of January 31, 1823, are the only exceptions of which I am prepared to admit.

"But, returning once more to the subject of official misconduct, let us now test, by a hasty comparison with the Articles of War, this asserted right of the President to dismiss an officer of the army. I will no longer say at his *pleasure*, but even at his *discretion*, however wise or just it may be.

1. "When the law has, as here, so carefully defined all the offenses for which an officer may be dismissed, and so explicitly provided, that punishment shall be awarded according to the judgment of a Court Martial, and since it is a recognized maxim, that where the law has prescribed the penalty for an offense, and established a tribunal for the trial of the offender, that penalty may not be exceeded, nor the offender summarily punished, *without a breach of law*, upon what principle can the President claim to supplant this legally established tribunal, or, where it has exercised jurisdiction, and rendered judgment, presume to set aside its sentence, and substitute his own?

2. "Since the President is, confessedly, not empowered to *commute* the sentence of a Court Martial, still less to add to it, how much less can he be supposed authorized to increase it to the utmost limit of severity and disgrace, short of death itself? And yet, if what is claimed for him to be true, he can, at any time, and in lieu of the most trifling punishment awarded by a Court Martial, inflict the highest one of dismissal, though yet, at the same time, wholly impotent to substitute one of intermediate gravity!

3. "This asserted power conflicts positively with the 15th Article of War, which exacts proof by '*two witnesses*,' before even a Court Martial can sentence the offender to be cashiered.

4. "It is irreconcilable with the right, vested by law in the general commanding an army, or colonel commanding a separate department, of confirming, and having executed a lesser sentence than dismissal, adjudged by a court of his own ordering, and is still more at variance with his right of *pardoning* or *mitigating* said sentence (see Art. 65).

5. "It would wholly override the 88th Article, the military statute of limitations. And thus it is seen to be more or less subversive of the whole military code, whilst, lastly, containing within itself an element of the most unmitigated absurdity.

"For the last *limit* of a power is thus attributed to the President, of which, it is acknowledged, that he does not possess a *single inferior degree*. That is to say, that, whilst there is no one who pretends that he could, at his discretion, suspend an officer of the army from rank or pay, for any *limited* period, it is yet contended that he can do so for an indefinite period, or, in other words, dismiss the officer from both, forever!

"Have I not more than proved, then, that this implied power of the President over the army is at open antagonism with the Articles of War; and would, if admitted, completely nullify and avoid them? And yet, be it remembered, that the Articles of War, enacted by Congress, in pursuance of its constitutional powers before cited, are supposed to be 'the supreme law of the land.' Of what nature, then, must be this claim of more than royal prerogative, before which the supreme law of our republican land is required to lower its drooping banners, and bow itself into the dust! Need words be any farther wasted upon the argument of its illegality?

"And yet, wretched and unsightly as is thus shown to be the legal complexion of this question, its political complexion is even yet more unprepossessing; for it must be obvious to the most ordinary comprehension, that the natural effect of arming the President with an unlimited and despotic power over the commissions of officers—whether in the way of *promotion* or *removal*—must be, insensibly, to convert the army into that supple, servile, and unscrupulous engine of oppression, so earnestly dreaded by our fathers, and against which they so carefully labored to guard themselves. So plain a proposition can call for no demonstration at my hands. But, in view of such a result, would it not be well to inquire whether, when the principle of an independent judiciary has ever been, and so very justly, considered one of paramount importance, there may not be the same sort of reason, and almost an equal necessity of protecting the officers of the army, that other coercive arm of the federal power, from the undue influence of the executive? For, let us examine a little into the two cases.

"The judge, we know, if removed from office, has still his profession to fall back upon; a profession which, perhaps, of all others in this country, is the most remunerative. But the officer of the army, if removed, loses his only profession; hence, his commission must be of infinitely more value to him, more indispensable; and the temptation to subserviency in his case will be, of course, much greater. This is not all, however; for note how much easier it is for the President to exercise a dangerous power over the army. The judiciary being *de jure* and *de facto* independent of him, he is not left the shadow of a pretext for assuming any power over it; not even covertly can he approach the judges to this end, with any unworthy purpose. If at all, he must do it openly, and the attempted corruption, or abuse of power, would be so glaring and manifest as to be easily repelled.

"Far otherwise stands the case with the army, however. The President is its constitutional head. All officers of the army take an oath that they will 'observe and obey his orders,' with the qualification, it is true, that they will do so 'according to the rules and articles of war,' which only require them to obey the *lawful* orders of their military superiors. But, as the intelligence of an officer of the army will be seldom equal to that of a judge, as he is comparatively little exercised in questions of law or political right, how can it be expected that he will, in doubtful cases, knowing that the President, whom he offends, is to be his *sole* judge, venture to oppose his own consciously imperfect judgment to that of this lawful superior, and that he will thus surely peril his commission and the welfare of his family, upon the uncertain and improbable contingency that the elect of a whole nation is violating the very laws which he had sworn faithfully to execute.

"It is not reasonable to expect it. Yet, that such cases may occur, even under a tried and honest President, cannot be doubted; for the wisest and best of men may err. Is there no question now before the country, out of which such a case might grow?

"Sir, it appears to me that we are gradually losing sight of the great landmarks of liberty, set up by our wise and patriotic fathers; that we are fast drifting out to sea upon a tide of centralized power, which will carry us yet, God knows whither! And I am urged to make the observation in this place, from the belief that few things have more contributed to bring about this state of degeneracy, than the corrupting system of 'rotation in office,' which has been so far facilitated by the doctrine of the President's sole power of removal, and which, in its turn, has quickened into life an innumerable spawn of mercenary office seekers, into whose hands the whole administration of the country is rapidly passing.

"What would the fathers say, sir, could they return, and see men pitilessly turned out of office, not for malfeasance, not for neglect of duty, nor even for incompetency, but simply because of an honest difference of judgment upon some question, vitally affecting, as they may think, the liberties of their country; and upon which they may have been so imprudent, as to exercise the freeman's right of uttering an opinion. Or what, should they learn, that the same power is held to extend equally over the army and navy, to be exercised over both, perhaps, at some future day!

"Let Mr. Madison answer for the rest, in the very language used by him in that debate, which is supposed to have furnished the authority for the system.

"I say, will he (the President) bid defiance to all these considerations, and wantonly dismiss a meritorious and virtuous officer? Such abuse of power exceeds my conception.' And again:

"What will be the motives which the President can feel for such abuse of his power and the restraints that operate to prevent it? In the first



place, he will be impeachable by this house, before the Senate, for such an act of maladministration ; FOR, I CONTEND, THAT THE WANTON REMOVAL OF MERITORIOUS OFFICERS WOULD SUBJECT HIM TO IMPEACHMENT AND REMOVAL FROM HIS OWN HIGH TRUST.'

"CATHOLICUS."

In the latter part of 1859, in September, Julius published the following most interesting article on the Law of Divorce,—a question then as now agitating the public mind—in the October number of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. It displays a great depth of theological as well as legal knowledge, though few would know who its gifted author was ; for it is simply signed with his initials "J. P. G." His humility of heart again would not permit him to write out his name.

#### ,"ART. IV.—DIVORCE AND OUR DIVORCE LAWS.

" 'Let not man part what God hath joined.'"

"Although it is chiefly from the religious point of view, that we should consider the subject of divorce, since, if prohibited by God, there ought at once to be an end of the toleration accorded to it by human laws,—yet, we have not the slightest objection, for our own part, to seeing it tried and judged upon the single issue of its social effects, believing, as we do, that it is utterly indefensible in every aspect under which it can be viewed, whether human or divine. We propose, therefore, in the first place, to examine its effects upon the married, and adults generally, children and the parental relations, and society at large, and afterwards to glance at the Scriptural doctrine on this subject.

"If people would approach without prejudice this important question, and in a spirit of candor reflect on that wonderful disposition of our nature to make the best of what cannot be helped or remedied—that disposition, by which it is enabled to accommodate itself so cheerfully to all the varying circumstances of clime and situation, nay, even of pain, privation, and hardship, to which it may be exposed, they might easily find, it seems to us, a sufficient ground for believing that, after all, no surer means could possibly have been devised, for increasing the general sum of married happiness, than that of making marriage permanent and indissoluble. For, whatever the nonsense with which those, who defend divorce, delude themselves or beguile their dupes in relation to the so-called 'spiritual or passional affinities,' and other fanciful inventions of a like sort, there is yet one fact, which can never be gotten over ; one stubborn fact, rooted in the experience and confirmed by the testimony of six thousand years, and which is in irreconcilable contradiction to all their theories, namely, that never from the days of the first radiant pair, who came forth fresh from the hand of God, down to our

own degenerate times, has there yet been united a couple, however perfect, congenial, or deeply enamored of each other, whose mutual imperfections have not in return called for as much mutual forbearance. In the face of this positive fact, of the known infirmity of human nature, what can be worse than to keep constantly before the eyes of all married people the tantalizing assurance, that, in order to be freed from a bond that occasionally will chafe, they have only to set up a plea of 'incompatibility of temper,' or other equally transparent and frivolous pretence? What can more effectually do away with the chief inducement to forbearance, that can have influence with our fallen nature, and place a temptation and a snare before even the best intentioned? And, while the one may be cloyed with possession, and the other faded, ailing, perhaps a little peevish withal, but all as a very consequence of marriage, what effort is likely to be made to bear with what may for the moment be trying, and to resist the temptation to separate?

"And, yet, this is but one of the many evil consequences likely to follow from a policy favored by our legislation. Another, and even a worse consequence, is to destroy, little by little, the delicate flower of chastity in the heart of the married. It is a sad mistake, to suppose that the fires of concupiscence are quenched by marriage: the truth is, that the married have need to exercise almost as vigilant a guard over their eyes and thoughts as the single, in order to preserve their conjugal fidelity, perfect purity of feeling, and continence from lawless desire. If the married are permitted to feel that they are not in the least debarred from the hope of a future possession of the attractive and engaging among the other sex, into whose company they are daily and hourly thrown, it is but natural that they should occasionally seek to please them, and thus, that new loves and longings should insensibly grow up, laying the very foundation, perhaps, for all that pretended 'incompatibility of temper' which may afterwards be falsely pleaded, as no less the originally subsisting cause, than present motive, for dissolving a union, which, previously, may have been just as harmonious as any other. And, gradually, as the example spreads, the facilities for divorce are increased, and public opinion becomes more depraved. May it not come, next, to pass, that even young girls, who should ever be the representatives of all that is most pure in society, and whom we now expect to see spurning the attentions of a married man as an outrage upon their maiden dignity, will then, instead of repelling, be themselves the first to encourage them? For, what should hinder them from seeking after a union with the men of their choice, when the world applauds, and no more serious obstacle intervenes, than that, become so trifling, of only a wife to be first repudiated?

"But, as tendencies of such a nature, and so encouraged, can eventuate in nothing else, we must expect to see them result, at length, in a universal corruption of morals, and no less appalling license of conduct. For, we may rest assured, that, if so far be weakened the only restraint

which has ever yet proved effectual to check the wild flood of human passion, the latter is, sooner or later, and with an irresistible force, certain to break down, and utterly sweep away, whatever else men may seek to oppose to it, until, after purity in woman, continence in man, and the conjugal virtues of faith and constancy shall have wholly disappeared before it, marriage itself, too, will have become a mere empty name!

"The very right of possession, which every man is now acknowledged to have in his wife, a natural right everywhere as yet so carefully guarded by human laws, would, if we took no steps to arrest this inevitable progression, soon cease to be respected, or even recognized. And as in our day we have heard proclaimed, '*que la propriété, c'est un vol,*' might our children live to hear some new Proudhon lay down the beastly maxim, that 'marriage, too, is an outrage upon our kind,—a robbery by one, of that which should belong to all men in common.' For the more powerful, rich, and artful among men would then help themselves to any woman over whom they could prevail, regardless if she were wife or maid; or, as wife, how tenderly she might be loved. Whence, savage broils, and ceaseless discord would be certain to ensue, such as no human measures could prevent or allay in the absence of that great natural and divine law,—in the very disuse, or attempted repeal of which by man, might be traced the fatal and abounding source of all this mischief—

"*Nam fuit ante Helenam (mulier) teterrima belli Causa,*'

the wise old Roman quaintly remarked, near nineteen hundred years ago; and as then, and before, so even yet, is there no other quarrel in which man will so fiercely, or so readily embark, as in one concerning woman, who, of all the gifts of Heaven bestowed on him, has been ever the one most dearly prized.

"We are alike admonished then by every thing known to us, either in regard to man's nature or his history, that it is a most slippery precipice that which on every side surrounds the eminence on which God had raised marriage; and that, as one downward step, if adventured upon, will surely betray us into another, so will each draw us nearer to those low and abject depths of humanity where marriage ceases to be, or, in the words of the same great poet, where

"*Quos venerem incertam rapientes, more ferarum,  
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.*"

"Another equally well-established fact is, that, where man has commerce with many women, his posterity is apt to be enfeebled and himself enervated by it; and that, where woman lends herself to many men, her fruitfulness is thereby much impaired. Hence, another of the bad effects of divorce is, that it will insensibly lead to a deterioration of the human race. This effect it may also produce in another way, by the greater neglect of their health and physical requirements, which children are sure to suffer, where deprived of the care of one of their parents, or committed



to the colder charities of a step-parent, who can scarcely be expected to feel any of that pitying sympathy for them, and could hardly hope for any of that tender return of love, which, occasionally, spring up on either side, where the child's natural parent, instead of having been supplanted by a rival, has been carried off by death. It is clear, that the development of their mental faculties will, in such cases, be even more neglected.

"But, wherein the children of divorced parents are likely to suffer the most, is in the more defective moral training which they must receive. For, not to speak of the pernicious example so forcibly thrust before their eyes, nor of the improper feelings apt to be engendered in their minds against one of their parents, and even supposing the other to be all that a parent should be to them, it is none the less an acknowledged fact, that very few women are capable, by themselves, of governing unruly boyhood; and that there are still fewer men, who, even if their daily occupations did not take them constantly from home, are sufficiently endowed with the delicate tact, so necessary even to a mother, who would acquire any effective influence over the wayward and susceptible heart of girlhood; and to which even the mother must add such unceasing vigilance, would she preserve her tender charge from the contamination of improper associates. But, it is not often that we should be warranted in admitting so much as this, when one of the most ordinary effects of divorce is, undoubtedly, to weaken that sentiment of duty towards their offspring, which God has implanted in the hearts of parents. For, the fact is so; nor will it appear too surprising for belief, if we will but consider, that it is no less an axiom founded in natural justice, than an essential even if implied condition of every marriage contract, that the trouble, anxiety, expense and responsibility, which attach to the possession of children, should be equally shared by both their parents; each contributing that full part, which the difference in their sex has made respectively appropriate. And such being the case, there can be neither any thing singular nor unreasonable, in the repudiated children most keenly resenting the injustice of those human laws, which, not content with having interfered to part those whom nature at least, if not God, had joined, must needs lend their unauthorized aid besides, to cast on one of those the burthen which nature as well as God had assigned to the other. As much as we may condemn the feeling, even if prompted by this just resentment, which could visit on one's own children the sins of their other parent, we, at least, cannot be surprised at it, when every day's experience shows it to be so frequently the case.

"Not only the sentiment of duty, however, but also the parental affections are diminished by this cause. For experience likewise teaches us, that as well those who feel their children to be an impediment to the fruition of new loves and the formation of new alliances, as those who see growing up around them the favored offspring of a newer and more cherished bed, are alike apt to be warped occasionally from the feelings commanded by nature and justice. And where this happens, children will

never be slow to discern it; whilst the effect which we may look to see produced upon them, by their discovery of it, will be, almost invariably, that of so hardening, and so embittering their dispositions, that all the good seeds of virtue, which might otherwise have been implanted in their young hearts, would be likely to fall then as idly as might natural seed on a stony or thorn-choked soil.

"But, it may be asked, are not some of these last-mentioned consequences as likely to flow from any second marriage, whatever be the cause by which the former was terminated, be it death or divorce? Perhaps so: but it is to be remarked, that under the state of things which we are now supposing, second marriages would be much less frequent in the former case; since the very fact, that death alone was able to separate the parties, would, in itself, be proof of a strong mutual attachment between them; the very reverse of which is indicated by divorce. The inclination to re-marry must, therefore, be greatly less, when it is death with its hallowing influences upon the memory, instead of divorce with its embittered recollections, which has intervened to dissolve the first marriage.

"And, even though this were not so, yet must we bear in mind, that, not only was the Divine permission to re-marry, given in this case, '*Quod, si non se continent, nubant,*' (I Cor. VII. 9), exclusively confined; but that the very ground on which that permission stands,—considered under the purely natural view of the subject, which we are now taking, as, in some sort, a necessity for it,—is, as well as all excuse for it, absolutely wanting in the case of divorce.

"But then, if both those who take advantage of the liberty afforded them by the divorce laws and their children are equally, though in different ways, injuriously affected by them, it must be evident that the latter will be doubly so, if, after growing up, they likewise avail themselves of the same fatal privilege; and that with each succeeding generation, the evil must thus go on augmenting, in something like a compound proportion, until, of necessity, society shall have grown rotten to its core.

"Any elaborate attempt to prove the pernicious effect of these laws upon society at large, then, would seem to be almost superfluous, when so much has been already said of the mental, moral, and physical degeneracy which their licentious nature is sure to bring about in the individual man. To avoid prolixity, therefore, we shall content ourselves with briefly pointing out, in a simple way, some of their most marked results of this kind.

"In the first place, will we but take notice, that if one of the most ordinary effects of divorce, as well as of the change occasioned by it in the parental feelings, is to lessen the natural reverence and affection of children for their parents, we must immediately perceive, that the injury thus done to the parental authority, is one that can hardly fail to react in a most sensible manner upon society, by diminishing that respect which men have been accustomed to entertain for all legitimate government. For, it is certain, that the principles of submission to constituted authority,

is one by no means inborn in the human heart. Taking its root, on the contrary, in the child's sense of inferiority, and absolute dependence upon its parents,—consecrated by its affection for them, and growing stronger only in proportion as it is properly cultivated,—it develops itself at first, in the single sentiment of filial submission. And it is from that stock only, that it afterwards branches out,—first, into a feeling of respect for the authority of ecclesiastics and teachers, and finally, into one of deference and obedience towards all, who are clothed with the powers of civil government.

“The family, moreover, is not only the primitive germ, but likewise, the great constituent element of society, as well as, in some sort, the hot-house, nursery, or preparatory school, in which the tender plant of humanity is nurtured, tended, and trained for society. Whatever then tends to break up the family relations, must, necessarily, inflict the same injury upon society, as he who should gash or poison the roots of a tree, would inflict upon its trunk and branches. As society rests upon the family, even so does the family rest upon marriage, from which it derives, just as society from the family, not only the origin of its life, but the very continuance of its existence. And, therefore, any thing done to lessen the marriage bond, must contribute as much, even though indirectly, to break up society in the end, as it does, directly, to undo and scatter the family itself. Since, then, the interests, well-being, even the very existence of society, are so intimately blended with those of the family, and, with them, bound up in the sacredness and permanency of marriage, it clearly follows, that the war waged by society upon marriage, by means of the divorce laws, is not only an unnatural and a sacrilegious, but at the same time a most suicidal war.

“The history of mankind will be found to abound in illustrations of the above truths; and even that of nature is not far behind it, in this respect. For, wherever in the lower creation, whether among the birds, the animals, or the fishes which compose it, we happen to meet with the most striking examples of a tender, conjugal affection, there also, as a general rule, may we almost rest assured of finding a proportionate exhibition of the parental virtues, and, to some extent at least, a corresponding aptitude for, and inclination to, a feeble imitation of the social state.

“Observe, for instance, the birds of the air, which, mating for a whole season, and, for aught we know to the contrary, for life, are of all the inferior creation, those whose devotion to their offspring is the most unselfish and beautiful; whose social disposition, too, is, perhaps, among the most perfect. With what assiduity, what skill, and affectionate foresight, do they not provide a home for their expected young,—lining even with their own softest feathers the warm and downy nest they prepare for them. And, when their little brood is hatched, with what a total oblivion of self and of all the world beside, do they not immediately devote themselves to it; the male bird even condescending to alternate, in many a maternal office, with his mate, or warbling his sweetest songs to beguile



the tedium of those reserved by her. How industriously they will search for food;—when found, how eagerly will they not urge their swift-winged flight back, to bestow it upon their nestlings; having, apparently, lost all sense of their own natural wants in their absorbing, parental love. How inimitable, how truly wonderful, are the love-inspired artifices, with which, if danger threaten, they will confront, and usually succeed in conjuring it away! And when, at length, their little ones approach maturity, with what tenderness and care may they not be seen teaching them to fly, and otherwise educating them for the miniature world of life, on which they soon must enter. Who has not been witness to some one of these charming exhibitions of parental love? Who, on the other hand, has ever witnessed, or even heard of an instance, of one of these tiny creatures abandoning a chosen mate and helpless little brood, for the sake of some new love? No one, we undertake to reply; for, divorce is unknown to the law of their nature, and that law, they know not how to violate.

“If we turn to the brute tribes, addicted to a chance, or polygamous intercourse, how marked the contrast which we observe in them! Take even the horse, otherwise among the noblest and most intelligent of the animal kind, and how unlike he is, in this respect! For with no such tender forbearance for his mate, with none of this mild, paternal sway, does the wild stallion rule; but rather, as an absolute lord over a herd of female slaves,—tolerating nothing like equality, exhibiting nothing like affection,—savage and cruel, even in his moods of passion for them, and ever on the alert to punish the least, faint symptom, on their part, of any thing like defection. Equally jealous and suspicious of those of his own sex and kind, he can so little brook their society, that, should one dare to stray upon his secluded pasture grounds, he will fight him even to death: whilst to his own progeny, in fine, he is utterly indifferent. And there are other brutes, which, surpassing in ferocious instinct even the horse, are possessed of such a mortal, and well-nigh inconceivable aversion for their offspring, as, without distinction of sex, to mangle and kill them wherever met.

“Yet, to which of these opposite natures will it be pretended that man’s should assimilate the most,—to that of the grovelling beast, or of the bird which soars towards heaven? Surely no reader of the Sacred Book, at least, could hesitate for a reply, when reminded of what he must there have learned, that, of all the infinitely various forms of animated beings which God has created, there are only two under which He has ever deigned to reveal himself to man:—that of man himself, created to His own image and likeness. and that of the dove,—the immemorial type of constancy, and symbol of a chaste, married love! Thus, God Himself has instructed us, that there are points of similarity between the nature of these two, as He fashioned them, and still would have them be, in respect to which He has set them apart from, and exalted them above, all the rest of His vast creation.

"We have also appealed to history, as practically enforcing all that reason teaches us on this point, but, in order to be brief, will content ourselves with citing to this effect, a single memorable illustration; taken, however, from that familiar and every-way finished picture, which historians have left us of the rise and fall of the colossal Roman power.

"For full five hundred years, we are told, even though their laws permitted it, did this remarkable people continue to set their faces resolutely against divorce: and it was precisely during the same period, as we know, that they so steadily advanced in power, dominion, and glory,—that they were so preëminently distinguished for sobriety, frugality, and patriotism,—and, in one word, gave to the world all those astounding examples of what, even to this day, men are accustomed to call 'Roman virtue.' For, Scaevola and the elder Brutus, Cocles, Cincinnatus, Curtius, Camillus, Curius, Fabricius, and the almost superhuman Regulus, with Clelia, Lucretia, Virginia, and a host of others, equally illustrious, all lived and flourished within that period. Whilst it is from that of the Cæsars, when divorce had come into general use, that we are compelled to date the wane of Roman power, the decadence of morals, and spread of a frightful sensuality; as well as the long succession of the Neros, Caligulas, Domitians,—the Messalinas and Agrippinas, whose names are still by-words of infamy among men, and will be handed down, no doubt, to the very latest time, as the everlasting reproach and disgrace of their kind. So true is it, that divorce laws but pave the way for polygamy and the grossest sensuality; and that these in their turn will bring sure ruin on even the most flourishing empires and best ordered societies which it is in the power of man to create.

"And here we must pause to ask of the many who fancy that, within what they call 'reasonable limits,' the permission of divorce is rather conducive to morality, or that any bounds can afterwards be set to it, if once permitted, just to mark, if it so please them, how completely the subsequent history of the Roman people has given the lie to these sensual fallacies.

"We have seen that for 500, or, as others have it, 523 years, there had been no example of a divorce in Rome; we are also enabled to judge of the shock given to public opinion by the first one which occurred, that of Spurius Carvilius Ruga, from the very fact, of his name's having been transmitted down to our own remote times, coupled with such an unenviable notoriety. But we know, too, that, once the fashion set, it quickly began to spread, and that simultaneously with it morals commenced to decay, and patriotism also to diminish, until in the comparatively short space of less than a century and a half, the masters of the world had become so changed, and fallen so lamentably low, that lower they could not fall, without sinking into the slaves they soon were made.

"For, meanwhile, we behold in rapid succession the sedition of the Gracchi, the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, Sylla's absolute dictatorship,

the conspiracy of Catiline, the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey,—and finally the downfall of the Republic! And what the state of morals had got to be at this last epoch, we may readily ascertain from the history of the Julian law, passed shortly afterward for the repression of adultery, as well as of the crime against nature; and which proved so wholly ineffectual, as we find, in checking the spreading corruption of either. For, to speak only of the latter of these two criminal practices, so universal and shamelessly public did that soon become, notwithstanding and in defiance of the law, that the great poets of the succeeding reign, even the courtiers and friends of Augustus, are known to have made matter of song of their own habitual indulgence in it; until Augustus himself was at length driven to make another impotent effort to crush it out, under cover of a law, compelling the Roman men—to marry women! So soon had the carnal practice of divorce thus began to bear its legitimate fruits, even to the perversion of the sex, and the violation of nature.\*

"A little later, under the reign of Nero, Seneca, the philosopher, and friend of St. Paul, as some allege, but himself a Pagan, traces the following picture of the effects produced by it among the women of his day: 'Is there any longer one,' he exclaims, 'who blushes at being repudiated, now that even ladies of the highest distinction count their years, not, as formerly, by the number of Consuls, but by the number of their husbands? And when young girls show themselves in public, only that they may succeed in getting married, and marry, only that they may afterwards get divorced? They shrank from it indeed, so long as it was little practised, but now, that there is no record which is not full of divorces, they have also learned to do that, of which they had heard so much. And is not even the very shame of adultery gone, since things have reached that point, when all that women care for in marriage, is to secure a cover, under which they may better excite and carry on a commerce with adulterers? The sign of some deformity, nothing else, is chastity now.' †

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\* Startling, and even incredible as may seem this assertion, 'tis none the less true; and there is, perhaps, no truth more susceptible of proof, than that excessive indulgence in women, whether under cover of divorce, or polygamy, will insensibly create in man a feeling of contempt for her so great, as to extend even to his carnal use of her.

"*Qui le croirait,*" exclaims Montesquieu, whom this truth has not escaped, "*la pluralité des femmes mène à cet amour que la nature réprouve!*" And Ferrand, a philosophic writer of the last century, adds, after quoting this passage, "*C'est une vérité démontrée pas les faits; et cette dégoûtante passion n'est nulle part plus effrontément répandue, que parmi les Turcs.*"

But not to take up too much space with citations as to this point, we will content ourselves with referring the reader, for proof of the reality of the fact, at least as among the Romans, to the 6th Satire of Juvenal. (See V. 34, et passim.)

† Sen. de benef. L. 3, ch. 6.



"A little later still, Juvenal, satirizing the same practice, gives us reason to infer that there would have been no sort of impossibility in a Roman matron's then changing her husband, as many as eight times in the course of five autumns; nor, after divorcing each of the eight in turn, in her returning to her first spouse.\* Whilst Martial, writing about the same time, furnishes a still stronger illustration of the lengths to which the permission to divorce might be carried, adding his sarcastic commentary thereon.

"Quae nubit toties, non nubit; adultera lege est.'† A remark, which is most worthy of note; as showing that not even the licentious Romans were blind to the true nature of this corrupting practice; but that even whilst grossly rioting in it they well understood and even frankly admitted it to be, what it really is—mere licensed adultery!

"Finally, St. Jerome shows us, three hundred years later, that the Pagans of the empire practised it as extensively as ever; even to the extent of the same woman's legally prostituting herself, under the name of wife, to no less than twenty-two different men in succession. Nor can we hear of any change, or discover the least improvement in this respect, until after the edifice of the Roman civil power had been laid in ruins by the Barbarians, and God, at length, had firmly seated upon the throne of the Cæsars that Church which by His command had interdicted divorce wholly and forever. So completely, thus, will both history and the nature of mankind invariably be found to contradict the assumption, either that it is practicable to restrain divorce within any bounds, or that there is any better, or surer way of serving the cause of good morals, than that of making marriage permanent and indissoluble.

"But, as the Divine authority for this dogma of the Church has been disputed by Protestants, let us now briefly examine the Scriptural evidences for it.

"We find, in the first place, that, when God made the first woman to be the spouse and help-mate of the first man, out of no different material did He create her, not even of the same of which He had already fashioned Adam; but, as if expressly to symbolize the inseparable union which He meant to establish between them, taking one of Adam's ribs, that rib did He build into a woman, and give to Adam for a wife, thereby giving it to their posterity to understand, that man's wife is to be regarded as the very 'bone of man's bone, and flesh of his flesh.' And, that they might be in no doubt as to His intention, He even adds an express declaration to this effect, and lays upon them, at the same time, His everlasting command, that 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two, *in one flesh*.'‡ 'Wherefore,' adds our Saviour, 'they are no more *two*, but *one flesh*. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'§

\* Lat. 6, v. 223-9.

† L. 6, ep. 7.

‡ Gen. ii, 24. Matt. xix. 5.

§ Matt. xix. 6-9.

"And when asked, 'Why then, did Moses command to give a bill of divorce, and to put away?' His reply is, 'Because of the hardness of your hearts, Moses permitted you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so.' And He from that goes on to lay down the law as it had originally stood, and as He thenceforth willed it to stand, forever: 'And I say to you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that shall marry her who is put away committeth adultery.'

"Why any dispensation from the rigor of the original law should have been granted to the Jews, can be none of our business to explain; even if that be true, which we are not disposed to admit, that it was God, and not Moses, in his secondary capacity, and as a mere human legislator, who granted them such a dispensation. To explain such an apparent anomaly, if it existed, would, we repeat, be none of our business; since it would be simply folly in us, creatures whose limited intellect is confounded even by the wonders of Creation, to undertake to sound the depths of all the mystery and inscrutable counsels of the Allwise and Great Creator. We know, however, from their own history, even as related by themselves, that the Jews were one of the most carnal races that have ever dwelt upon this earth; that they were a people so grossly sensual, that not even the recollection of the intolerable servitude which they had undergone in Egypt could restrain them from sighing after the leeks, and onions, and flesh-pots of that land of bondage. We know, too, that their very best and greatest characters, even the chosen progenitors of our pure Redeemer, the patriarch Juda, the royal prophet David, and Solomon, the wisest of mankind, were so far possessed and carried away by the lust of the flesh, as through it to have committed incest, adultery, the basest murder, and even idolatry! And, knowing this, our human reason tells us that it would have been almost vain to expect that such a people would ever have kept the rigorous law imposed upon Adam's race before the Fall, unaided, as they yet were, by Sacramental grace. Moreover, the custom of divorce was already very prevalent, as well as very deeply rooted among them; which makes it still further questionable whether Moses, had he even made the attempt to do so, could by any possibility have succeeded in wholly suppressing it. We cannot blame him, therefore, if, as well to make a virtue of necessity, as to prevent greater violations of the law, he partly consented to this one, or rather abstained from combating it; nor can we doubt that, by bringing the practice under strict regulation, as he did, and restraining it within such bounds as he might reasonably hope the Jews would not transgress, he effected all that it was possible to effect under the circumstances. Yet, it is worthy of remark that even in doing this he no longer speaks in the name of the Lord, as he had done before, but in his own name, and apparently of his own sole authority.

"Though, whether or not he had God's special sanction for what he did, is, after all, a matter of not the least consequence; since, if ever given, we

know that it must have been subsequently withdrawn, as the practice has been denounced by God himself. For, in regard to this point at least, we are left in no doubt: since, not only in the passage of St. Matthew, above cited, and in answer to the questioning of the Pharisees, but previously to that, in His sermon on the Mount, our Saviour most distinctly and emphatically repudiated the legislation of Moses on this subject, in these words: 'It hath also been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a bill of divorce. *But I say to you*, that whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery.'\*

"Before proceeding further, it becomes us to examine closely into the exception made, as to fornication, in these two passages of St. Matthew; since it recurs nowhere else. If, as has been generally maintained by Protestant divines, it is to be understood as an exception from the general prohibition to contract a second marriage after separation, and as therefore authorizing, in the case of fornication, a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*, then, not only is it in direct contradiction to the text of the other Evangelists, but even with that of St. Matthew himself; for if on this ground a divorce *à vinculo* be in fact lawful, it stands in reason that he who should 'marry her that is put away' on that account, would really not commit adultery, as our Saviour has so positively declared. To accept this construction would therefore be to make our Saviour falsify His own words, which of course we cannot do. But if, on the other hand, we understand with the Catholic Church, this exception as taken, not from the prohibition to marry another after divorce, but as only an exception from the recognized prohibition of any and every species of divorce, even of that milder form of it called by lawyers *à mensâ et thoro*,—which not assuming to dissolve the bond of marriage consists merely in 'putting away,' or living apart from one's wife or husband,—then, not only will the whole difficulty be instantly cleared up, and the text of the different Evangelists be reconciled, but we shall, moreover, find the correctness of this interpretation fortified and confirmed in various other passages of the Sacred Scriptures.

"What, for example, could be clearer than the following testimony of St. Paul to the fact of the general unlawfulness of such separation: 'But to them that are married, *not I*, but *the Lord* commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband; And let not the husband put away his wife.'† He even explains the reason of this command; which, though flowing necessarily from the Divine precept that man 'shall cleave to his wife,' and from the Divine declaration that 'they are no longer *two*, but *one flesh*,' is yet more distinctly enforced by him, as follows: 'The wife hath not power over her own body; but the husband. And in like manner, the husband also hath not power over his own body; but the wife.'

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\* Matt. v. 31.

† 1 Cor. vii. 10, 11.



Wherefore, he bids 'the husband render the debt to his wife; and the wife also in like manner to the husband;'<sup>\*</sup> and forbids them both to 'defraud one another.'<sup>†</sup> Which not only accords with, but makes beautifully clear, the last cited passages of St. Matthew: 'But I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting for the cause of fornication, *causeth* her to commit adultery.'

"Passing on now to the other Evangelists, we shall find St. Mark's version of our Saviour's language to be as follows: '*Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her,—And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery.*'<sup>‡</sup> Whilst St. Luke's version runs thus: '*Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery.*'<sup>§</sup> From this it is apparent: first, that in no case is permission to contract a new marriage, after divorce or separation, given to either of the parties; and next, that the first contract is, notwithstanding their separation, affirmed to be subsisting yet in all its original force; else why such strong and repeated use of the word 'adultery,' which, if the first marriage be supposed dissolved, would certainly have been a misnomer as cruel as unjust?

"To the same effect as the Evangelists writes St. Paul, as follows: '*A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth: but if her husband die, she is at liberty: let her marry to whom she will.*'<sup>||</sup> 'Wherefore, *whilst her husband liveth*, she shall be called an *adulteress if she be with another man:*' 'but if her husband be dead, she is free from the law of her husband: so that she is not an adulteress if she be with another man.'<sup>¶</sup>

"Now, faultless and incontrovertible as may seem to us this doctrine, it sounds, nevertheless, very strangely in the ears of Protestants; and to their minds the precept appears a very hard one, to say the least, if not absolutely impossible to fulfil. But then the same doctrine, at first, sounded just as strangely in the ears of the disciples, as we know, since, as St. Mark relates, they privately questioned our Saviour further about it;<sup>\*\*</sup> and to their as yet unregenerated hearts, the precept must have appeared no less difficult than it now does to those of Protestants, since on hearing it, they were driven to exclaim, 'if the case of a man with his wife be so, it is not good to marry!'<sup>††</sup> Yet, for all this, does it appear that our Saviour abated any thing from the rigor of the law as first laid down by Him? Not one particle: and, perhaps, has He nowhere else so explicitly, or so positively re-asserted it, as when He condescended to explain His full meaning to the questioning disciples.<sup>‡‡</sup> There is, then, no

\* 1 Cor. vii. 4, 5.

‡ Luke xvi. 18.

\*\* Mark x. 10.

† 1 Cor. vii. 3.

|| 1 Cor. v. 39.

†† Matt. xix. 10.

‡ Mark x. 11.

¶ Rom. vii. 3.

‡‡ Mark x. 10, 11.

fact which tells more strongly against Protestants, than their very incredulity on this point! If any thing is provable from the New Testament, it is that our Lord declares the marriage bond indissoluble.

"But, difficult as may seem to carnal minds the due observance of this precept, the truth is, that our Saviour has made it very easy for those who will avail themselves of the means which He has provided to this end. For by raising marriage to the glorious dignity of a Sacrament,—and of 'a great Sacrament' too,—as well as by the institution of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, He has supplied us with such a rich, unfailing fount of supernatural grace, as no man can draw from without feeling himself sufficiently strengthened for the performance of every duty enjoined upon him by the Christian law. This all good Catholics know: this the disciples afterwards found true, despite their first unfavorable impressions upon the subject; this, too, might Protestants be certain of would they but try. But whether or not disposed to try the virtue of these supernatural graces, which the true Church would so gladly dispense to all mankind, at least is it certain, that they cannot possibly impugn her doctrine on this point, without, at the same time, rejecting the teaching of our Saviour and the Scriptures themselves. For, positively, no language can be clearer, no command more peremptory than those there found. Our Saviour will permit a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, that is to say, a separation between man and wife, in the case of the adultery of either; but even in that case will He admit of no sundering of the indissoluble bond, having declared, in words the most unmistakable anywhere to be found in the Scriptures, that either of the two, no matter what the cause of their separation,—for He here makes no exception,—who should enter into new married relations with a third person, would, as well as that third party, be guilty of undoubted adultery.

"Before testimony so direct, so forcible, and so conclusive, as is that of the three Evangelists, and of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, as to these points, it seems to us that even sophistry itself should be reduced to silence; and that they who could still cast about for an escape from the irresistible conclusions thus forced upon the mind must, unquestionably, be of the number of those, the 'stiff-necked and uncircumcised of heart,' who seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not, neither will they understand. Unless, therefore, we can bring ourselves to the point of denying the authority of the Supreme Legislator to impose a law, or lay a prohibition upon us, we cannot help but acknowledge marriage to be an irrevocable union, which makes of two one flesh, whom Death alone can part. Whilst before this stern injunction, 'Let not man part what God hath joined,' it must be equally clear to us that all the human divorce laws which ever were made, are absolutely null, and positively criminal, and all they who have recourse to them declared adulterers; for the Lord God, Himself, hath said it.

"But if, already, quite enough should have been said to convince any

reasonable mind that the long-continued, and general practice of divorce is eventually sure to result in injury to man individually, as well as to the human race,—that it is essentially destructive of the family relations, as between man and wife, parent and child, and therefore, in a measure, of all good and free government, by the way in which it weakens the principle of authority among men, and even of society itself,—that it is injurious to the growth and prosperity of nations, and more or less fatal to any system, whether moral, pseudo-religious, or political, which adopts it; and if, in addition to all this, as we now see, it turns out to be banned and forbidden by the great God who made us, what more can be urged in its favor, or how can we tolerate it for an instant longer among us? For tolerated unfortunately it has been, until its sad first-fruits are becoming, each day, more visibly manifest among us, in a looser private morality, in an almost total decay of public virtue,—and, may we not add, in no less patent a fact, than the rise and progress of the Mormon heresy? For that this sect originated, and is still recruited where the custom of divorce is most prevalent, and that, lapsing almost immediately into polygamy, it has from the first been animated by a spirit of relentless hostility to the civilization and society in which we live,—is as certain as that, after a few vain attempts to abide among us, it went forth like a new Ishmael, into the wilderness of Utah, where its hand is even yet ‘against all men, and all men’s hands against it.’

“Now, though we may justly congratulate ourselves on finding that our body politic is still of a constitution sound and healthy enough to have so successfully thrown off this first cancerous eruption, we should yet be guilty of inexcusable folly did we let our satisfaction blind us to the fact that the lurking seeds of the disease too must, every one of them, be thoroughly extirpated, if we would hope for any radical cure. And as, among these, our divorce laws are of the very first in point of dangerous importance, it is almost needless to add, that they should, also, be among the first attacked.

“We have by no means exhausted the subject, and we are well aware that it will take more than one essay in a review to arouse the American people to a sense of their own danger. Already is the physical man degenerating among us; and already is chastity of person, to say nothing of chastity of thought, looked upon to a fearful extent as no sin, at best as simply an imprudence, or as a bad calculation. Already we have a party more numerous than is commonly suspected, who have even gone beyond divorce, and unblushingly advocate the abolition of marriage altogether, leaving the sexes to cohabit together when and where they please, and for a longer or shorter time as may seem to them good. The principal end of marriage, the procreation and rearing of children, is well-nigh lost sight of, and the prevention of conception or the destruction of the offspring before birth, real child-murder, is prevailing even among married people to a most alarming extent. The family, in its old sense, is disappearing



from our land, and not only our free institutions are threatened, but the very existence of our society itself is endangered. It is time for every one of us to take the alarm, and try to arrest the evil before it is too late. To do this we must begin at the source, and protect the family by consecrating anew Christian marriage, recognizing its indissolubility, and repealing all laws which authorize divorce from the marriage bond. This must be done, but it can be done in this country only by correcting public opinion on the subject, and bringing up the public conscience to silence the importunate demands of lawless passion.

“J. P. G.”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Birth of Lauréal; his wonderful beauty, death, and the sorrow of all—death of Julius' uncle, John P. Garesché—Julius' letter about it as also about Lauréal's to his aunt Lalite—his desire to wear his Cross of St. Sylvester in defence of the Holy See—his Military Article to the Adjutant General—esteem in which he was held by all his superiors—his abilities, charities, and kindness of heart—performing Mr. Hanson's work during his absence on Leave—sacrificing his parental feelings for duty—near-sightedness, loss and finding of his gold eye-glass—his endeavor and success in obtaining an Artillery commission for the son of a *bigoted* Presbyterian minister.

ON Monday, the 30th of January, 1860, Julius' seventh child and fourth and last boy was born. It was baptized "Alexandre Edouard de Lauréal" after its great-uncle and grandfather; and at last its mother's ardent wish of naming a boy of hers after her own father was permitted and carried into effect. Its God-parents were its maternal great-uncle, Alexander Callard, represented by its little brother Louis, and its paternal aunt, Mrs. Mary Garesché Norris, represented by its little sister Marie.

It was an unexceptionally beautiful child and seemed to have been sent by its little angel brother, Edgar, to fill his place. Every one could not help loving the lovely Lauréal, he was so good, so sweet, and so wonderfully beautiful. Even his little sisters and brother loved him tenderly and felt no jealousy at his being so universally admired and loved. But the little darling was not destined to live an earthly life, he was called to a happier and more perfect state and he soon winged his way to Heaven. In the words of his sorrowing father "Dieu, qui nous avait prêté ce délicieux enfant, a bien voulu l'appeler à lui, ce matin, 28 Février, 1861, à 10 heures, 11 minutes A.M." "(God, who had lent us this delicious child, wished to call him back to Himself this morning, February 28th, 1861, at 11 minutes after 10 o'clock.)"

On this same morning Julius received from his brother Ferdi-

nand the news of the sudden and beautiful death at St. Louis of their attached uncle, John P. Garesché, who had reached the advanced age of 81 years. He was sick for only a week and in his last moments became a Catholic, saying that he had intended doing so for a long time and did not wish to put it off any longer. He died in a most edifying manner, receiving all the last Sacraments. Ferdinand said that it was the desire of the family that Julius should announce the sad news to his Aunt Lalite (Religious of the Visitation in Frederick, Md.) and her daughter, Amelia (Religious of Mount Carmel in Baltimore). Thereupon Julius sends his Aunt his brother's letter, to which he supplements the following words.

*"Friday morning, March 1st.*—A few minutes after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, dearest Aunt, after an illness of nearly two weeks, I lost my youngest child—the very flower of my little flock. He was my own and his mother's darling, the pet and plaything of his little brother and sisters, who loved him as much as it is in the nature of children to love. It has been a sad blow to me, though I am consoled in thinking of his happiness, and would not recall him, even by a vain wish. But his poor Mother is nearly crazed by this new loss, the fourth of its kind, and moans and does every thing but weep, refusing to listen to any consolation.

"I had just kissed my child after his death, and shed a few tears over his sweet corpse, when, on stepping into the other room, I received this letter. I cannot, altogether, dismiss the fancy that my dear little Lauréal's sufferings have in part moved our God to have pity on my dear Uncle, and thus contributed to save that dear soul."

In the year 1860, when General de Lamoricière, an officer of high rank in the French Army and who had served with great distinction in its campaigns in Algeria, and a most fervent Catholic and knightly gentleman, was invited to take the command of the Papal forces and to organize a small army, to resist all impious attempts against the Pontifical Government, Julius inspired with the glorious thought of helping to defend the Holy See and of being able to wear his "golden spur" of St. Sylvester in the very face of the enemies of his Church, prepared a scheme of organizing and disciplining volunteer troops and sent it to de Lamoricière, hoping for an invitation to come over and receive a command. He had fully determined in such an event of resigning his present commission and crossing the seas to fight the



enemies of the staunch and noble hearted Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. But God in His All-wise Providence had decreed otherwise, he was not to perish, another de Pimodan at Castelfidardo, battling against the enemies of his Church, but he was to live a little while longer, succoring and protecting his own country in her dark hour of approaching trial, and then to fall gloriously on the victorious blood-stained field of Murfreesboro, defending her liberties to the last and pouring forth his heart's blood for her welfare.

In the early part of 1860 he wrote the following excellent military article.

“WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 14th, 1860.

“COLONEL S. COOPER,

Adjutant General, U. S. A.

“COLONEL,

“An expression which I have seen attributed to the Emperor Napoleon III, who, speaking of the *Chasseurs à pied*, armed with the new rifles, remarked that ‘they constituted a veritable *artillerie à main*,’ suggested to me what follows. You will at once perceive that there is nothing new in the suggestion,—that it amounts to nothing more, in fact, than an adaptation of old ideas to the present state of things; and all that I claim for it, is that it is one among the many changes which recent improvements in the weapons of war have made necessary.

“I need not enter with you, Sir, into any recital of the long course of persistent efforts, which ever since the invention of field artillery, have been directed to the increase of its *mobility*, nor of the very marked success with which these efforts have progressively been crowned. I need but remind you of the fact; and in doing so, my object is no other than to illustrate more forcibly the starting point of these remarks, namely, that no such thing, as *perfection*, is possible, in any of the arts or inventions of man,—hence, that no improvement in them, however great or extraordinary, should ever deter us from looking for still greater improvement;—since, if not now, it is at least certain to be improved on at some future day.

“For this reason, were it here the place to do so, I might urge, that we are, even now, far behind the spirit of the times, in not gradually turning all of our regiments of infantry into battalions of *Chasseurs à pied*. For, the *Chasseurs* are the product of French experience gained in many years’ warfare with the Arabs, and in our Indians we have an enemy of *precisely* the same kind to deal with.

“But, without entering into this branch of the subject, and considering

the *Chasseurs à pied* only as a special corps of marksmen, almost rivalling field artillery in the celerity of their movements, and the range and precision of their fire, allow me to suggest that they are capable of being developed into a much more formidable arm,—more really akin to artillery,—by a few very slight improvements,—and, in the first place, by increasing their *mobility*. For, the *pas gymnastique*, if far superior to the ordinary rate of an infantry soldier's *march*, is yet by no means, the *ne plus ultra* of rapid locomotion, and is, itself, far surpassed by the speed of horses. Why then, should not horses be used for the purpose of mounting a *corps d'élite* of first rate marksmen, the picked shots of the army, who would be enabled thus to arrive more rapidly at the points most requiring their presence, and in the critical moments of a battle,—and, in doing so, would be spared the necessity of first running themselves out of breath:—a point which is evidently of no little importance to the steadiness of their nerves and the subsequent accuracy of their fire?

“Now, that the two rank formation for infantry is everywhere adopted, and that the open, skirmishing order of fighting is so much more used than formerly, lines of battle must necessarily be much more extended, and hence the *mobility* of troops,—especially of special corps such as field artillery, with which we are only at liberty to garnish certain points of one line, but which may yet at any moment be required to act upon almost any other part of the field,—becomes, relatively of far greater importance than at any past time.

“In large armies, then, like those of Europe, it appears to me, that the most signal benefits might be derived from the formation of mounted companies of picked marksmen, such as these, receiving a higher pay than other corps, and having attached to each company a certain number of grooms, who would attend to the horses in camp, and look after them during a battle. And the hope of being one day advanced into this privileged corps, would perhaps be one of the strongest encouragements for learning to shoot well, which could be held out to the soldiers of the rest of the army.

“The men of this corps should be armed with breech loading, repeating rifles; and each man should have an extra rifle strapped to his saddle or slung across his back, and carry with him an extra supply of ammunition for both. The objections which have been urged with so much force against intrusting to the common run of soldiers arms of such delicate mechanism and which require so much intelligence and skill on the part of those who use them, could, of course, have no sort of application to a chosen body of intelligent marksmen, who are presumed to be already perfectly familiar with the use of them. While, the objection, that these arms are liable to soil very quickly, or become too hot for use, in the rapid firing of which they admit, is obviated by the provision made for every soldier's carrying with him an extra rifle.

“Now, whether it be employed against cavalry, or whether against

infantry, I am of opinion that, in either case, such a corps would do excellent service, and prove itself of singular value. But it is, especially, against artillery, that I think it capable of rendering the most important services. By providing the non-commissioned officers with explosive balls, with which it would be their business to endeavor to blow up the Caissons, while the common soldiers would be firing at the cannoneers and horses of a battery, as much mischief could be done to the enemy's artillery, as by artillery, itself. And perhaps more; for, if with bullets it be impossible, as with balls, to dismount the guns and carriages of a battery, yet, with bullets, would it be, at least, much more easy to pick off its cannoneers, drivers, and horses. Whilst, on the other hand, those doing this execution, by availing themselves of the cover, afforded by the undulations of the ground, or, where there is no cover, by stretching themselves flat on the ground, would scarcely offer any visible mark to the return fire of the enemy,—none at least, which would be comparable to that offered by the guns, carriages, horses, and cannoneers of a field battery. In such a duel, then, if sufficiently prolonged, it is quite evident, that the enemy's cannoneers would gradually be all picked off, without their having been able to inflict any sensible loss on their assailants. The whole power of their arm would be thus expended in vain—foiled by the very insignificance of their adversary,—and be of no more use to them, than would be to a naked man all his strength and overwhelming superiority, against a cloud of gnats or swarm of mosquitoes.

“Whence, would flow two consequences:—1st that, by thus diverting the attention of the enemy's artillery, one would have all one's own artillery free to be employed, according to the appropriate destination of that arm;—since artillery was never invented for the purpose of combating artillery, but for the sake of crushing the infantry and cavalry of an enemy: 2nd that, in this way, even if we suppose the enemy to have adopted the same system, we could double the effective strength of our artillery, at a comparatively trifling cost. For, what would be the cost of organizing and keeping up a company of these mounted sharp-shooters, in comparison with the heavy outlays required by a battery of field artillery, with its guns and carriages, its ponderous and expensive munitions? Absolutely nothing!

“Now, although, as I have before remarked, it is chiefly in large armies like those of Europe, that the practical development of these ideas would be attended with the most immediate and profitable results, still that is no reason, why we should not, in a limited way, endeavor to keep pace with all of the modern improvements in the science of war. For, not only should our little army serve as an organized nucleus, around which may be gathered, and on which be formed, in the event of war with any civilized foe, an indefinite number of the raw, but hardy and courageous yeomanry of our country;—not only should it be large enough to keep in subjection the wild and predatory tribes of Indians on the borders of our



interior settlements;—but it should also serve as a perpetual school of instruction for the benefit and improvement of our militia,—and it should also be large enough for this last, important purpose.

“ Now, the most pressing want, at this time, not only of the Militia, but of the Army, itself, is of a great school for Rifle practice and instruction, such as that of Vincennes in France, and Hythe in England. Congress could, in no other way, so profitably lay out the same amount of money, as in providing for the establishment of such a school, to which the Militia should have free access; and, in connection with it, might be organized a small model corps, such as that I have had the honor to describe to you, the members of which might be usefully employed as a part of the *personnel* of the school,—as sub-instructors for the pupils admitted into it.

“ I am, Colonel,

“ Very respectfully,

“ Your Obed't. Servant.

“ JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ.

“ Asst. Adj't. Gen'l.”

In the Office, as outside, Julius performed all his duties conscientiously and with credit, and the proof of the high respect he was held in by his superiors, was the fact of his being assigned to the charge of the most important branches of the Bureau; and when subsequently the War broke out he was given charge of all the most difficult and important work, and held the position of Senior Assistant to the Adjutant General. Quiet and methodical in his work he possessed the faculty of seeing through a complicated case or argument almost instantaneously, or with but little effort of the mind. The Adjutant General, as also Secretary of War, always consulted him in reference to any complex or dangerously minute matter, and were glad to receive the able and well put answers of his logical and far seeing mind. Even the President frequently asked his advice, and Julius' conclusions always turned out right.

Julius wrote a very beautiful but exceedingly fine hand; was able to condense his thoughts, if necessary, into very few words, sufficiently intelligent for any one to understand, and yet containing matter that others might have devoted pages to unnecessarily.

He never turned away an applicant, but listened patiently with his sweet and engaging smile and, if able, would at once give the assistance besought. He listened readily to those in distress, and

no beggar ever left his office empty handed. He was a friend to all who applied for relief.

As an illustration of his kindness of heart and thorough unselfishness I will mention the following incident.

When his chief clerk, Mr. Richard Hanson, returned on a certain occasion from a Leave of Absence, he discovered to his amazement that all his work, which he expected to have accumulated during his absence, was done *carefully* and *thoroughly* up to date and in *Julius' own handwriting*; and the latter enjoying his astonishment only smiled pleasantly and refused all thanks, saying it was not much, a mere trifle. And this was not the only time he performed such extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hanson.

On another occasion, when his little Lauréal lay dead at home and his bleeding heart prompted him to remain near the beloved corpse he sacrificed his parental feelings and went to his Office, because there was very important and special work to be done, and there was no Officer there to fill his place. And he remained at the Office all day attending to the varied, complicated and arduous details of this work. And though earnestly besought by Mr. Hanson to return home, his characteristic but sad reply was: "No, my duty is paramount," and he remained hard at work all day, even though his fond fatherly heart was swelling and well-nigh bursting in the intensity of its grief. Only after his labors were finished did he return to his grief stricken family, to soothe their anguish and pay his own last sad tokens of love to the little corpse that lay cold and silent on its little bier, with its sweet and beautiful face upturned in its last sleep. No one but God understood the terrible agony that rent his bosom as gazing through blinding tears at his little Lauréal the thought came again and again that whilst he might have remained he had nevertheless stayed away; and none but God understood and could appreciate his great sacrifice to duty.

Julius was very near-sighted, though otherwise his eyes were strong and of perfect use, and always used an eye-glass when he found it necessary to examine any minute object or any thing at a distance. This he carried suspended to a wide black watch guard. He once happened to lose it and only discovered his loss

after he had commenced his official duties for the day. Looking everywhere and yet unable to find it he started homewards and on the way prayed fervently to St. Anthony of Padua to assist him. His prayer was heard, for on reaching his house he discovered the lost object. On his return thereupon to his Office he smilingly said to Mr. Hanson: "We Catholics have an advantage over you Protestants; for when we lose any thing, we go to a little Saint who assists us to recover it."

When the War was already commenced in all its fury Julius was instrumental in procuring a commission in the Artillery branch of service for a young applicant, and was unceasing in his efforts until successful; and yet he did not know the young man, had never even seen him, and there was no reason why he should take any interest in him. He had been thus unsparing in his exertions, why? simply because the applicant's father was a *bigoted* Presbyterian minister, who held Catholics in abhorrence, and Julius thus wished to do him good for evil, by heaping coals of fire on his head.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

Commencement of the Civil War and Julius' appreciation of the coming crisis—his politics and true Union feelings and his sacrifices for them—his fears of an abolition war and of meeting his brothers on the field of battle—his letter and their answer—incident about his cousin Bauduy—letter of Ferdinand—incident about Montgomery Blair—revelation to a holy person of Julius' approaching death on the battle-field and his brother Fred's letter and statement about it—Julius' own presentiment—his patriotic letter in the "National Intelligencer"—his manifold and arduous duties—his promotions and General Lorenzo Thomas' esteem for his abilities and objections to allowing him to go in the field—appreciation held in by his superiors and the President—procures commissions for many persons—obtains Brigadier Generals' commissions for Ord and Rosecrans—remarks of Col. Alex. J. Dallas—Julius' *De Imitatione Christi*—his indignant objection to serving with Garibaldi—his indignation at the outcry against Gen. Chas. P. Stone—defends Gen. Sherman's representation regarding necessity of large forces for Kentucky—remarks of Gen. Henry J. Hunt.

WE now come to the period of that terrible Civil strife that desolated our country for so many years and swept away so many of her purest and best sons.

Julius' appreciation of the coming crisis is exemplified in the following remarks to a friend, Capt. Richard G. Lay, U. S. A.

"A happy New Year to you, my dear Dick, and may the clouds which now hang over us be soon succeeded by the sunshine of renewed prosperity. Gov. Floyd has resigned, at length. I wish Buchanan and Breckenridge would do so too, and give us a chance to have some man like Crittenden at the head of the government. The country is in an awful state."

Julius was a Democrat, (as was all his family), in politics, so far as an Officer of the Army of that day took notice of politics; for, true to his profession, he never took an active part either in word or deed, as it was not considered the proper thing for an Officer to take a prominent position in party discussion or to pronounce any decided opinion on the subject. In the Presidential canvass of 1860, however, he was a warm well-wisher to the success of Judge Douglas, a personal friend.

In the words of another regarding Julius:

"In this terrible ordeal which an insane rebellion presented to the national mind, he emerged from it unstained by its treasonable doctrines, his honor untarnished, and his patriotism as unchallenged as his courage."

He was a Union man in the truest sense of the term, he was opposed to Secession, for that could only work harm and ruin. He believed in standing up in defence of his country; if that became impossible, then of leaving the Army, but *never* of raising his hand against his country in hostility. But he was no Abolitionist. He did not concur in the extreme doctrine of those who insisted in at once freeing the slaves and forcing the poor, helpless, ignorant creatures upon the tender mercies of a cold, hard, unfeeling world. He believed in their being emancipated, but then in a proper manner, whereby no harm could accrue to the country or to themselves. He was no adherent of slavery, because from a Christian point of view it was opposed to all ideas of true justice.

When he had entered the Army from West Point he had sworn to serve his country truly and faithfully against all enemies, and he had rigidly carried out that promise, and now that the great question of the day arose—as to whether the South had a right to secede from the Union, he was ready to prove his loyalty; for he had sacrifices and many and bitter ones to make in remaining true to his allegiance, faithful to his flag; for his interests, associations, ties and friendships were mostly among Southern people. He deplored the War, but he also condemned the criminal causes which precipitated it. When old and attached brother Officers were resigning or deserting the flag they had sworn to uphold; when intimate friends and even near relatives were enrolling themselves under the banners of Rebellion; when seductive offers of high rank, command and emoluments came from those who hoped to have his influence and the prestige of his stainless name to give a brighter color and surer foundation to their unjustifiable cause, and angry and furious taunts assailed him for refusing, he never flinched but stood staunch and firm to his principles of loyalty and duty. He only felt he

could not fight, could not battle against his country's foes if the following chances occurred. He would then have to resign his Commission, leave his country and go abroad until the cruel War was over.

He greatly feared an abolition war and a rising of the colored population of the South, and family traditions of the massacres perpetrated during the French Revolution in San Domingo had even exaggerated, if possible, the horrors of such a state of affairs. A subject of satisfaction, when on his way to the front in November 1862, was his belief that, owing to the recent Democratic victories at the polls, all fear of the abolition proclamation being issued was gone; for he felt that he could not in conscience draw his sword in favor of a negro insurrection. An All Merciful God, however, preserved him from learning the truth, because he died the *very day* before the issuing of such a decree.

Another subject of distress, was the fear that he might perchance meet his brothers on the field of battle. A fond, affectionate heart like his own recoiled with horror at such a frightful calamity. His brothers had all been reported in Washington as being Secessionists and when Ferdinand and Alexander were taken at Camp Jackson, St. Louis, by Capt. Lyons and his men it was thought to admit of no doubt. Still it was not entirely true; for Alexander had resisted every persuasion to adopt those views, though all his intimate friends held them; and Ferdinand, though Southern in sympathy, was yet no partisan. At any rate Julius was informed that they were all rank Secessionists. Devoted as he was to his relatives he wrote a letter of real distress to learn the truth; that if they joined the South he could never do his duty, if he thought that possibly among those ranged against him in battle were his own brothers, his own flesh and blood. He would prefer resigning; but not to enter the Southern Army, for he would *never* fight the flag he had sworn to defend. He would go to Europe and remain there till the War was over.

Their answer was, not to resign on their account, for they had no intention of joining the Southern Army, and therefore it was impossible that they should ever meet on the battle-field. His



cousin Bauduy \* P. Garesché, one of his favorite cousins, and his brother-in-law, Robert A. Bakewell (both of whom afterwards joined the South) united with them in saying that in honor and duty, with his political principles and conscientious ideas of right and wrong, he was obliged to retain his commission and fight for his flag. Alexander added they were not Secessionists but Democrats—opposed to the War, because they thought it would work more ruin than good, that he himself abhorred Secessionism, but deprecated the evils of the War. But their position was different from his. As an Officer of the Army he had only to obey lawful orders and stand by his flag, and they would be intensely sorry to see him resign. His answer was, that they had removed a load from his heart, that he did love his brothers so faithfully as to shrink from the thought of opposing his sword to theirs—though he was satisfied the *United States were right*—and that he could now pursue his calling with a lightened heart.

In a letter that Ferdinand wrote to Julius in July, 1862, he says:—

“You must not, dear Julius, grieve so much for us. Your heart is too good and too tender. War is a hard thing and entails many miseries. We are men and must expect to meet our fate in whatever shape it comes. We have chosen our side and you know us well enough to know that we will stand or fall with it. They can invent no oath that conveys allegiance

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\* Upon his arrival in the South Bauduy, who had under his father, in the Eden Park Gunpowder Mills, learned the art of making powder, was put in command of the South's Governmental Gunpowder Works in South Carolina, and for a long time its powder was far superior to that of the North. The following incident in this connection occurs.

When Gen. Grant was encamped near Richmond, Va., a scout reported, was admitted into his tent and closetted with him for some time. When he left the General remarked to a friend: “I wish I could catch that Bauduy Garesché.” This gentleman, who knew Bauduy intimately, replied: “Why, General, I know him and I can assure you that he was never a secessionist, but feeling compelled him to join one side or the other, and he went South; for no one, even with Southern sympathies, can have any peace at St. Louis.” “Oh!” said Grant, “I would not harm a hair of his head; but on the other hand I would, if I caught him, keep him close and not exchange him for 10,000 men. The powder he manufactures for the South is so superior to ours.”

to the Federal Government which I would take, because I think that feeling as I do I would perjure myself in so doing. I have given my parole not to take up arms nor to aid the South during the Civil War."

One day, shortly after the Camp Jackson affair, Mr. Montgomery Blair, then in the Cabinet, called on Julius in his Office and, after speaking of his brothers' connection with that matter, said, rather officiously: "Garesché, why do you allow your brothers to be such rank secessionists, you ought to change their sentiments?" Mr. Blair meant no offense, for he was friendly with Alexander, but his tone and manner aroused all Julius' brotherly indignation, who, misconstruing his motive in speaking thus and attributing it to personal spite against his relatives, answered back sharply and indignantly.

For this one unpremeditated sin of anger our Lord chose to reveal to a certain holy person that Julius would perish eighteen months after on the Field and in his first battle. In the words of his brother, Father Fred, dated Sept. 14, 1861,

"She told me that the sin was in the *will alone*, and that our Lord required more penance than you had yet done, and that you have His assurance that you may cast all your cares on Him in case any thing occur to you, with full confidence that He will take care of those you love. If then you have to go into battle you can go with all trust and calmness.

"Be assured that your family have not, and never will abate a jot of their love for you, however much some of them may differ from you in their war sentiments."

His brother further, in reference to this prophecy of his sudden death, states as follows.

"One of my penitents" [the same holy person just mentioned] "believed that she had a communication from our Lord and one day came to see me and asked me to write to my brother in the Army and tell him that he would die a sudden death in the war, but that he would be well prepared. I consulted an older and more experienced, and a very spiritual priest, before I did so, and he was of the opinion that it could do no harm and might be a means of keeping Julius in a state of preparation, viz., a state of grace. Julius wrote back that it did not affect him, as it could not be true; that the Confederates had lost their chance of attacking or taking Washington, and as he was on the general staff and consequently would not be sent to the field, the occasion of danger would not present itself. A few days after he found his wife in a flood of tears. She had found and read my letter and was for a time inconsolable. But he pacified

her, partly by his reasons, and partly by laughing at the whole matter as sheer nonsense. She dried her eyes and, as he told me, berated me for having '*tiré l' horoscope de son frère.*' "

Still Julius' mind formed the strange presentiment that he would soon die a sudden death. I have already shown in a preceding part of his life how he became convinced that his ending would be sudden. When he subsequently joined Gen. Rosecrans, he left Washington with the firm conviction (though he kept his darling Mariquitta in ignorance of it) that he would fall in his first battle. Many of his companions in arms, when he arrived in Tennessee, learning in some manner or other of this presentiment, curiously watched him, anxious to see how a man thus impressed would act in the face of danger. But how bravely and religiously he comported himself, notwithstanding, even up to the very moment of his death, will be described in its proper place.

In the beginning of hostilities Julius wrote the following most patriotic letter in the "National Intelligencer" of Washington, that contained advice which, if followed, would have spared the country the dreadful evils it had afterwards to deplore.

"TO THE

EDITORS OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

"I have been so forcibly struck, while lately reading 'Russell's Diary in India,' with the singular applicability, to the present condition of our own affairs, of many of the remarks, made by this distinguished Englishman, while commenting upon those of India, that I must really beg of you to oblige me and the other friends of the Union, by republishing one passage of the book herewith transmitted.

"A perusal of this passage cannot fail to suggest to every reflecting mind the pregnant question 'how mean we to deal with our rebels, how pacify our distracted country?'

"The question is, at this moment, one of vast importance. Do we intend to repeat the harshness and violence, which, practiced in Missouri, converted the most loyal of all the Slave States in the Union, into one vast secession camp—for the period of one whole year arrested the great Mississippi expedition—and lost to us, during that time, the services of 100,000 of our troops, who ought to have been employed elsewhere—or shall we again make trial, of the wise and patient forbearance, which preserved to us Kentucky?



"Soon, our victorious armies may be expected to have overrun the South. What then? We cannot forever keep them there. Whether, even for another year, we could do so, is very doubtful. Let us not forget, that in *less* than two years' time, we were sick to death of our paltry war with Mexico, and fairly begged and bribed the conquered Mexicans to give us peace, so eager were we for it. Now how do we hope to secure peace with these so proud, so enthusiastic Americans? Will it be by acts of confiscation and violence, by a policy of vengeance—by letting loose on them the snarling curs of Abolition, the very same that worried them into this madness:—shall we thus justify their leaders, and thereby make *truth* of the very *lie*, with which they deluded their people into this rebellion?

"If so, then may all hopes of restoring the Union be at once dismissed now and forever. We cannot too soon, in that case, call off our armies and set about reducing our expenses; for we should have to do it sooner or later, and had better do it now, when crowned with victory we can at least do it with honor.

"Does any one doubt this inevitable result? Then must he be persuaded of one of two things—either, that the tax-payers of the North and West, who have not yet digested the taxes of this war nor even accepted them as yet, mean to charge themselves for all time to come with the support of a standing army of 200,000 or 300,000 men,—or that the Southern Leopard, when once our armies shall have been disbanded, will tamely submit to all that the malice of the Abolitionist can inflict upon him.

"No statesman, no man of sense, none but an idiot or a fool could believe either; and, therefore, when I see men, who call themselves statesmen and who should, at least, be men of sense, advocating measures, of which the certain effect must be to irritate the Southern mind to madness, to inflame it to desperation—measures which destroying every lingering remnant of Union feeling, must unite all parties at the South, and convince them that they have nothing to gain, but on the contrary every thing to lose, by submission—then, I cannot resist the conviction that these men, whom I will not accuse of being fools, are therefore enemies to the Union, enemies far more dangerous than the rebels in arms, because armed with far more power to do mischief, traitors as black, traitors with less excuse, than the Arch-traitor of all, William L. Yancey."

When the terrible Civil strife commenced Julius was kept constantly busy. Day and night was he working at his post of duty, hardly having breathing time or opportunity to snatch a moment's repose. The country was in such a condition of affairs that it required the utmost vigilance and attention to official duties for every man connected with the management of its interests. Departmental and Bureau occupation meant *work* and

*real, hard, solid work* for its Officers and *employés*, and he was not the one to falter or endeavor to escape from his share of the heavy burden. In addition to his regular duties at the Office he was also detailed in command of the entire War Dept. building per order of Gen. Scott, Commander-in-chief of the Army. Many prominent Officers were thus given charge of all the principal public buildings in the City, there being apprehension that at any moment an attack might be made upon the Capitol. This, of course, entailed additional labor. Many a night, moreover, did he have to assume, like others, command of troops that patrolled the Long Bridge (which communicates with the shores of Virginia) and the other surroundings of Washington.

In the early part of 1861, the Adjutant General, Col. Cooper, resigned and went South to assume the same position in the rebel Army. Julius was sorry to see him go, for he liked the genial, kind-hearted Officer. Others from the Corps, high in rank, also tendered their resignations to follow the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. The result was, that Julius was, like others of his Corps, promoted to a higher grade to fill a vacancy, and on May 14th he was Commissioned Brevet Major and on the 3rd of August, 1861, appointed full Major in the Adjutant General's Corps.

On May 14, 1861, Brevet Major Irvin McDowell, of the same Corps, was appointed Brigadier General in the Regular Army and Julius thus became the Senior Assistant to Colonel (subsequently, August 3, 1861, appointed Brigadier General) Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General, successor to Colonel Cooper.

Col. Thomas, who had been able, likewise, to appreciate Julius' worth as a man and abilities as an Officer, was not sorry to have such an able First Assistant, and he clung most tenaciously to him, refusing all solicitations of his to entering upon an active sphere—for Julius felt it to be his duty to take the field—claiming that his services were invaluable in the War Dept., nor would he hearken to the numerous requests pressed by prominent Generals in the field for Julius' coming as their Chief of Staff. His answer invariably was, that Julius could not be spared.

The duties of Julius now became of great magnitude and im-

portance. Not only did he have charge of the general business of the Office, but he was also overburdened with the immense and complicated machinery of the military commissions. He was really the acting Adjutant General, because Col. Thomas deferred entirely to his superior judgment and business capabilities. It was a very toilsome though brilliant position, and Julius worked hard and faithfully to keep up to all its requirements. It was really too much work for one man to do alone, because though assisted by talented and worthy younger officers, still he had to guide and direct them, for they as yet lacked the experience—being nearly all, if not all, newly appointed to the Corps—and all this entailed additional labor. Yet he never hesitated, never shrunk from the path of duty; but directed all his mind, all his energies to the consummation of all that was expected of him: and as an evidence of their appreciation of his services his Superiors always consulted him upon matters of importance. He was the means of procuring commissions for many worthy subjects. It was at his suggestion and by his advice that Capt. Edward O. C. Ord of the Artillery, a warm personal friend, then serving in the West, received his commission of Brigadier General in the Volunteers, and, as Julius afterwards remarked to a relative, “I was thus the means of procuring the first success of the Army of the Potomac,” referring to the affair at Drainesville, Va.

He was instrumental in procuring for Gen. Rosecrans his position as Brigadier General in the *Regular Army*, though he had only hoped to secure him such a rank in the *Volunteers*, and was consequently very much elated when the appointment was made out in the Regular Army instead. He and Rosecrans had been together at West Point, he being the senior by a year, and had there and subsequent to their graduation formed a strong mutual friendship. It was a source of pleasure to him to be able now to assist this friend, when he had the power and could legitimately do so.

The following remarks of Col. Alex. J. Dallas U. S. A., retired, show how Julius was looked up to in his office by his *employés* and others, and demonstrate his perfect and unvarying conduct at his desk under any and all circumstances:—



"I made the acquaintance of Major Garesché under the following circumstances. I had left New York and gone to Washington, where I had enlisted in a District Battalion, early in 1861—April. At that time Maj. Garesché was the active working officer in the Adj. Genl's Office. Gen. Thomas was the Adjutant General but relied very much on him. Maj. Garesché was especially concerned in the organization of the new regular regiments. Needing another clerk, he enquired where he could find one among the enlisted men in the District, stipulating—so my informant told me, when he proposed the place to me—that he should be a Catholic and a gentleman. He was to occupy a desk in his own office. I accepted the offer, was accordingly detailed and reported to Major Garesché.

"It was in the old War Department building. The room was the first one on the left as you entered from 17th street. His desk was placed on the Avenue side of the room, and my table so arranged that my back was to 17th street.

"It is needless to say that I was much impressed with my Chief. There was no display either in dress or manner. I principally felt a certain calm not cold reserve, which I afterwards saw grew out of an intense condition of recollection—spiritually speaking. He was always ready to respond, when spoken to, and needed no apparent effort of mind to do so. Was always amiable, never out of temper.

"During the time I thus served in his Office, (about two months) I think I may safely say, no day passed without a hundred interruptions of the regular business of the Room. It was invaded by every kind of people, Officers, clerks, messengers, civilians. No catalogue could be constructed of the immense variety of queries addressed to him. The entry of these visitors was as various in style and manner as in their personality,—yet under no circumstances whatever did I ever notice a change in the constant urbanity and sweetness of his temper. And it must be said that it was by no means infrequent that good occasion was given to resent importunity, ignorant impertinence, or baffle unwarranted curiosity. Under no condition did his uniform charity fail.

"To myself, he was goodness personified. I generally reached the Office before him, and saw his correspondence placed in order on his desk. On his entering I rose and stood at attention till he was seated. His greeting was always kind, but without effusiveness. His first act, after glancing at his letters, was to draw from one of his pockets a small leathern bound volume.\* I afterwards knew this to be a book of devotion. This evi-

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\* This little book of devotion was a copy of St. Thomas à Kempis or *De Imitatione Christi*, written in Latin, and in very fine print. Its brown kid cover was made for him by his friend, Sister Lucy, a Sister of Charity and the Superioress of the Community and Orphan Asylum, corner 10th and G streets in Washington. In the first part of the book there is given the whole of the New Testament. Julius read a chapter from the *De Imitatione Christi* regularly every day. Many years prior he had made a vow

dently was a daily habit, as it was never omitted. Come who might during this practice, he never was ruffled. Placing his forefinger within the book, he revolved his chair and sat facing his visitor. If an old friend, with a sober smile; if a stranger, with a collected and enquiring countenance. The visitor gone, the book was resumed.

"The times were such, that if ever a man might be expected to show petulance at interruption, excitement at the unexpected, even enthusiasm, it might be looked for then. That his evenness of temperament often

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to perform this worthy act of devotion without fail each day, and he rigidly kept true to his vow, though, as he afterwards assured a relative, he found it sometimes exceedingly difficult to do so, owing to occasional forgetfulness and frequently to its being almost an impossibility, from lack of a spare moment. Many a day he had been so extremely busy as not to have the opportunity and had completely forgotten it, and only when he had retired to rest in the evening, utterly worn out in mind and body, and was dozing off into a profound slumber, did the recollection of this devotion recur to his mind, when he would at once rise to perform it. Again, other circumstances would occur to make him forget. Still he never failed to carry out his pious vow, even when in Texas on a scout or in Tennessee on the field of battle, and compelled to do so late at night and by the dim, flickering light of a tallow candle or the uncertain glimmering of the stars. Moreover, as this devotional book had been printed in an exceedingly fine, minute type, it was trying to the eye to read, even in broad daylight and with every convenience. He always carried this little book with him wherever he went,—he never used a prayer book, but always meditated during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,—so as to read his Chapter each day, and just before his death he was seen stealthily to glance at its pages. It was afterwards found on his remains and sent to his sorrowing widow, together with his West Point class ring and others of his possessions, and she presented the book to Father Fred as a loving souvenir of his dear brother. Father Fred kept it for many years, intending to give it to Julius' son, Louis, when he should arrive at the proper age to value this holy and cherished relic. When the latter was in his graduating year at the St. Louis University, Father Fred one day sent for him and gave him the book, telling him its history and saying that he had kept it for him until the present moment, when he could fully appreciate this priceless souvenir of his noble and sainted father. Thereupon Louis, in the enthusiasm of boyhood, for he was only eighteen, and in his love for that dear father's memory, declared that he too would read a chapter from it every day. But his good Uncle said: "No, my dear boy, you must make no such rash promise. Remember that a vow is binding and you would not please your father by making one in this case. He himself always regretted his, owing to his difficulty in keeping it. But you may read a chapter daily, for it is an excellent and a pious action, and the reading will do you great good; but make *no vow*."

Julius had another St. Thomas à Kempis, written in French, and presented to him by his attached cousin, Bauduy P. Garesché.

astonished me, goes without saying, but I soon came to learn why this was, and to change surprise to admiration for a character so equally poised, but so wonderfully and thoroughly under Christian control.

"I had no intimacy with him. I sometimes think, from what I saw, that he had but few of what the world calls intimates. He must, indeed, have found but few who spiritually speaking were so exalted as himself. But while thus to outward view, rapt and in-attentive to passing events, it was far from being so when a kind or charitable act attracted him. Thus, when my term of service was about to expire, he voluntarily enquired as to my future plans. And to his kind advice and direct personal effort I owed my commission as Captain in the 12th U. S. Infantry.

"When I left Washington to join my regiment, our paths diverged, never again to cross in this world."

During the first year of the War there was some talk of Garibaldi coming over to join the Union Army with the rank of a Major General.

Now this man was the avowed enemy of the Church, and had been the most active and efficient of those who had despoiled His Holiness, Pius the Ninth, of the time honored patrimony of St. Peter. Julius, in his Catholic indignation, could not bear to see the cause which he upheld degraded or insulted by such advocacy; nor could he contemplate with any patience the possibility of being associated with one whom he despised so thoroughly. He thought it would be well to make a public protest, and accordingly he wrote to an illustrious Catholic prelate, well known as an earnest friend of the Union, and an advocate of the War, to propose that two or three Officers of high rank, Catholics over whom he had great influence, should join with himself and resign their commissions, in case it became certain that Garibaldi was to accept the invitation and assume rank in the Army. No answer was sent to this proposal and in the sequence Garibaldi did not come: still Julius would willingly have entered into his proposed agreement, which would, of course, have failed had he alone taken the step.

Julius was very indignant at the outcry made against Gen.\* Chas. P. Stone for the disastrous affair of Leesburg, or Ball's Bluff,

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\* A graduate of West Point and subsequently an officer of the Ordnance Corps. After the War he entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt and became his Chief of Staff and Lieut. General of his Armies.



in October, 1861; and indignant at what he called the pusillanimous action of those who should have upheld and defended Stone. A true friend in adversity as well as in prosperity, he did what he could to alleviate the bitterness of feeling of this unjustly condemned Officer.

When General Sherman represented the need of large forces being sent to Kentucky, Julius, who was a friend of his and saw with Sherman's eyes the necessity of this movement, stood up staunchly for him with President Lincoln and others when his, Sherman's, representations were ridiculed. But Julius did not live long enough to see these views verified.

Remarks of General Henry J. Hunt, U. S. A., retired, now Governor of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.

"Col. Garesché and I were at West Point together for two years, where I formed a high opinion of his character and capacity; but as his Class was two years junior to mine, and after graduation he was assigned to a different regiment,—though in the same arm of service,—our associations became of a very desultory character. Still I met him frequently, especially whilst he was stationed in Washington in the first year of the Civil War, and the year or two immediately preceding, when I was a frequent visitor at his house.

"It is needless to say, that like every one who knew him, I esteemed him highly as an Officer, and as a man, loved him for his many excellent qualities, his blameless life, his abounding charity, his elevated character as a Christian, a gentleman, and a man.

"In this, however, I believe that I only shared in the common sentiment. He impressed me as a man of singularly pure character and high principles. He was faithful to the end in all his duties towards God and man, and when I heard that he had laid down his life in the discharge of his duty, I felt that it was a loss not only to his family and friends, but to the Army and the Country."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Julius' wish to go into action and Gen. Thomas' refusal—additional remarks of Gen. Don Carlos Buell—Capt. Fry's Telegram and Letter—Letter of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas—telegram of Gen. Halleck—refusal of Secretary Stanton and Gen. Lorenzo Thomas—Julius' ideas regarding some of the appointments then being made—his Article relative to the bestowal of the vacancies of Second Lieutenant in the new regiments—Secretary Stanton's dislike for him—Major Lee's legislation out of the Army—instance of Julius' strict adherence to military discipline and President Lincoln's tenders to him of a Brigadier General's commission—Gen. Ord's letter.

JULIUS, who had never as yet been engaged in action on the field of battle, felt that his honor and duty required that he too should participate, like so many other brother Officers, in the terrible conflict then going on, and he accordingly requested Gen. Thomas to relieve him and assign him to a field capacity; but, as I have shown, his Chief was unwilling to part with him and accordingly refused his request. The following additional remarks of Gen. Don Carlos Buell mention this desire.

"Soon after I entered upon command in Kentucky, I received a letter from Major Garesché, in which he dwelt upon his impatient desire not to remain in Washington while there were sacrifices and responsibilities to be encountered in the field, and asked me to apply for his assignment to the Staff of Genl. George H. Thomas, not wishing to interfere with Capt. Fry, his junior in rank, who had previously been assigned to duty on my staff, and who, indeed, was every way acceptable to me. But my personal regard for Major Garesché, and my unwillingness to see him in a position subordinate to that of an officer to whom he was senior in his Department, caused me to discourage his wish in that respect."

*Capt. Fry's Telegram.*

"CAMP NEAR PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., April 12th, 1862.

"MAJOR J. P. GARESCHÉ,

"A. G. Office.

"Halleck is here. If you would like to leave Washington, you might join him. Cullom not here. I am ranking Adjutant General, but would prefer staying with Buell and have some one who ranks with me with Halleck.

"Under what law am I appointed Colonel and from what date?

"J. B. FRY,

"A. A. Gen'l., and Chief of Staff."

*Capt. Fry's Letter to Julius.*

"CAMP NEAR PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN.

"April 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,

"I have just received my letter of appointment as Colonel etc., and your private note. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your interest in my welfare and for the watch you have kept over the good of the Corps to which we belong. I agree with you fully in regard to these appointments, but you are right in saying they should not be denied to us when they are extended to every one else. No one can appreciate the hardship of serving on a large Staff with important duties and junior rank unless they try it.

"I telegraphed to you last night in regard to your joining Halleck. General Buell thinks you would like to do so and I would like to see you there, provided you desire a change. I am a little out of position just now as Halleck is here in Chief Command and has McLean with him, who is my junior, while I serve with a subordinate Commander. It is not a matter of *much* consequence I know, but I don't feel exactly satisfied with it and in talking the matter over with Buell he said he thought you would like to come, which would set us all right. I really wish you would do so, both on our account and your own. I don't think the Office in Washington has a right to your services any longer, and although you are doubtless appreciated there you will not be properly rewarded for your hard work and the wear on your constitution. I am speaking frankly and know you would not suspect me of any attempt at flattery.

"With best wishes and hoping you will join Halleck,

"I am yours truly,

"JAMES B. FRY."

*Letter of Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas to Julius.*

"CAMP NEAR CORINTH, MISS.,

"May 16th, 1862.

"DEAR GARESCHÉ,

"About ten days ago Fry wrote me a note, saying you were very anxious to get into the field and were desirous of being with me, and that if I would make application you would be ordered to join me at once. I went the next morning to see Gen. Halleck, to get him to assist me in getting you, and he very kindly telegraphed at once, asking to have you placed on his Staff as an Additional Aide, for the purpose of placing you with me. If the Adj. Genl. has not acted on his application, I wish you would write me by what means I can get you and I will take the necessary steps immediately, as I am as anxious to have you as you are to get with me.

"We are gradually closing in on Corinth and the attack will be made in a very few days now, unless the enemy evacuate.

"I received your article on the course to be pursued towards the South, for which please accept my thanks. Your views and mine exactly corre-



spond. I believe if I had not been particularly cautious at Camp Dick Robinson that we should never have succeeded in that part of the State.

"Write me immediately."

*Gen. Halleck's Telegram.*

"MONTEREY, May 12th, 1862.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, Sec'y. of War,  
Washington, D. C.

"I hereby nominate J. P. Garesché, of the Adjutant General's Dept., as Aide-de-Camp with the rank of Colonel, in order that he may be Adjutant General of the Right Wing of this Army.

"H. W. HALLECK,  
Maj. Gen'l.

"Official:

"J. C. KELTON,  
A. A. G."

The endorsement on Gen'l. Thomas' application was to the same effect.

So invaluable, however, were Julius' services considered in Washington by the Secretary of War and Gen'l. Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General, that the above request, like others of its kind, before and afterwards, was refused.

While Julius was desirous of going to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, a personal friend, still he did not think that he was by virtue of the law authorized to receive this appointment of Colonel, in view of the fact, as erroneously given him in Washington, that he had been recommended for the appointment directly by Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, who was not a Major General in the Regular Army and therefore not entitled to make such a recommendation, and not by Gen. Halleck, who held such a rank, at the earnest request of Gen. Thomas.

The following Manuscript of Julius embodies his ideas on the subject of some of the appointments then being made.

"While so many of my juniors have been promoted over my head to be Colonels, Brig. Generals, even Major Generals, that I should no longer conceive myself at liberty to decline any legitimate promotion, which might be tendered me, I much regret, therefore, that the appointment of Additional Aide-de-Camp with the rank of Colonel, just offered me, is such as I could not for a moment think of accepting. When perfectly well aware that I have not been recommended for the appointment by any Major General of the Regular Army, Commanding forces of the U. S. in

the field,' I cannot recognize the legality of an appointment, of which the Act of Aug. 5, 1861, makes such recommendation an essential condition and therefore could not conscientiously accept of it. While even had I been so recommended, I should still feel averse to taking my place among the number of those who have been thus saddled upon the Staffs of Major Generals, who neither had seen, nor knew, nor cared for them, and were very far from desiring their services. Nor, as a military man, do I care to be classed among civilians doing purely civil duty, telegraph operators, rail-road officials, &c., who under favor of the Act of August 5, 1861, are ranked as Additional Aides-de-Camp in the Army, for the purpose of enabling them to draw the pay and emoluments of Colonels. Regarding such appointments as made even in violation of this india-rubber law, I do not choose to be included among them. Finally, I regard the law itself, as unconstitutional. For, with the exception only 'of such *inferior* officers as Congress may think proper' to except, it is made the duty of the President, by the Constitution, to appoint 'all other officers of the U. S. whose appointments are established by law, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*' And neither the President, the Senate, nor Congress itself has any right to make a rule to the contrary, and any law to the contrary is necessarily unconstitutional and void.

"Now, that a Colonel in the Army is not an '*inferior officer*,' within the meaning of the Constitution, is a fact which I presume no man acquainted with the Constitution and the laws formulated will venture to contest. Indeed it is no longer an open question. When, as we know, not even a Second Lieutenant can be appointed in the Army, except by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, *à fortiori* no Colonel can."

Julius prepared and wrote the following for the consideration of the Secretary of War, at the request of the Adjutant General.

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

"WASHINGTON, April 15, 1862.

"SIR:

"Allow me to claim your attention for a brief space, while, in compliance with my own duty, and in a matter of vital importance to those whom it concerns, I make appeal on their behalf to your known sense of justice and honor. On the 4th of May, of last year, the President decided to add ten regiments of regular troops to the army of the United States. In the General Order in which this intention was proclaimed (See G. O. No. 16 herewith) the Department pledged itself, before the whole country, to bestow *all* of the original vacancies of Second Lieutenant in these new regiments, together with *one-half* of all which should subsequently occur in that grade, upon the most deserving Sergeants of these regiments, '*on the recommendations of their Colonels, approved by the Generals commanding Brigades.*' This promise and invitation were publicly, and even more emphatically, repeated in G. O. No. 101, of Nov. 20, 1861, (copy herewith). May I beg that you will read this last order. Numbers of young men,

many of them of the highest promise, have enlisted in these regiments on the faith of this re-iterated pledge. The inducement thus held out to them, is part of the contract into which they have entered with the Government. They have a right to insist upon its exact fulfillment. But I feel bound to say, the contract would not be fulfilled, it would, on the contrary, be plainly violated, if instead of leaving to the officers commanding, who best know all the Sergeants of a regiment, the selection of those to be promoted, the selection be left to members of Congress, who can know nothing of the military qualities or conduct, of all the Sergeants of a regiment and will naturally endeavor to procure the appointment of such as have influence with them, to the necessary exclusion of those who have only their courage, modesty, and merit, to plead in their favor.

"Now, I have excellent reasons for believing that not a few young men belonging to the former class have enlisted in these regiments, not with any intention of standing a fair competition upon their merits, but with the single purpose of thus more easily enabling their friends to procure them commissions in the army. Indeed, there is one instance known to me, in which before the ink was well dry upon the enlistment contract entered into by one young man, his father had posted on to Washington, and upon the mere strength of his son's having enlisted succeeded in obtaining him an appointment of Second Lieutenant, in the regiment, in which he could hardly yet be said to have attained to the dignity even of a recruit.

"Under these circumstances, I beg leave again to renew my earnest recommendation, that the rule laid down for promotion in these regiments may hereafter be strictly adhered to, that the promises made, be faithfully kept, and that, as far as possible, the appointments of Second Lieutenants in them shall be the reward of gallantry and efficient service in the field.

"Having thus acquitted myself of the duty which I owe to myself, to you, and to the Army, in bringing this matter fairly under your notice,

"I am, Sir, very respectfully,

"Your obd't. serv't.

"Adjutant General."

In the early part of 1862 Mr. Stanton was made Secretary of War. At the very beginning, struck by Julius' marked abilities he endeavored to attach him to himself; but finding that he did not respond, and would not conform to any of his tyrannical measures, but was content to do his duty, he became his bitter enemy.

One evening, when one of Julius' brothers was staying with him on a visit, Major John F. Lee, Judge Advocate General of the Army, a Catholic and a warm friend, called. When the

Major rose to leave Julius accompanied him to the front door, making a sign for his brother to remain where he was, and spent some few moments in earnest conversation with him there. On his return to the parlor, apologizing to his brother for his action and lengthened stay, he said that it was necessary for him to speak alone to the Major and to communicate to him the sad intelligence that Secretary Stanton had had him legislated out of office, out of the Army, and that Stanton would do as much for *himself* if he *could*.

As an instance of Julius' strict adherence to discipline, I mention the following, indicating how he was opposed to receiving a promotion, excepting lawfully, because as a Regular Army Officer he deemed such a promotion illegal.

On May 6th, 1862, he received the following telegram from Major General Irvin McDowell.

“FALMOUTH, VA., May 6th, 1862.

“Would you like a Brigade in my command? I should be delighted if you could come and take Ord's and he would be so too. If you say so, I will take immediate steps to try for your appointment. Answer by telegraph.”

The President himself tendered him the commission of Brigadier General of Volunteers and command of this Brigade that had been Gen. Ord's before he was appointed Major General of Volunteers. The Officers and men also added their earnest entreaties for him to come and be their commander. But Julius respectfully but firmly declined the proffered honor, willing enough to accept the command but not the commission, and when still urged to accept by the Brigade Officers his answer was, “I am ready, gentlemen, to command your Brigade, but only with my present rank and title of Major; and as it would be mortifying, I know, for your Colonels and Lieut. Colonels to be thus commanded, by a subordinate in rank, I must decline your kind wishes.” Such, however, was the esteem he was held in, that these Officers actually presented a request to Secretary Stanton, in accordance with this stipulation of his, but the latter indignantly refused it.

Julius was several times afterwards personally requested by President Lincoln to accept a Brigadier General's commission,



but for the same reason he each time declined. He was anxious to enter the field, but then only in his legitimate rank, unwilling to accept a higher grade excepting by rotation of lineal rank and lawfully, unless he should have first gained the right to it by active service in the front.

He held the theory that the President had no right to confer commissions on Volunteers, that they were State troops and their officers should be appointed and commissioned by the Governors of their States. This question had been discussed at the epoch of the Mexican War and he probably then formed his opinion.

The following letter of Gen. Ord to him after Ord's promotion to a Major Generalship, shows how Julius was regarded by those in the field.

"CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May 24, 1862.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,

"Thank you for your kind and very complimentary note—complimentary because it is so earnest and so true, and I am sure you would not write all you feel to every one. In your honest determination to do right every one is sure of what your course will be, and that you will work with all your might in any and every place, no matter how arduous or irksome the duties."

Again Ord says:

"I am like yourself more and more anxious for the fate of the Union. I have almost given it up, but Providence may take matters in hand and bring us out all right. You are doing more good at Washington than you could do in any other capacity that I know of, from a Major U. S. A. down to a Major General of Vols. I hope you will stay there and pray for our country in its troubles. You are a prouder man now and with more reason than President Lincoln. I assure you I would gladly change places, if I thought I could fill yours as you do."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Julius' handsome and graceful appearance—*anecdote of shovelling in his own coal*—his passion for Music—birth of Adèle—his visits to the poor and to the Hospitals, alone and with his children—regard of the Authorities for his good works—Mariquitta's loving complaint to her Confessor and his answer—Julius' connection with reorganization of the Adjutant General's Corps—appointed Lieut. Colonel—his charitable proposition to his brother Officers—a writer's remarks—rising at night to pray—visiting the Blessed Sacrament and saluting it when passing by—*anecdote of seeing his little girls about to enter a Protestant church*, and his advice to them and their brother regarding money they had found—a general favorite with the children on his square—his extreme near-sightedness and Mariquitta's teasings—his perfect devotion to his family—his objection to carrying an umbrella—when he used the "*Du Rocher*" part of his surname.

JULIUS was not only tall, erect, splendidly proportioned and possessed of an elegant figure but he was also remarkable for his extreme gracefulness that displayed itself in every motion of his body. When walking along the street; or standing talking in the parlor, though perfectly unconscious of it, he was yet the centre of attraction for every admiring eye. His very great near-sightedness and total forgetfulness of self served alike to prevent his noticing this admiration, as otherwise his humility would have been deeply wounded and taken the alarm.

A lady living in his neighborhood and a frequent caller on Mariquitta, said that she had often seen men shovelling in coal but had never known that it could be performed gracefully, until on looking out of her window one day she saw Major Garesché performing this menial labor before his own house. He was doing it for the exercise and entirely oblivious of the fact that any one was remarking it; and yet it appeared to her as if he ennobled the work, for his whole action was so free and easy, so extremely graceful, that it seemed more the elegant occupation of a prince than the toilsome drudgery of a hired servant.

Julius was passionately fond of music, and during his spare

moments loved to hear his Mariquitta play on her piano. She had been carefully taught this accomplishment in her girlhood and was a superb performer. His favorite air was the "*Miserere*" from the Opera of *Il Trovatore*. The touching pathos of this beautiful, sad melody awoke a responsive echo in his tender hearted bosom. Subsequently, just as the funeral ceremonies in his honor at St. Aloysius' Church were concluding, the full Marine Band, stationed in the gallery for that purpose, played this—his favorite air—and with such feeling, that it seemed as if each and every musician realized to the fullest degree how dearly he had loved its beautiful, pathetic music and wanted now to make his own instrument pay full homage to Julius' loved selection. At the same moment the Church bells tolled with such slow, solemn, and melancholy impressiveness, that the effect of the whole combined together was to produce in the minds of that vast congregation an impression never before or since felt. There was not a dry eye in that entire edifice, and their heartfelt tears spoke volumes for the love and respect they bore his lifeless remains reposing before the Altar at which he had so often worshiped.

On Tuesday, the 11th of February, 1862, Mariquitta presented him at Washington with her fourth girl and eighth and last child. The little thing was baptized Adèle Marie on the 13th of the same month by Rev. B. A. Maguire, S. J., Mariquitta's Confessor and the eloquent Assistant Pastor of St. Aloysius'. Its Godparents were its little brother Louis, little sister Octavie and aunt Adèle de Lauréal.

Julius' heart was gladdened at the sight of his baby; for, as he had confessed in one of his letters to his wife, his babies had an inexpressible charm for him, they were so sweet, and their little souls so angelic and pure.

In addition to his charitable visits to the poor and unfortunate Julius also visited the numerous Military Hospitals in the city, full to overflowing with wounded soldiers, and in his charity of heart he soothed, alleviated and ministered to the wants of these unfortunate men, thus cut off from the tender solicitude of their loving families. Many a poor fellow breathed his last, heaping benedictions on the kind hand and gentle heart that had tran-

quillized and made his last, sad, and unhappy moments appear bright and joyful.

When his little children were very good he would as a reward frequently take them walking with him to visit some of the poor, where there was no danger of any infection, and thus give them, beside the pleasure of a walk with their dear Papa, an insight into the beauties of Christian charity. Often, too, he would take his little Louis on his visits to the Hospitals, and the child, young as he was, could not but notice the deep respect and almost filial affection shown by the poor wounded and sick soldiers, as also by their attendants, for his beloved Father, and how their wan, suffering faces would light up when he came beside their couch of pain.

The Authorities regarded his good and merciful works with such esteem that the following permit,—a great and wonderful one to be given at this time of war to any one, even to a Minister of Religion—was accorded him by the Surgeon General of the Army.

“SURGEON GENERAL’S OFFICE,

“WASHINGTON, July 5, 1862.

“The bearer, Major J. P. Garesché, Asst. Adjt. Gen. U. S. A., has permission to visit any of the Hospitals in the Military Department of Washington.”

Mariquitta would sometimes in a half joking, half serious manner complain to her Confessor, Father Maguire, that her husband was not treating his family right, that she hardly nowadays saw him excepting at night time, because he was absent all day at his Office and his evenings were spent with the sick, wounded and poor. The Rev. Father answered, that Julius must not be blamed, since he was so meritoriously performing his duty.

It appeared to him, as it did to all who saw them together at home, that Julius and Mariquitta were more like two young innocent lovers than man and wife, they seemed so wrapt up in one another and yet with such a pure, modest and holy love, more akin to a divine than to a human affection.

It was Julius who, in early part of 1862, drew up the plan for the better organization of the Adjutant General’s Dept.; wrote the Letter describing the necessity of the same and its



accompanying draught of Bill giving the organization proposed; and then was mainly instrumental, through his own endeavors, in having the measure passed by Congress.

Since the beginning of the War, it had become plainly apparent that the Adjutant General's Dept., needed to be reorganized. The work of this Bureau, the most important one in the Army, had increased to a manifold degree, but its Officers had received no increase of rank. There was no justice in this, as Julius' accompanying Letter will explain: it was injurious to the well-being and efficiency of the Corps. This Letter of his, which is signed by Adjutant General Thomas, embodies the history of the proposed reorganization and following it is the Bill passed by Congress and approved July 17, 1862, which contains the reorganization proposed by Julius.

In the Senate, Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, of the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia, to whom was referred the Bill for the better organization of the Adjutant General's Dept., reported it without amendment. He was one of its staunchest supporters in the Senate as was Mr. Dunn, of the Committee on Military Affairs, in the House of Representatives. The proposed measure met a bitter opposition in the Senate from Senator Jas. W. Nesmith of Oregon who fought it most persistently and bitterly. It passed, however, the majority of both Houses seeing the full justice of it, and it became a law on the 17th of July, 1862.

“WAR DEPARTMENT,

“WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1862.

“CHAIRMAN MILITARY COMMITTEE,

“House of Representatives.

“SIR:

“The Adjutant General has submitted to me the letter addressed by him to you of this date, respecting a bill for the better organization of the Adjutant General's Office.

“My own observation has satisfied me that there are in the service no more diligent, faithful, and meritorious officers than those engaged in the Adjutant General's Office, and the proposed change is not only required by justice to them, but will contribute much to the advantage of the service.

“Yours truly,

“EDWIN M. STANTON,

“Secretary of War.”

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

"WASHINGTON, April 29, 1862.

"HON. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR.,

"Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs.

"SIR:

"In asking Congress, as I am about to do, to give increased rank to the officers of my corps, I shall not dwell on the part taken by them in raising and organizing the vast and efficient army now in the field. I shall not even refer to the immense proportions assumed by that army since the close of the last (or extra) session of Congress, and which have devolved such an extraordinary amount of labor on this office, and on the officers of the corps generally, and so largely added to the responsibility and importance of the duties performed by these gentlemen. There are other reasons than these for making the request, reasons vitally affecting the well-being and efficiency of the corps, and which I will endeavor to state as briefly as possible.

"1. According to the regulations of our army, and to the theory and customs of our service, the assistant adjutant general of every army, army corps, division, and brigade, is, by the very nature of his office, chief of the staff on which he serves. Under the commanding officer, he directs the service of all the other departments of the staff, and of the whole command. His rank ought certainly to bear some proportion, then, to the paramount importance of his duties, as well as to the superior intelligence, knowledge, and ability, by aid of which alone can he hope to discharge them properly. But so very far is this from being the case now that the assistant adjutant general of General McClellan's army, though one of the highest officers of the corps, is but a *major*, and the assistant adjutant general of the armies of Generals Halleck and Buell, respectively, are but *captains*. Yet the armies cited are the largest in our service; and in European armies of the same size the one would have been a field marshal, the other two lieutenant generals. As a consequence, then, of the very inferior rank held by these officers, they are thrust aside from their rightful positions. Inspectors general, additional aides-de-camp, and officers of the line, are not only put over their heads, but actually put into their places. The whole corps suffers from this, and not only is unjustly disparaged in the estimation of the army, but even seriously damaged. So much so that, from having been a *corps d'élite*, the corps above all others into which the clearest heads and most accomplished soldiers of the army were most eager to gain admittance, it is now becoming daily more difficult to find officers of that description who will even accept of an appointment in it.

"2. From the varied and extensive information, and large experience required of an assistant adjutant general, the field of selection should be very wide. Under existing laws this field is now confined to lieutenants, and to this there was no objection when the period of service in that grade

averaged fourteen years. But now that, owing to the unexampled promotion which has taken place in the lower ranks of the army, scarcely half a dozen first lieutenants can be found in the whole army who have seen one year's service, unless permitted to select from the grade of captain, it will be impossible for me to recruit the corps with officers of the requisite knowledge and experience. Whatever, then, may be decided as to the higher grades, I ask for the change of the captains into majors, as indispensably necessary.

"3. I have spoken of the injustice practiced on my assistants in the field, but it is not on the officers of the corps serving in the field that the present state of things bears hardest. Those on duty in this office, selected out of the whole corps on account of their superior fitness for the important duties here allotted to them, are those who suffer most from it. Chained to their duties here, they cannot be spared to go into the field, though they have repeatedly asked to do so, and though frequent applications have been made for their services by our generals in command. Thus deprived of all opportunities of gaining distinction, cut off by the Senate's bill denying them *brevets*, from all hope even of any recognition of their arduous and valuable services, it is but natural that they should feel keenly the injustice of their position. The Senate, too, has just passed a bill giving the rank of major to the chief of staff of a division of volunteers, and that of lieutenant colonel, it is believed, or colonel, which would not be too much, to the chief of staff of an army corps; and yet, though the duties of my assistants here embrace *the whole army*, they are required to perform them with the low rank of captain or major! There is no justice in this, no propriety; and though a sense of what I owe to the army and the public will not permit me to part with these gentlemen, I can well understand what their feelings, under the circumstances, must be, and cannot find it in me to blame them. As a measure of justice, then, not to them individually so much as to the department to which they belong, and to the public interests, for which it so assiduously labors, allow me to urge upon you such a reorganization of the corps as you will find suggested in the accompanying draught of a bill respectfully submitted to your consideration. Under this bill, as you will observe, the corps, which is for the *entire army*, will not equal, in aggregate *rank*, the mere force of *additional aides-de-camp* allotted to some of our major generals commanding only portions of the whole, nor in number will it be increased.

"I am, Sir, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"L. THOMAS,

"Adjutant General."

|                 |   |                           |               |
|-----------------|---|---------------------------|---------------|
| "37TH CONGRESS, | { | HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. | Bill No. 445. |
| 2D SESSION.     |   | May 1, 1862.              |               |

"Mr. Dunn, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported the following Bill:

## "A BILL

"For the better organization of the Adjutant General's Department.

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That there shall be added to the Adjutant General's Department, by regular promotion of its present officers, one colonel, two lieutenant colonels, and nine majors; and that the grade of captain in said department shall thereafter be abolished, and all vacancies occurring in the grade of major shall be filled by selection from among the captains of the army.

"Approved July 17, 1862."

On this occasion, by regular promotion (per General Orders, No. 87, War Dept., A. G. Office, dated July 24, 1862), Julius became a Lieutenant Colonel in his Corps, his appointment dating from July 17, 1862.

With his great and unselfish charity of heart he proposed to some of his brother Assistant Adjutant Generals, likewise promoted a grade higher, that they should give up their difference of pay for the first month to the Sanitary Commission for the benefit of the soldiers. To this noble and generous proposition they willingly, and like true Christians, at once agreed and at the end of the month handed over to him their surplus, happy to be partakers in this good deed of mercy.

A writer of the day thus remarks of Julius:—

"The arduous duties and tedious details of his official labors never made him forgetful of urbanity of manner, gentleness of speech, and readiness to listen patiently to any one who rightfully claimed his help.

"I remember well how kindly, almost tenderly, he one day turned from his desk and took up the papers and the cause of a poor blind woman who came petitioning that her only son, a mere boy, might be given back to her from the ranks of the army."

It was related of Julius by his own wife, that he never awoke during the night, but he would at once rise and kneeling down by the bedside say a short prayer, after which he would again lie down and continue his interrupted sleep.

In passing a Catholic church he would always step in, if only for a few moments, and make a little Meditation before the Blessed Sacrament; if, however, circumstances rendered that impossible, he would then invariably uncover his head as he passed before it, as a mark of respect to our Blessed Redeemer



present on its Altar in the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist.

Though in no manner or way the least bigoted, still as it is held unlawful by the Catholic Church for any of its members voluntarily to assist in the services of another Communion of Faith and not proper, though not sinful, to enter another temple of worship, even if but through idle curiosity, as giving thereby bad example, Julius would on no occasion transgress this implied wish of his Church and would not permit his children either to do so. One day he caught sight of his two little girls about to enter the Presbyterian church on New York Avenue near 13th and H streets. It seems they had just been to St. Matthew's with a little girl playmate, and on coming out and returning homewards down H street (Julius was then living on 11th, between K and L streets, N. W.), as they were passing by this Presbyterian place of worship, this little playmate, who attended it, said: "Now, girls, I have been to your church with you and I think it only fair and right that you should visit mine with me." Little Marie and Tavie not understanding the fallacy of the argument and thinking it only right and proper to reciprocate the courtesy, and seeing no harm in doing so, and, moreover, enjoying the spice of excitement in the affair, for they had never been in a Presbyterian church, acquiesced, and mounting the steps with her were on the point of entering, when who should turn around the corner but their own dear Papa. He at once divining their intention called them down, and in his kind, gentle way lovingly reproved them and explained that they must never visit any but a Catholic place of worship, even though a refusal would provoke the displeasure of their playmates, and they must promise him not to do so again. And, thereupon, he accompanied his little girls home. They were very much crestfallen, for though, like their wilful, unruly, high tempered little brother, they enjoyed mischief and excitement, as nearly all children do; still, like him, they always felt sincerely sorry for having incurred their good Papa's or Mamma's displeasure and felt for the time being in sackcloth and ashes.

On another occasion, when his little girls and boy had accidentally found some money on the street and were going off in

a high state of glee to treat themselves to candy, etc., he ran across them, and on inquiring where they were going and receiving their proud and joyful answer, he said very gravely: "My dear children, you must do nothing of the kind, for the mere fact of your finding this money does not give you the right to appropriate it to your own pleasures. And since we do not know the owner, and have no way of finding out, you should rather give it to the poor, and our dear Lord will bless you a hundred fold for this act of charity to His poor and denial of yourselves, and you will please dear Papa very, very much." So, instead of spending it as they had hoped, they put it into the Poor Box.

Julius was a great favorite with all the children on his square and in the afternoon when he returned home for his dinner they used, like his own, to watch for him, and the moment one spied him coming they would all make a wild break, like a drove of wild steeds of the prairie, each anxious to be the first one to reach him and be raised aloft in his arms to receive his affectionate kiss. His own little ones would sometimes get very jealous and be very much put out, because they had not been quick enough to receive this coveted first kiss.

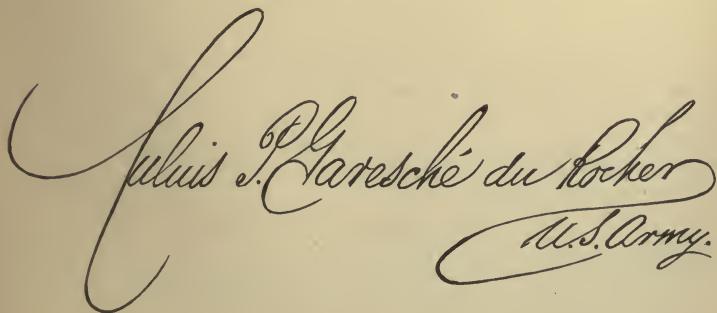
His extreme near-sightedness and excessive absence of mind, preoccupation of thought, when alone on the street, caused him at times great embarrassment, and he frequently passed friends and acquaintances without recognizing them. Those who knew him appreciated this and never felt hurt when he did not reciprocate their bow or failed to be the first to salute. Mariquitta would sometimes in the evenings tease him by saying that she had passed him on the street that very day and so near as almost to touch him, and not only he did not bow but he did not even speak to her,—his own dear little wife,—and she was *very, very much hurt*, and could *never, never forgive* him for thus treating her. And she would then pretend to be very sad and pained. At once, thinking she was in earnest, and that he had really hurt her feelings, he would hasten to apologize and explain, distressed at having in the least way—even indirectly—grieved his darling. And after enjoying his tender, loving explanations and caresses she would suddenly throw her beautiful arms around his neck and giving him the tenderest and sweetest

of kisses would affectionately and laughingly say, she had only been shamming, teasing, and that he *must forgive her*. And he, pleased and happy at the result, would cover her sweet face with his warm, loving kisses and pour into her willing ears his devoted love. And like a pair of turtle doves they would bask in the sunshine of one another's affection, happier at such moments than if they were the possessors of all the wealth of the world.

Devoted as Julius was to his family his one thought in their regard was to spare them all pain, all discomforts, to let misery be his portion, not theirs; his to be the lips that should quaff the chalice of suffering, not theirs; his shoulders to bear the burden of life's troubles, not theirs. In fine, next to God, our Blessed Lady, and his holy Religion, he was devoted to that loving home circle.

True to his profession of a soldier, he could never be persuaded to carry an umbrella, no matter how hot the sun's rays were, nor how hard it might be raining, because he deemed it unmilitary.

When very young he and his brother Frederick made the promise to one another that they would always retain the "Du Rocher" part of their name, and on the only occasion Frederick had to print his name (as Secretary of some religious society which Alexander had induced him to enter) he used it, but on entering the Society of Jesus he declined keeping the engagement. But Julius, though he never wore it publicly, nor used it in any of his correspondence, still wrote it on the first fly-leaf of all his books, giving his name in full,

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script. The first line reads "Julius P. Garesché du Rocher" and the second line, written below and to the right, reads "U.S. Army." The signature is fluid and well-proportioned.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Julius' endeavors to have the College and Convent at Frederick, Md., exempted from Hospital duty and letter of Father Jas. A. Ward, S. J.—Julius' communication for Gen. McClellan's eye—his endeavors to secure the Sisters of Charity and those of Mercy as nurses and letters of Archbishops Kenrick of Baltimore and Hughes of New York on the subject—his Petition to the President and extracts of letters of Archbishops Kenrick of Baltimore and Purcell of Cincinnati relative to it—his instrumentality in saving St. Aloysius' Church.

OWING to the large number of wounded soldiers, and there being an insufficiency of Hospital room for their accommodation, many of the Catholic Churches, Colleges, and Convents were seized by the Military Authorities and turned into Hospitals. Naturally enough an indignant outcry was raised by the Catholics against such action. By Julius' kind and prompt appeal, the Jesuit College at Frederick City, Md., was allowed to be exempt and he received the following grateful letter from Rev. Jas. A. Ward, S. J., one of its Fathers.

"FREDERICK CITY, MD., July 10, 1862.

"Your kindness in procuring our relief from the threatened danger deserves our warmest gratitude. For myself and brothers in religion I thank you, and if our prayers can avail aught with Heaven, its choicest benedictions will be showered on you and yours both for time and eternity."

But later this College was again occupied for the reception of wounded soldiers as was also the Visitation Convent of Frederick. Thereupon Julius, in conjunction with Col. McLeod Murphy, a Catholic Officer of the Army, endeavored at least to save the Convent. An explanation of his action in the matter is shown in the accompanying communication he sent for the information of Gen. McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac.

"WASHINGTON, September 30, 1862.

"TO BRIG. GEN. S. WILLIAMS,

"Asst. Adjt. Genl.

"Hd. Qrs., Army of the Potomac.

"GENERAL,

"I have just seen your Telegram to Genl. Banks, in relation to McLeod Murphy's sending up a detail of his regiment to Frederick, to pitch the



500 hospital tents, which were lying there &c., &c., and as the only 'outside influence' brought to bear on the subject, besides his, was mine, I shall take the liberty of explaining it, for General McClellan's information.

"In the first place then, the General must know, that we Catholics strongly object to having our Churches and male religious houses taken for any other purpose whatever, *even* as hospitals. In a case of *extreme* necessity, only, we have nothing to say against it. There may have been at Frederick such a case of extreme and *unavoidable* necessity—therefore, we say *nothing* of the reported occupation of the Church and Novitiate of the Jesuit Fathers. But the Convent of the Visitation nuns was altogether a different thing. We never will willingly consent to see the houses of the consecrated virgins of our Church entered, on any account. Even for men who do not feel with us, they are still the *private* residences of a number of helpless females, more than usually modest and retiring, more than usually sensitive in regard to any invasion of their privacy, and whose case should therefore peculiarly appeal to every manly heart. Unless, therefore, every private house in Fredk. City had first been taken, the General must excuse us if we fail to perceive the *unavoidable* necessity which should have justified Protestants, even, in taking any of the Convent buildings.

"Such being our manner of looking at this subject, the moment I heard positively of the Convent's having been in part taken for a hospital, I called on the Surgeon General, in company with Col. McL. Murphy, who has an Aunt there, and told him how we felt on this matter. And he was kind enough to say that he would evacuate these buildings as soon as he could—that were the 500 (five hundred) tents then there, pitched, he would do so immediately. It was then Col. Murphy offered his services to go up and pitch them, as well as to bury the dead still lying on the field unburied, and bring in the wounded, of whom many the Surgeon General told us (1500, I think) were still lying on the battle field. This was *five* days ago, and the Surgeon General received a Telegram two days later that the tents had not been pitched, &c., and that the regiment, promised him for that purpose, had not yet made its appearance. It was then that we applied to Gen. Banks for orders. As you see, there was good reason for making the application and yesterday, when we telegraphed, there seemed a *stronger* reason for it, since if Genl. McClellan needed 20 regiments more, where he was, he could have had none to spare, even for the purpose specified.

"I have only now to add, that neither in Col. Murphy's mind, nor mine, was there the faintest germ of a disposition to reflect on General McClellan, whose enemies are our enemies, being those of the country. We were eager in pursuit of a benevolent object—that was all. I regret that we have been disappointed!

"I am, General, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"GARESCHÉ."

Julius also endeavored to secure the services of the Sisters of Charity and those of Mercy as nurses in the numerous hospitals in and around Washington. President Lincoln and other prominent officials were not only willing but even anxious to have them, knowing them to be the best and most reliable attendants on the sick and wounded. Julius accordingly wrote to the Archbishop of Baltimore, brother of his family's friend, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, and received the following answer.

"BALTIMORE, September 23, 1862.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am quite willing that the Sisters of Charity, or of Mercy, from the diocese of New York should be invited to attend military hospitals in this diocese. If the Surgeon General will instruct the Archbishop of New York, what number are wanting, and where and when they are to be sent, I am confident his wishes will be complied with. I wrote to the Archbishop to apprise him that the call will be made. I think it better to confine it to the New York Diocese, as the Western institutes are engaged already in various places. Any Sisters of any institutes sent by him will be acceptable. I do not know of any body of men in this country that could be serviceable for this work of charity. A difficulty may occur with regard to the Sisters unless arrangements be made for the service of chaplains. Otherwise the Sisters can scarcely hear Mass on Festivals, or receive the Sacraments. But I leave the arrangements to the Archbishop of N. Y.

"I shall be happy at all times to comply with your wishes.

"Your friend and servant,

"FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

"A. B."

Archbishop Hughes of New York wrote to Julius as follows.

"NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1862.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,

"I received yours of yesterday asking for Sisters of Charity, or others from this diocese, for the hospitals in your city and elsewhere. Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore had written to me on the same subject and probably will have forwarded my answer to you.

"Dr. Hammond, Surgeon General of the Army, wrote some time ago to Dr. McDougal, his Adjutant in this City, to prepare two hospitals capable of accommodating from six to seven hundred wounded soldiers. When prepared they were to be placed under the care of our Sisters of Charity. They are now being fitted up, and the Sisters of Charity have consented to superintend their administration. This of course would not permit them to accept any other call at a distance; and besides I should be unwill-

ing to see them go to stations where they cannot have the consolation of hearing Mass once or twice a week, but especially on Sundays.

"I wrote to Father Walters\* the other day to express my sympathy at his being so overburdened with duties, and at the same time my regret that it was not in my power to send any priest, even with the consent of the Archbishop of Baltimore, to relieve him.

"In Washington it may be imagined that New York is exempted from the heavy burthen of charity imposed upon the clergy and religious communities in consequence of this melancholy War. But it is not the fact. We have as much as it is possible for us to attend to at home.

"I have the honor to be

"With great respect

"Your Most Obed. Servt.

"JOHN, Ab'p. of New York."

As the Churches, Colleges and Convents were still continuing to be occupied for hospital purposes, Julius wrote to the Archbishops of Baltimore, New York, Cincinnati and elsewhere, to co-operate with himself and the Catholic Officers of the Army in petitioning the President to exempt them. He then prepared a petition, and after submitting it to the above Prelates for their views thereon, presented it thus approved and signed by himself and by some leading Catholic Officers, for the consideration of President Lincoln.

As an evidence of their interest in his good and laudable undertaking I insert extracts from letters of Archbishops Kenrick of Baltimore and Purcell of Cincinnati, giving their opinion.

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 3, 1862.

"I am much edified by the zeal which prompts yourself and Col. John McLeod Murphy, to propose an address to the President, with a view to protect our Churches and Institutions. \* \* \*

"Accept my thanks for your kind offices, and believe me,

"Your Obligated Servant,

"FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

"A. B."

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, 11th Oct. 1862.

"Cordially do I approve of the object sought to be attained by the Address of the Catholic Officers U. S. A., to the President. \* \* \*

"Hoping to hear from you, dear Sir, soon again, and repeating the

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\* Pastor of St. Patrick's in Washington, and a warm friend and admirer of Julius.



assurance of my hearty good will to co-operate with you in securing the immunity of our religious edifices,

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your friend and servant,

"J. B. PURCELL,

"A. B. Cin."

### THE PETITION.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

"We, the undersigned, Catholic Officers of the Army, beg leave to represent to Your Excellency that we have been greatly shocked by the attempt recently made to seize a Catholic Female Orphan Asylum for a hospital, and by what we consider the unnecessary occupation of many of our Churches.

"In the name, and on behalf of our Catholic fellow-citizens throughout the United States, we desire to lay before you our feelings on this subject, feelings common alike to all Catholics, and which, when once known to you, we are willing to believe you would not unnecessarily affront.

"In the first place, then, we beg leave to represent to Your Excellency that our Churches are sanctified to us, not merely by the rites and ceremonies with which they are consecrated to the worship of God, nor merely by the hallowing purpose for which they are built and used, but immeasurably above and beyond these, by the Divine Presence itself, which deigns to inhabit them—really—bodily—in the adorable person of Him who died for us all upon the Cross.

"We beg further to represent to Your Excellency, that the buildings occupied as Colleges, Academies, Novitiates, Monasteries, &c., by the religious orders of our Church, are *their private residences*, being *public* in no other sense, than that their pious inmates are devoted to the service of all mankind, and labor not for themselves.

"We particularly beg Your Excellency to understand, that the occupants of these houses are bound by solemn vows—vows which require them, under pain of deadly sin, to dwell together in communities, in the strict observance of a fixed rule, and in the discharge of certain, specific duties. When, therefore, you oust them from these, their *homes*, you do not subject them merely, as you would subject a private family under the circumstances, to the passing and comparatively trifling inconvenience of seeking another habitation, but you turn suddenly into the street an immense family, one peculiarly constituted, and not only too numerous to find accommodation in any ordinary house, but ignorant where to go, or even where to look for an asylum. You scatter, at the same time, those as closely linked together, and by vows as solemn, as husband and wife. You break up a whole community, and completely destroy all their objects in life—all that, under God, they live for and hold dear.

"Even did the world, then, owe nothing to these men, who have sacrificed all that the world usually values, to devote themselves exclusively to



the service of their kind, this would be still imposing on them too much, because imposing upon them infinitely more than upon others—consequently more than their share.

“We, therefore, ask that orders may issue from Your Excellency, never to take their houses, while any other private houses remain exempt.

“We beg further to represent to Your Excellency, that all that has just above been said, applies with tenfold force to the case of the female religious orders. The pure women, belonging to them, are ordinarily bound by stricter vows, observe a more rigorous seclusion, and, by reason of their sex, are necessarily more timid and helpless: their case, therefore, appeals more powerfully to our hearts as men. Besides, they are our relatives, and have a claim on us for protection. Hardly one of us but has a sister or a daughter, an aunt, niece, or cousin among them. Hence, we look upon any intrusion into their houses, no matter what the pretext or the occasion, as an unpardonable sacrilege. We may submit to, but could never forget it. We would rather see even our Churches, all sacred as we hold them, converted into barracks, than hear of one of these houses being invaded even for a day. And, in this, we believe that we feel but as God would have us feel, and as He feels Himself, knowing that, as a good Father, He is more jealous of the respect He would have shown these holy virgins, who have consecrated themselves to His service, than even of that due Himself.

“We, therefore, pray Your Excellency to give orders to our generals, that whithersoever our armies go, and whithersoever our soldiers are to be found, whether in the loyal or in the seceded States, these religious houses, together with all churches, shall be protected by safe-guards—and protected not only from all violence, but from any use and from all intrusion.

“Whereupon, we will pray God to have Your Excellency in His holy keeping, and to impart to Your Excellency His choicest graces.”

It was mainly due to Julius' efforts that St. Aloysius' Church in Washington was preserved from being thus turned into a Hospital.

Like elsewhere, the immense number of wounded soldiers that were being continually brought into Washington and the insufficiency of Hospitals for their accommodation, all those in the city being already densely crowded, induced Secretary Stanton to issue an order that all the Churches should be seized for their benefit.

St. Aloysius' had just been built, was large, imposing, and remarkably beautiful, and richly deserved the pride and love of its parishioners. Its sanctuary, a marvel of beauty and art, alone cost \$30,000. Situated on the very verge of the city, in

the eastern part, almost in the country and therefore removed from all bustle and noise, Mr. Stanton thought it a most desirable and cool spot for the wounded. Accordingly orders were issued for its seizure, and on Saturday, September 13th, 1862, workmen and a large amount of lumber were sent to be used in converting it into a vast Hospital, the intention being to floor it in such a manner as would give several separate stories.

Meanwhile Julius, a member of this parish, and particularly devoted to this beautiful temple of God, had used every legitimate means in his power at the War Dept., to suspend its seizure as long as possible. When he found there was no longer any hope, that it must be sacrificed, he, with wonderful tact, suggested to its Fathers (it was under the spiritual guidance of the Jesuits, all of whom were warm friends of his), to call on Secretary Stanton, and endeavor to save it and its newly won glories, by offering to build in its place hospitals on the open lot on K street adjoining, of the same amount of square feet of room as the church could be rendered capable of accommodating.

Accordingly, when the workmen presented themselves before the sacred edifice, the Fathers closed and bolted the doors to prevent their entrance until they (the Fathers) had seen the Military authorities, and then the Pastor, Father Wiget,—a good, holy and hard working priest, loved and admired by all for his many noble qualities of mind and heart,—accompanied by one or two other Fathers and by Bishop O'Connor, a great friend of Stanton's, hastened with all speed to the War Dept. There Julius, who had learned of the workmen's being sent, had arranged all the preliminaries of the meeting, thus sparing them all disagreeable encounters and making it easier to prefer their petition. He escorted them himself to the Secretary's room and introduced them.

He always did his utmost to obtain favors for Priests and Religious at the War Dept., never sparing himself and his own feelings in this good, charitable and generous endeavor, and they never called upon him in vain.

When Father Wiget mentioned their reason for coming, Mr. Stanton said he was sorry to have to disoblige them but the matter could not be helped; the Church *must* be seized, as it

was a military necessity and the wounded soldiers must have accommodations. Father Wiget then offered Julius' plan, of building hospitals on the adjoining lot. To this proposition Stanton consented, provided they were put up within a week's time.

The rest of the day the Rev. Father went about soliciting help and assistance, stating under what conditions his beautiful Church could be saved.

The next morning, after the early Mass, every man in the parish and many from outside parishes nobly stepped forward and offered their help. There were men of all classes of life, from the commonest artisan to the high-toned gentleman who had never wielded the spade and pickax.

Julius at the head of the men went into the adjoining lot and commenced digging holes for the foundation posts. He worked away as laboriously as did any of the mechanics, and all through the week, whenever he had a moment's release from his official duties, he came down and worked. A number of other gentlemen from various parts of the city also came, inspired by his example, and it was even said that Adjutant General Thomas lent his hand with the spade and other implements.

Before the end of the week several large and comfortable buildings were erected, capable of containing as many if not more wounded than the Church could have been made to accommodate; and thus by Julius' and Father Wiget's efforts, seconded by the noble assistance of the Catholics of Washington, was the Church of St. Aloysius spared.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Julius' extreme sorrow for the terrible evils of the War and his letter to the "*Freeman's Journal*"—his prediction and warning to Gen. McClellan—his dislike for Secretary Stanton and the latter's hatred for him—Julius' remark to Major Geo. D. Ruggles indicative of his presentiment of death—Gen. Martin T. McMahon's remarks—Julius' connection with Particular Council of Society of St. Vincent de Paul and his interest in the Society—letter and remarks of Father J. A. Walter—Remarks of Father B. A. Maguire, S. J.—Julius' and Gen. Rosecrans' mutual friendship, and their formation among Catholic Officers of the Army of an Association in honor of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart—Rosecrans' anxiety to have Julius as his Chief of Staff, his request to Secretary Stanton and its acceptance and Julius ordered to report to him—Gen. Lorenzo Thomas' fury—Julius' visit to Gen. Geo. Thom and earnest request of him, and the latter's kindness to his wife and little ones—Julius' letter to Editor of *Freeman's Journal*—his affecting departure from Washington.

JULIUS' heart bled for all the ruin and dreadful consequences of this terrible War that he saw and heard of as being enacted throughout the land by both North and South.

In the latter part of September 1862, he wrote to the "*Freeman's Journal*," a prominent Catholic newspaper, asking:—

"Cannot an organized system of Catholic prayers be inaugurated—an association of prayer for the salvation of the country? I see no hope but in God, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, the Patroness of our land. Unless, *as a body*, we besiege heaven with prayer, God will not be pacified. Oh! why do not our bishops come forward, then, and set this on foot? Are we all cowed, or overwhelmed by the magnitude of the threatening ruin?"

Just before Gen. McClellan resumed command of the Army of the Potomac, in the latter part of August 1862, Julius, who clearly foresaw what would take place, earnestly urged him, through others, that he ought to insist on the removal of Stanton from office and the dismissal of Gen. Halleck from the Army, as otherwise, so soon as the existing scare caused by the



2nd battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, should die out, these men would ruin him if they could.

Julius did not, could not admire Secretary Stanton. In fact, there were but very few who did: and he found it a difficult thing to serve under him and yet retain his own self respect.

Mr. Stanton was rough, unpolished, tyrannical and selfish in his ways towards his subordinates, expecting them to execute his orders at once, on the very instant, and without any regard to the moral right or wrong of them. Sometimes, however, he found that there were some high-principled men like Julius who, though perfectly willing to obey all his lawful mandates, would not stoop to gain his favor by complying with any they thought unjust or wrong. In consequence, whilst Stanton could not but admire him for all his soldierly, manly, and Christian qualities, he nevertheless hated him and when able showed his animosity.

One day in the early part of September 1862, Julius accidentally met at Gen. Halleck's Head Quarters, situated on G street near 17th, a brother officer of the Adj. Gen's. Corps, Major Geo. D. Ruggles, who shortly afterwards was ordered to join Gen. McClellan and participated with him in the bloody battle of Antietam. In the course of conversation Julius said that he had asked in 1861, in the beginning of the War, to be relieved and sent to the field; but Gen. Thomas, the Adjutant General, refused his request, claiming that his services could not be spared. That now he had asked to be sent, as he could no longer with any self respect serve under such a man as Secretary Stanton; and *now* was the worst time for him to go, as he *was convinced* he would fall in his first battle. Thereupon, Major Ruggles said: "Colonel, you must be ill to think so," meaning thereby that Julius was unwell and therefore depressed in spirits. But the latter answered emphatically: "*No, Ruggles, I shall indeed fall in the first battle.*"

Gen. Martin T. McMahon, who knew Julius personally in Washington and greatly admired him, says:—

"Colonel Garesché was one of my dearest friends. He was one of the original organizers of the first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul established in Washington, and was its life and soul. He was chairman of the

visiting committee and in those *ante bellum* days, when his official duties were not as onerous as they subsequently became, he gave nearly all of his time out of office hours to visiting the poor. How much he did in that direction and how much he contributed out of his moderate means no one knew but himself. I may say it was very greatly owing to his influence and energy that the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul became a permanency in Washington. Assistance from outside was exceedingly limited. The membership at first was very small.

"We gave a public concert in which the amateur talent of the city was all enlisted and which proved quite successful and put us in good working order for the second winter. Later, our means were a little more abundant but still inadequate. I understand now, however, that there are flourishing Conferences in every parish in the city. I have no hesitation in saying that they may look upon Col. Garesché and revere his memory as their actual founder.

"I occasionally accompanied him on his visits to the poor, and never heard or read of any thing to surpass his zeal and gentle charity. I have always referred to him, in speaking of him, as my ideal of a perfect Christian gentleman. He was the true Knight of the 19th Century; a gallant, daring soldier in the field; a wise counsellor, and many times consulted by the President, especially in the selection of Officers for high command in the army: one who never fawned upon his Superiors or was unjust to his inferiors, and who never submitted during the trying days he spent in the War Department under the then Secretary of War to any thing that reflected upon his personal or official dignity. This brought him frequently into somewhat stormy conflict with Mr. Stanton; but the President, Mr. Lincoln, who had a very affectionate regard for him, always sustained him, for the good and sufficient reason that in all matters of dispute he was right. On one occasion, when the Secretary called for certain papers to send to Congress and wished them to be so made out as to contain a suppression of the truth, Col. Garesché positively refused to prepare them in the manner indicated.

"Mr. Lincoln several times intimated to him that he would be glad to appoint him Brigadier General and give him a command in the field. This he refused unless he could be permitted to serve in the field for a reasonable time with lesser rank."

The Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, composed of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the two Conferences of St. Patrick's and St. Matthew's—then the only Conferences existing in Washington—was convened for the first time by its President, Mr. Richard H. Clarke, Presd't. of St. Matthew's Conference, on the 21st of June, 1861, Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. There were present the President; Rev. J. A. Walter,

Spiritual Director; and Julius P. Garesché, President of St. Patrick's Conference. At the meeting of organization of the Council on April 21, 1861, the result by ballot for election of a President was 8 votes for Julius and 9 for Mr. Clarke. The Council met every month at the residence of the Pastor of St. Patrick's.

Julius, always indefatigable in the cause of charity, moved at the meeting held on October 8, 1862, that a Committee be appointed to co-operate with Sister Dyonisia, Superintendent of the Infant Asylum, in the Fair to take place in behalf of that institution.

Even after Julius joined Gen. Rosecrans in Tennessee his interest in the welfare of the Society did not abate; for at a meeting of the Particular Council held December 23, 1862, the President presented a letter from him, in which he expressed his best wishes for the members and gave the assurance that though absent from them in person he was spiritually present and hoped to be remembered in their prayers.

*Letter of Father J. A. Walter, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Washington.*

"Col. Garesché was a most estimable man. He was a member of the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul's Society and President of St. Patrick's Conference. He was a true child of St. Vincent. His charity towards the poor knew no limit and no sacrifice was considered too great to be made in their behalf. He never spared himself when any good could be accomplished. He was a high toned gentleman, honor personified, and yet a meek, humble Christian man. His character was without blemish and all who knew him could not but admire his truly Christian qualities.

"At a meeting of the Particular Council held January 14, 1863, suitable resolutions were offered expressive of our loss and of the great esteem in which he was held by every member of our Society. We had a Monument erected to his memory in Mt. Olivet Cemetery."

The good Father further remarked that Julius' sense of principle was so strong that no one in the world could have induced him to do any thing contrary to law or justice; that he was as brave as a lion and as stubborn as a rock in defending the truth. As an instance of Julius' scrupulousness in performing his duties he narrates the following. He wanted to resign his Presidency of the Conference of St. Patrick's, because his obligations at the

War Department were at the time so manifold and required so much of his time, day and night and Sundays too, that he felt in consequence he could not correctly attend to his duties as President. But Father Walter would not hearken to his request, asserting that the Conference understood his position perfectly and that when he was perforce absent the Vice President was there to fill his place.

As indicative of his high conscientious turn of mind he adds that Julius never lost an idle moment; when not performing some duty he would be reading his "Thomas à Kempis" or some other pious book; and kept his own letter paper, envelopes and Post Office stamps in his desk at his Office—never under any consideration using those of the Government for his private purposes. There was a certain common steel pen that he used at the Office, which he esteemed very highly and used in all his business correspondence. Being anxious to take it home to use there and feeling that he could not in conscience do so without having first replaced it by a similar one, he went out on the Avenue\* and bought a fac-simile which he put on his desk to fill the place occupied by the other.

Once when Secretary Stanton wished him to perform a certain measure, he gentlemanly but firmly refused, saying that his conscience would not approve of it, as it was *illegal, unconstitutional*, and would be a *violation* of the law.

Speaking of his charities, it appears that he was attending a family all of whom were afflicted with the loathsome and dread Small-pox. He was apprehensive for the safety of the young daughter, lest she might turn out badly, and was only induced to surrender the case upon the representations of the Reverend Pastor, Father Walter, that it ought to be attended to alone by himself.

Rev. B. A. Maguire, S. J., Assistant Pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, speaking of Julius says:—

"One of the best qualities in the character of the saintly Col. Garesché was his humility and silence in regard to himself and his works of Charity. Hence very few knew much about him. He did his work for God, not to

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\* Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal street of Washington.



please men. I knew him only as a most fervent, pious, exemplary member of St. Aloysius' Church. I met him occasionally in the midst of his family and saw him as a loving, devoted husband and father. After the labors of the day in his Office he spent his evenings among the poor and in his religious exercises. He heard Mass every morning in the year, and received Communion every Sunday and often through the week. His Charity was unbounded even to the detriment of his health and the injury of his own family. He made his meditation every morning and would spend hours in the Church in silent adoration of Him who reposed on the Altar. He would do all this so as not to be noticed by any one. He was my *beau idéal* of a perfect Christian Gentleman."

As I have before intimated Julius and Gen. Rosecrans had been friends when Cadets at West Point.

In 1843, whilst Julius was stationed with his Company at Fort McHenry, Md., Rosecrans paid him a visit. At the time the latter was thinking of becoming a Catholic, and he had a conversation with Julius on some points of the Religion that he did not fully comprehend, and was given by him such a plain and satisfactory explanation that his doubts were dispelled and his ignorance entirely removed. From 1848-1853 they corresponded with one another and during this period were the means of forming among the Catholic Officers of the Army an Association called "The Association in honor of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart."\* Rosecrans distributed every three months the Prayers or Intentions, and Julius, who had been the prime mover in the Association's formation, was mainly instrumental in keeping it alive.

Before being promoted to the leadership of the 14th Army Corps, popularly designated the Army of the Cumberland, Rosecrans had been several times very anxious to have Julius with himself as his Chief of Staff, but he had not at the time a sufficiently good and high position to offer. Apart from the high regard he entertained for him as a friend, a model Catholic, and

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\* It was probably about this time that Julius, at the request of Father Gleizal, the good Jesuit Father under whom he made his Retreat just prior to his marriage and with whom he was very friendly, translated from the French a Manual of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which was published by Father Gleizal. It was considered a very important work, because it was the first American one of the kind.

a perfect man, he appreciated his fine natural abilities and complete acquirements as a soldier. And now, when he assumed charge of this large and important military command, he wrote to Julius asking him to come. The latter's response was favorable. Rosecrans thereupon addressed an official request to the War Department that he be permitted to become his Chief of Staff. He was, however, far from feeling sure that he would be gratified, owing to the great value placed on Julius' services at the Department and the strong objections, for this reason, of Gen. Thomas to part with him.

Secretary Stanton at once granted his request, not so much through his dislike for Julius as in the belief that the work before Rosecrans was most arduous, and that he was in consequence entitled to claim the co-operation of so valuable an Officer. Though Stanton disliked Julius for reasons already given, nevertheless he highly appreciated him as an Officer.

At this time, Adjutant General Thomas was temporarily absent from Washington, and when he learned, on his return, of Julius' departure for Rosecrans' Head Quarters, he became furious. He had steadily frustrated every attempt to remove him, believing his presence to be invaluable; and now in his fury he vehemently declared that had he been in Washington he would have appealed to President Lincoln rather than suffer Julius to go.

Rosecrans was overjoyed when Julius reported to him, for he was uncertain until then that he would be permitted to come.

In Special Orders, No. 329, of the Adjutant General's Office, War Dept., dated November 5, 1862,

"Lieut. Colonel Julius P. Garésché, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. A., is hereby relieved from duty in the Adjutant General's Office, and will report to Major General William S. Rosecrans, U. S. Volunteers, as Chief of his Staff.

"By Order of the Secretary of War."

Willing enough as Julius was to go into action, yet he could not leave his darling wife and beloved little children without a pang; for loving them as tenderly and devotedly as he did, the separation was keenly painful, and then the terrible thought came, *would he ever see them again?* His loyalty and courage

did not flinch, however, and he made this, as he had made other sacrifices, for the good of his country.

On the evening before his departure from Washington, he called at Gen. Halleck's residence on a brother officer, Gen. Geo. Thom of the Engineer Corps, then attached to Halleck's Staff and at the time residing in the same house. After a few moments of general conversation with Thom in the crowded parlor he asked permission to see him in private, as he had something to say. Struck by his manner Thom immediately led him into the hall, the only retired spot, and there seated on the staircase Julius mentioned his going to the field the following day, that his wife and little ones would necessarily be left behind in Washington, and that he would feel so grateful to Thom if he would promise to keep a protecting and friendly eye over them and their welfare during his absence; and should he fall—his voice here became a little husky—as might be the case, then to soften the blow and mitigate the anguish of his poor, darling Mariquitta. He added in explanation of his appealing thus to Thom, that he had always entertained for him the highest respect and esteem, begun when as a member of \*Thom's Cadet Company at West Point, and a perfect stranger to him, he had nevertheless received at his hands such tokens of disinterested kindness and gentlemanly tact as had remained indelibly stamped on his memory, though his own natural reserve had prevented his ever before mentioning this. And now that he was going away, perhaps never to return, he could leave with a lighter heart, if he felt assured that his beloved family were left under such protecting care.

Gen. Thom was inexpressibly affected at this confiding trust in himself, so unexpected; for though, like all other Army Officers, he had always felt the greatest respect and admiration for Julius, and taken the warmest interest in his welfare; still he had but rarely met him since his own graduation at the Point. He was greatly touched too, knowing that Julius' reserve seldom made him confide in any but most intimate friends,

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\* General Thom graduated at West Point, in the class of 1839, and was Cadet Captain of Julius' Company.

and that their limited acquaintanceship did not justify him as being classed among this privileged few.

With a full heart he gave his promise and Julius then bade him an affectionate farewell.

Little did he dream, as he saw him depart, that he would soon be called upon to fulfill the *terrible* part of his promise, of imparting to the beloved wife the dreadful tidings of this husband's death, and afterwards of officiating in the mournful capacity of pall-bearer at his last rites!

He kept to his word nobly and faithfully, and during Julius' campaign with the 14th Army Corps often called to encourage Mariquitta with any good tidings he had learned of its movements, and after Julius' death did all he could to soothe her sorrow, and was indefatigable in his kind and delicate attentions to herself and her fatherless children.

Shortly before going to join Gen. Rosecrans, Julius wrote to the Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal:—

"I cannot do without your paper. Every week, when I receive it, I feel cheered, and, for a while, think there is yet *hope* for our poor country—but, in a day or two, I lose the impression, and the dark blank future rises before me."

Julius left Washington for his new sphere of duty on the 6th of November. The parting was alike painful to himself and his poor wife. To be again separated from him, was heart-rending to her, and doubly so when that separation called him to a dangerous post. They parted with saddened hearts—parted alas! to meet no more in this world! His fond, devoted heart was very full, as he bade adieu to his sweet little girls; to his little boy who, despite of his naughtiness, loved him dearly; and to his dear little baby. And then his heart grew even more full as he clasped his darling Mariquitta to his bosom, and kissing her sweetly, gently wiped away the tears that dimmed her beautiful eyes, and told her in his tender and manly way not to be so broken-hearted, but to bear up courageously; to remember that she was a soldier's wife, and for his sake not to allow her grief to overwhelm her so; that he would soon return to gladden her dear heart again. Then he spoke of their dear



little children, who would require her additional care and motherly solicitude after his departure. That she must not be so crushed with her sorrow, as she would thereby injure her health, and what then would become of them, and he far away! But for their sakes, as well as for his own, to be brave, to make the sacrifice of her grief, and God would bless her and aid her to accept all with a resigned spirit. And thus gently and lovingly he strove to assuage her anguish, and though his own heart was lacerated, and duty at that moment seemed so, so difficult to follow, and his very voice grew hoarse in the intensity of his feelings, he never flinched, but with a noble and Christian spirit courageously bore up to the end.

## CHAPTER XL.

Julius' letters to Mariquitta and his children after his departure for the field and Mariquitta's to him—incident of his going to Communion at the Sodalists' Mass in Cincinnati—Gen. Rosecrans' Staff—how Julius spent his last night on earth.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, Saturday,  
"November 8, 1862.

"MY PET, MY DARLING LITTLE WIFE,

"I cannot picture to you the grief which filled my heart on bidding you farewell. I feared to let you see it, but, after you had left the car, tears filled my eyes and I feared lest they would be perceived, and that I would not be able to check them. A woman who had observed us, with the tears almost filling her own eyes, remarked to me on my re-entrance into the car, 'Ah! I know what that is—I had to go through that myself!' 'God bless you' was my only answer, I could not add another word. Ah! dear wife, I pray God that we may soon be reunited and may never have to separate again; for I am not made like other men, it costs me too much, it seems so much taken away from my life. Write to me often at least, and tell me every *little* thing about yourself and our dear little children. Their tears, and the tenderness shown me by our dear little baby most affected me. Dear little baby, delicious little being, I am obliged to leave her at the very moment when she becomes the most engaging. Unceasingly do I think of her, constantly during the day do I imagine that I am listening to her 'Eh!' as if 'Eh, Papa, what is that, don't you see your little baby?' I *detest* these orders which have exiled me from you and from my little loved ones. My only consolation is that I did not seek them, therefore, I have only to submit like a good Christian with resignation, and God will recompense us for it.

"Let me tell you now, my Mariquitta, that I am worried about the teeth of our little girls and reproach myself for having postponed so long having them arranged. I do not like to ask you to do what I have myself neglected, but you would please me by promptly taking them to a dentist.

"Being delayed four hours in Baltimore, awaiting the departure of the train, I paid a visit to one of my old Confessors, Father Coskery, who lives at the Archbishop's, and went to confession to him, and later supped with him and the Archbishop. After supper, I had a long conversation with Father Coskery, whom I found to be, despite a Marylander by birth, a very decided Unionist.

"I left Baltimore at half past nine at night and arrived the next day at half past one P. M., at Pittsburgh, then, continuing my journey without interruption during the night, reached here this morning at 6 A. M., and came straight to the College, where Father Frederick (who is, temporarily, the President of the College) gave me a most affectionate welcome. As I can do nothing to-morrow, Sunday, at Louisville, I will remain here to-night and will to-morrow, by invitation of the Archbishop, dine with him.

"If you see Stone,\* ascertain if he has loaned me or given me his field-glass, for I would not in my letter of thanks wish to make a mistake.

"Good-bye, darling, with all my heart I embrace you and my children. Tell them how much Papa loves them, how much he would love to see them good and well behaved. Kiss my own dear sweet little baby 'for Papa'. Give many kind messages for me to all of our friends, to the Jesuit Fathers, to the Kerrs, the Lays, the Harrisons, to our neighbors, and to our two servants. Kiss Mariet† for me and remember me affectionately to John.

"I do not oppose your going to St. Louis, if you wish, but remember that it would be imprudent for you to do so. But now that I am no longer near you, you must decide for yourself. With all my heart, my darling, do I embrace you.

"Your JULES."

The morning after his arrival in Cincinnati, Sunday morning (he had gone to Confession the preceding evening) his brother inquired whether he would like to participate with the Sodalists in their Mass and Communion, it being a Sodality Sunday. His answer was, "of course, I too am a Sodalist." Thereupon Father Frederick sent for the Prefect and introducing Julius, the Prefect put around his neck the Sodality Officers' Medal and formally installed him in the Officers' pew.

This little incident of Julius joining them produced a marked effect on the assembled Sodalists, as also on the congregation, for they were not a fashionable class of people, being composed of the middle and lower classes of society; and to have an Army Officer of such high rank and commanding presence, and one, too, so universally respected and admired, clothed in his military uniform, thus taking part in their devotional exercises, gave them

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\* Gen. Chas. P. Stone, U. S. A. See Page 361, Note.

† Mariquitta's sister, recently, in 1861, married to Mr. John F. Slevin of St. Louis. They were now on a visit to her. Mr. Slevin became a devoted brother and friend to Mariquitta in her hour of tribulation, and was always a devout and most exemplary Catholic.

great edification. They did not forget it, and when two months later his remains came through Cincinnati, *en route* to Washington, the Sodality insisted on honoring them, and a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung on that very Altar before which he now communicated. And not only the Catholics of the city, but those for miles around, came to pay their homage to his lifeless body, so well known was his Catholic record, and so great the impression made by his present Communion.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"LOUISVILLE, Monday, Nov. 10, 1862.

"MY OWN DARLING WIFE,

"It is only when away from you that I find how necessary you are to my happiness. Dear pet, I realize now, how absolutely I am wrapped up in you and our dear children, and how blank and dull my life is without you. Oh! if this cruel war could finish and permit that we might be reunited, never again to be separated! You may feel certain that I love you as dearly as your fondest wish could suggest. I cannot give you an idea how much I suffer when thus away from you, with the perspective of an indefinite term of absence. But this thought seems to me to be too cruel to be believed, and I cannot believe it. I love to cherish the delusion that this absence will be but only for a brief period. Yet, the news this morning that McClellan has again been removed, confirms me in my impression that it is better for me to be away from Washington this Winter. For, it leads me to believe that the Abolitionists are so enraged by their defeat, that they will stop at nothing. But, did I not foresee correctly that this would happen to him, unless he made the conditions I suggested to him! As for himself, though, poor fellow, I sympathize with him, I feel that he almost deserved it.

"Day before yesterday, my beloved, I wrote to you from Cincinnati. I left there yesterday at 1 p.m., and arrived here this morning before day-break. I have spent the whole day in the streets, going from the Quartermaster to the Commissary, and from the Commissary to the Paymaster, and to the stores, etc., so as to obtain what I had yet to purchase. I bought a saddle, bridle, etc.,—a bed, mattress, pillow, chairs, woolen coverings, &c.,—and I tried this afternoon the two horses left here by Fry\* for sale. I like them well enough, and will take one—would, in fact, buy both, if they were not so high. But he wants \$150 for one, and \$130, I believe, for the other. This would barely leave me enough to last for the month. Ah! I cannot tell you, my darling, how this question of money

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\* Col. Jas. B. Fry, Major and A. A. G., junior of Julius in the Corps, and late Chief of Staff to Gen. Don Carlos Buell and now recalled to Washington to occupy Julius' place.



worries me, especially on your account. I cannot understand how you who, ordinarily, spend \$300 a month, will manage to subsist on \$126. I will try to get along with \$80, which would leave you \$146. But then, even this, what is it in comparison with what we have been in the habit of spending, and I do not see that my absence will make any difference. Nevertheless, it will make some, and in such little things as the following must we watch *every cent*. For instance, in the coffee. As you do not touch it, it is useless to buy Java for the servants; buy, therefore, only *Rio*. Regarding the tea, however, remember that you cannot make any difference, for cheap tea is only trash. And, let me suggest to you, that Mrs. Buell told me that the Commissary would sell to the families of officers at Washington, in which case she would buy of it. If you would ask Major Vincent, he would enquire for you of the Commissary; and thus, without a doubt, as I believe, you could buy sugar, coffee, hams, rice &c., much cheaper.

"I found in my trunk my comforter, which I did not intend bringing along with me and for which I must thank you, because, since my departure, I began to regret it, for it was so very cool in Cincinnati, there being still ice in the streets. Here the weather is very fine, while it is said to be warm at Nashville.

"Address your letters to the 'care of Major General William S. Rosecrans, Head Qrs. Dept., of the Cumberland, Nashville, Tennessee.'

"Good-bye, my dearly beloved, my only love. Already I feel better, and my appetite is better. I really believe that my health will be greatly benefited by the change. But my heart suffers. Good-bye, darling, kiss sweetly for me my little Marie, and Tavie, Louis and Adèle.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to Mariquita.*

"LOUISVILLE, Tuesday evening,

"November 11, 1862.

"For some days now, my darling, you will be without any news from me, for I expect to start to-morrow for Nashville. Rosecrans arrived there yesterday. And as it takes three days to go there, and one may be even longer on the way, at least a week must elapse, before you receive another letter, even if the trip be made in three days. For it will take three days for the return, and at least one day must be added to write the letter, to mail it &c. Hence, even under the most favorable circumstances, fully a week must intervene before you can have tidings from me. Moreover, every thing in this quarter is irregular, especially the Mail Service. To-day, I completed my purchases.

"I have engaged a most excellent servant, if I can trust to the good judgment of the General who recommended him to me. He is a negro, of very fine appearance.

"I think that I will really buy both of Fry's horses. They come high, it is true, but they suit me, and in the purchase of a saddle horse it is

better to pay a little more than its real value to obtain what is to one's liking. I tried another this morning, much lower in price, but *much* inferior to those of Fry: so much so that though it be a good horse and cheap, it was nevertheless, in respect to its quality, dearer than those of Fry. I have now, therefore, my complete outfit.

"*Night*.—I have just received a dispatch from Rosecrans, inviting me to share his 'Mess,' and telling me that he would send a carriage and an escort for my accommodation, to await my arrival at the terminus of the Rail Road, distant some thirty odd miles from Nashville. A very agreeable attention, as I expected to make this transit in a miserable stage, filled with companions of not the most pleasant kind.

"Tell me, my darling, if the good God gives you courage to endure our separation. Be very pious, say regularly your Beads, and do not put them off till evening, but begin them at nightfall, just when it *begins* to grow too dark for you to read or to sew. From God have I drawn all the strength with which I have triumphed over my sadness and regrets. I had the happiness at Cincinnati to receive Holy Communion, and after it felt like a different man. It was at a Sodality Mass, and I felt as if once again I consecrated myself to the service of the Blessed Virgin, and once again placed myself under her sweet protection.

"Do my little children speak of me, think of me,—and my sweet baby?

"Ah! you dear ones, what a happy man I shall be when once more reunited to you!

"Dear Mamma must kiss for me my dear little Marie, my dear little Tavie, my dear Louis, and my sweet little Adèle, and tell them to be good children, obedient to their dear Mamma, loving God, saying regularly their prayers, learning well their lessons, and doing all they can to please dear Papa who is away. Won't they, for Papa?

"With all my heart I embrace you, my dear wife, and am always the one who loves you the best.

"YOUR JULES."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, November 14, 1862.

"DARLING,

"I arrived here last night, after a two days journey from Louisville; the first day by Railroad, and the second in an ambulance which Gen. Rosecrans sent to meet me. We had a beautiful day, and a delightful drive; I had two very pleasant companions, and I enjoyed it extremely. Rosecrans received me with open arms. I share his quarters and he is full of attentions to me. All the officers of his Staff, and all the Regular officers, of whom there are several here, expressed to me their pleasure in having me among them. To-day, I have done nothing but ride on horseback, and am delighted with my two horses. But, my darling, you must no longer expect lengthy letters from me. I will have a great deal to perform, and when not engaged at work, I will be on horseback, or occupied in the reception of officers, of citizens &c. We occupy a magnificent dwelling,

abandoned by its owner, and during the livelong day there is a crowd of persons seeking interviews. No king can have more numerous levees. Here I found your letter of the 7th and am happy, my pet, to learn that my baby is better—my dear, dear little baby, whom I so dearly love! Ah! I would wish to be even now on my return to you, my dearly loved ones. But it is not to be thought of, and in the meanwhile I am as well as I can wish.

“Good-bye, my dearly loved one, I embrace you with all my heart. Dear Mamma must kiss for me my little Marie, my little Tavie, my little boy Louis, and our dear little baby. Good-bye, my own darling, and believe me ever

“Your own devoted husband,

“JULIUS.”

On the 30th of October, 1862, General Rosecrans had, per orders received from the War Department, relieved General Buell of the Army of the Ohio and assumed command of it—thenceforward, called the 14th Army Corps, or Army of the Cumberland.

Shortly after Julius' arrival the following were announced as the permanent Staff of the General.

Lieutenant Colonel JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ, Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Major W. H. SIDELL, Fifteenth United States Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant General and Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer.

Major C. GODDARD, Senior Aide-de-Camp, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Captain J. BATES DICKSON, Assistant Adjutant General.

First Lieutenant HENRY STONE, First Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Major RALSTON SKINNER, Judge Advocate.

Captain CHARLES R. THOMPSON, Aide-de-Camp.

First Lieutenant FRANK S. BOND, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, Aide-de-Camp.

Second Lieutenant BYRON KIRBY, Sixth United States Infantry, Aide-de-Camp.

Captain ROBERT S. THOMS, Volunteer Aide-de-Camp.

Captain WILLIAM D. BICKHAM, Volunteer Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant Colonel A. C. DUCAT, of Illinois, Assistant Inspector General.

Captain J. C. PETERSON, Fifteenth United States Infantry, Acting Assistant Inspector General.

Captain JAS. CURTIS, Fifteenth United States Infantry, Acting Assistant Inspector General.

Lieutenant Colonel J. W. TAYLOR, Quartermaster's Department, Chief Quartermaster.

Lieutenant Colonel SAMUEL SIMMONS, Commissary of Subsistence, Chief Commissary.

Surgeon EBEN SWIFT, United States Army, Medical Director.

Surgeon — WEED, Medical Inspector.

Captain JAMES ST. CLAIR MORTON, Corps of Engineers, Chief Engineer.

Second Lieutenant GEORGE BURROUGHS, Corps of Engineers.

Second Lieutenant H. C. WHARTON, Corps of Engineers.

Captain N. MICHLER, of Topographical Engineers, Chief of Topographical Engineers.

First Lieutenant T. EDSON, Ordnance Corps, Ordnance Officer.

Brigadier General D. S. STANLEY, United States Volunteers, Chief of Cavalry.

Colonel JAMES BARNETT, First Ohio Artillery, Chief of Artillery.

Captain J. H. GILMAN, Nineteenth United States Infantry, Inspector of Artillery.

Lieutenant Colonel W. P. HEPBURN, Second Iowa Cavalry, Inspector of Cavalry.

Captain W. M. WILES, Twenty-second Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Provost Marshal General.

Captain ELMER OTIS, Fourth United States Cavalry, Chief of Courier Lines.

Captain J. H. YOUNG, Fifteenth United States Infantry, Assistant Mustering Officer.

Captain JESSE MERRILL, Volunteers, Signal Officer.

*Extracts from Mariquitta's Letters to Julius.*

“WASHINGTON, November 7, 1862.

“MY DARLING,

“The weather has been so cold since your departure that my ‘Blues’ have augmented, because I cannot see how you will be able to support your camp life.



"Your dear baby is much better, though she continues to cough a little. She still searches for you in the room, when any one inquires of her as to where you are.

"It snowed all day yesterday, and the children are now on the pavement, making snowballs and throwing them at each other.

"Mr. Sullivan \* brought me your mail yesterday, and renewed his offers of service. On leaving he said: 'Mrs. Garesché, you know that the Colonel has been kind to me, so that I will be really happy to show him how much I feel what he has done for me, and I am ready to serve you at any hour of the day or night.' \* \* \* \*

"I hardly know what I am writing, for I feel so overwhelmed, that my ideas are not clear. I wish that I could sleep from the present moment till that of your return.

"Do not refuse, I implore you, to buy all that is necessary to render you warm and comfortable during the night! Take the utmost care of yourself, my own beloved. You would certainly do so, if you could only realize what you are to me and to your children.

"Good-bye, darling, your children join me in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

"WASHINGTON, November 11, 1862.

"MY OWN BELOVED HUSBAND,

"Where are you at the present moment? I learned that you had breakfasted with the Archbishop of Baltimore, I do not understand the meaning of this. Marie and John left yesterday morning. Marie's heart was very full on leaving me. A moment after their departure Willie Keating paid me a visit, but without his wife. He made me many offers of service. He returned to Philadelphia to-day. I found him looking well.

"Yesterday I received a letter from Mamma. She did not say much and is still stunned with your departure.

"Father Maguire visited me yesterday and made me many offers of service. I did not dare to tell him that I was about to give up my pew in St. Aloysius' Church, but I am going this morning to see Father Wiget about it.

"Adèle continues to cough a little, but otherwise she seems well, and has slept a great deal better of late,—as if expressly.

"I am unable yet to realize that you have left me for a long time. I try not to think of it, not to understand it.

"I carried the two tickets to the Watsons, and asked them to have their children pray for you.

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\* Mr. Sullivan was a next door neighbor, a loyalist who had lost all his means, derived from his possessions in the South, by their confiscation by the Rebels. Through Julius' kind and generous efforts he was given a clerkship in his own office.

"*Nov. 12th.*—I do so wish that I could go to sleep now and not awaken till your return, for it is my one cry not to live away from you. I can control myself well enough up to the hour of dinner, but after that I am done for, until I retire to sleep. I sincerely hope that you do not miss me as I miss you, for it would render you incapable of fulfilling well your duties.

"Mrs. Sullivan was very much put out that you did not call to bid her good-bye. Both she and her husband render me many little acts of kindness.

"Adieu, my own darling, I am going to try and do all in my power to render myself better and more worthy of you, for I feel more than ever that I do not merit having you for my husband. The children all join me in embracing you whom we love.

"Your MARIQUITTA."

"WASHINGTON, November 12, 1862.

"MY DEARLY LOVED ONE,

"I have just received your letter dated from Cincinnati. Adèle kissed it and made me kiss it many times. She understands perfectly from whom it comes. Julio, your baby is the sweetest and the smartest baby that ever was. She remembers you undoubtedly.

"If it costs you so much to be separated from us, imagine what it must be then for me! A husband and wife who love each other as we do, ought never to be separated!

"I have paid \*Blanchard and Mohun and have their receipt.

"Your letter did me good, I feel much less unhappy since its receipt. I have read and re-read it, at least six times.

"Mr. †Hanson has offered me his services, through Mr. Sullivan. It is very sweet to me to see how much you are loved and respected here, and what a good remembrance you have left in Washington.

"The children were so sorry that you were not here this morning, to enjoy the buckwheat cakes which were very good.

"Louis has just finished his prayers, asking of God to bring you back soon. The children are all asleep, and this would be such a good time for a little chat, if you were here. Oh! how I do miss you, husband mine!

"Mrs. Harrison on leaving this evening, said that she was going to write to you to explain why she was prevented from calling to bid you Adieu.

"Last evening, I told Father Lynch that I was going to give up my pew in St. Aloysius'. He answered, that he had intended asking me to do so.

"I shall take the children to the dentist's Saturday morning.

"The evenings seem to me to be of an indefinite length. Tell me in

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\* Principal firm of Booksellers in Washington.

† Mr. Richard Hanson.

your next letter if you sleep well and if your appetite has gained by the change of air. \* \* \* \*

"My eyes burn so that I am forced to tell you good night.

"I am going to the Fair of your Society to spend some three or four dollars, knowing that I will thus please you.

"Adieu, my darling, we all unite in embracing you with all the outpouring of our hearts.

"Your MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, November 21, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"I am just in receipt of your letter of the 12th, which I read and re-read with so much pleasure. I began to be impatient at not receiving any from you, of which I stood in so great a need. I found here, awaiting my arrival, your first letter of the 7th, and then a whole week elapsed without further tidings from you. Ah! dearest, I do so love you, and my children, and my dear, dear, dear little baby! Dear little thing, so she kissed her Papa's letter, did she? I am glad to see that you all enjoy good health—very happy to learn that you intend to take the children to the dentist. You must tell Marie when she goes, that I expect her to be very brave, and she must be so to please her dear Papa, who will be so happy to hear of it.

"How are you off for money? I beg of you, darling, to answer me with precision, and especially, make out the account I asked of you and let me know the result. Alexander writes to me that you asked of him a remittance, and that he sent you \$200. This somewhat surprised me, for I thought that what with the proceeds of the gold John was to have remitted to you you would have sufficient to carry you through the month, and then you could have drawn my pay for November.

"I fear that my expenses will be very heavy. Rosecrans receives a great deal. True, he pays twice as much as the rest of us, but this does not prevent the Mess-bills from being a very serious item. Then there is so much risk to run regarding the horses and the baggage. Misfortune can so easily overtake a horse, and there are *so many* thieves in this Army. You cannot leave a horse one moment unguarded without his being stolen.

"For greater precaution, I have sent to Louisville for the purchase of a buffalo robe, every one telling me that it is worth 4 or 5 woollen coverings. I will, therefore, have no fear of the cold, though it is not cold here.

"I get along perfectly with Rosecrans; I was told that I would find him a crazy abolitionist: but, though his tendencies are somewhat in that direction, it is rather through a Catholic sentiment that he is so, and we will, therefore, thoroughly understand each other on this point.

"My position is a very fine one, and very agreeable. I think that it was all the better for me to have left Washington. I am feeling very well, I eat with an appetite, something for a long while past unknown to me. For instance, at breakfast I eat a quantity of meat, and again at supper.

Then I drink a little whisky and brandy every day, and to sum up all, I hope soon to grow fleshier.

"Good-bye, darling. I kiss you tenderly. Lovingly embrace for me our dear children. I clasp all five of you in my arms.

"Before I forget it, let me tell you that we have with us a priest, who is to accompany Rosecrans everywhere.

"Good-bye, darling,

"Yours alone,

"YOUR JULES.

"P. S. I wish that if you could form a class for the purpose, you would give Marie and Tavie dancing lessons."

*Julius to his little daughter Tavie.*

"NASHVILLE, November 26, 1862.

"MY DEAR LITTLE TAVIE,

"Papa received this morning your letter and was so glad to hear from you. Not long since Papa got a letter from Marie and answered it right away—and now Papa gets a letter from his little Tavie and answers it the same day. You must tell dear Mamma not to be anxious about Papa. Papa is perfectly well and getting fat and strong, and there is no reason why dear Mamma should be anxious about Papa. Papa's dear little girls must try and cheer dear Mamma up, and not let her get sad and sick. And the best way to do that, is to be very good and do all that Mamma tells you, and study your lessons well, and behave at school and everywhere, like little ladies. Then, you see, Mamma's thoughts will be so full of the goodness and affection of her dear little girls, that she will not have so much time to think about Papa.

"I want my little girls to study their Catechism\* well, and to ask Mamma to take them to Confession once every month.

"I want my dear little girls, too, to brush their teeth every morning and evening. Will Papa's dear little girls do all these things to please him?

"The City of Nashville, where Papa is now, is the Capital of the State of Tennessee, and is situated on the Cumberland river. If you will look on the map of the United States, you and Marie will see exactly where Papa is, and how he got here. Papa went first to Baltimore, the principal city of Maryland, situated on the Chesapeake Bay—then to Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, situated on the Susquehanna River, then to Pittsburg, which is built at the point where two rivers, the Alleghany and Monongahela, unite and make the Ohio river—then from Pittsburg, which is in Pennsylvania, Papa went through Columbus, which is in Ohio, and

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\* The principal requests of Julius to his little girls when he was absent were: always to be good, to study their Catechism well, and to brush their teeth carefully every morning and evening.



down to Cincinnati, which is the largest city in the State of Ohio, and situated on the Ohio river. All of this distance, from Washington to Cincinnati, Papa travelled by rail. At Cincinnati, Papa stopped one day and a night with Uncle Frederick. Then Papa got on a steamboat, and came down the Ohio river to Louisville, which is the largest city in the State of Kentucky. From Louisville, Papa came down by railroad to a place called Mitchellsville, which is in Tennessee, just close to the line of Kentucky. Papa slept that night at Mitchellsville in an ambulance, and was pretty cold, for he had not his bedding with him. The next day, Papa got into an ambulance, and drove down to Nashville. And now, dear child, good night. Give Mamma a sweet kiss for Papa, and one to Marie, one to Louis, and one to dear little baby. And remember Papa to Lizzie and Mary, and tell them that Papa does not forget them and hopes they are good for Mamma and for you.

"Good-bye, darling, Papa kisses you, and is

"Your own dear good,

"PAPA."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, November 14, 1862.

"MY OWN DARLING,

"The weather, here, for the last three or four days is delicious; I suppose, the Indian Summer has commenced. \* \* \*

"You ought to see Adèle in one of her fits of anger, fighting with every one who approaches her. She walks in the footsteps of her brother, and promises to become worthy of him. She is as frolicsome as can be, and makes all sorts of grimaces and does all manner of ridiculous things to make us laugh. Louis is always the object of her admiration.

"\* Mrs. Atkinson does not wish her children to continue taking dancing lessons, so that I have been unable to find the required number to form a Class.

"I am pleased to know that General Ord has been able to return to his Division, for it proves that his foot is cured. Give him many kind messages from me.

"Father Lynch took tea with us last Friday, for the first time since your departure. He begged to be warmly remembered to you.

"I cannot express the pleasure I experience in knowing that your health is improving and that your appetite is so good. Without this consolation, which is immense, I do not believe I could support our separation. But I am so convinced that it is for your good, that you will be benefited in every way, that these thoughts give me a courage which astonishes myself. In reality, I am less troubled about you now than I was the last year you spent in Washington.

"Poor Burnside has been engaged with the enemy since before yester-

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\* Mrs. Atkinson was a neighbor.

day. I have but little hope for him, though he has all my sympathies. Should the victory remain his, he would astonish very many. \* \* \*

"\* Mrs. Talbot sends you her kindest regards.

"Tavie is enchanted with her letter and will answer it to-morrow. I hear her even now reading it.

"Adèle has added to her vocabulary 'stop' and 'caracaca,' which she says with a great deal of emphasis.

"Adieu, you dear, darling, precious, sweet one. Your children join me in embracing you with all the love we bear you.

"I lovingly press you to my heart.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

"WASHINGTON, November 16th, 1862.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED,

"I received day before yesterday your letter of the 10th, and yesterday that of the 11th. I thank you for having thus thought of your poor old wife, whose one thought turns towards you. I have not written to you since Thursday, because I had the blues so painfully that I feared to communicate them to you. Up to that day, I had deluded myself with the hope that Nashville was quiet and the rebels not in its vicinity; but, on that evening, I learned that the case was quite different, that there were serious skirmishes even under the walls of that city, and then all my philosophy left me. I see you surrounded with dangers, which I had not thought of; I think, with terror, now, of those horseback rides which I had been so ambitious of for you. Altogether, I feel perfectly miserable; and, to add to my bad spirits, Marie has just had a severe attack of fever, which lasted two days and three nights, and it is only this morning that she is freed from it. \* \* \*

"Don't feel anxious about us, precious, we will get along very well, as long as we have some hope to see you again.

"I am well pleased that you bought the horses of Colonel Fry, and your

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\* Mrs. Talbot, a most excellent Catholic, was the widow of Senator Isham Talbot of Kentucky. Her son, Major Theodore Talbot, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., who died at Washington in the preceding April, was a member of Frémont's expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1845-6, and was appointed and acted as Adjutant of the Battalion of Mountaineers, Guides, etc., which co-operated with the Navy in the conquest of California. For his bravery and valuable services then he was commissioned in May, 1847, a 2nd Lieut. in the 1st Artillery. When the War broke out his Company was one of those beleaguered in Fort Sumter, and he only missed being present at the bombardment by having been selected as the bearer of confidential dispatches from Major Anderson to the U. S. Government, and, on his return to Charleston, being refused permission by the State authorities to rejoin his Company. His mother, his sister Mary and himself were great friends of Julius and Mariquitta, and were all very much indebted to Julius for many acts of generous friendship, especially during his own last illness.

mind ought to be at rest now, for you must have received my letter, in which I spoke of \*Farish having \$700 of yours in his hands. It is useless, therefore, to worry and deprive yourself of comforts of which you stand in need in your new life. Your health is too precious for you to neglect it.

"I received a telegraphic dispatch yesterday from Papa, telling me to come on immediately, that he was awaiting us. I answered him yesterday in a lengthy letter, explaining the difficulties that existed to prevent my going to St. Louis at the present moment. I fear Mamma will be hurt by my refusal. I do not know what to do. I want to do what is right, and I really do not know what it is. I do not believe that you will return here whilst a certain person is in power, and it remains to be seen how long his time will last.

"I have not as yet called on General Stone, but I will endeavor to do so to-morrow.

"The amiable attention of General Rosecrans has gained my heart, and I hope he will continue to do what depends on him to render your position agreeable, or, at least, supportable.

"Adieu, my darling, we all unite in embracing you and informing you that we love you with all the tenderness of our hearts.

"Your MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, November 28, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"Day before yesterday, all at one time, I received three long letters from you, one from Tavié, one from my little boy, and you can imagine my happiness! I think I must have received all of your letters, for I have those of the 7th, 11th, 12th, 16th, and two of the 18th. The reason of my being deprived of your letters at first, was that the Mail Agents forwarded them by way of Cairo, a useless journey of several hundred miles, which I have asked of the Postmaster at Washington to avoid for the future. Perhaps you would do better to inscribe on your letters '*via Louisville*.'

"I am perfectly well, eating like an ogre. You would not recognize me. Even at supper, I eat quantities of meat. I feel that I am gaining in strength and that I begin to grow fleshier. The other day, I accompanied Gen. Rosecrans in a ride on horseback of at least 16 miles. One of the Generals here told me that I should not so soon have taken so long a ride; but so far from causing me the least fatigue, it really did me good. I get along most smoothly with Rosecrans. He is at most but little in advance of me in his Abolitionist views. And in regard to the Secessionists, he is as good and humane as it is possible to be. For, truthfully, there are so many among them, even among the most respectable, and among those who should be esteemed as the most honorable, who break their faith with us and abuse

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\* Edward T. Farish of St. Louis, married to Julius' sister Lily, a promising young lawyer and later Counsellor of the City of St. Louis. He was related to the powerful family of Hamilton in Scotland.



the privileges we accord them, by giving information to the enemy, that there is no other way left for our protection than to refuse them every thing. Nevertheless, Rosecrans never tires in according them favors, which many of his officers condemn as impolitic. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged, that our soldiers commit many depredations and do a great deal of injury to the people of the country, and, too, without making any distinction between Unionists and Secessionists. It is impossible to restrain them, and it makes one's heart bleed to see the ravages and hear the recital of the outrages which have been committed. They have been so exceedingly numerous and it is such an utter impossibility to prevent them, that wearied of resistance one finishes by becoming accustomed to them.

"Almost simultaneously with my arrival here I received a letter from your Mother and one from Octavie, both of which were very affectionate. Your Mother was very much affected by the orders I had received, and by your loneliness, and inquired of me if I had any objection to your going with your children to St. Louis. She is very desirous that you should do so and promised me should I consent, that she would thereupon join you, and remain with you in St. Louis, to aid you with the children. I answered her immediately, in a very grateful and affectionate letter, and frankly told her the reason I had expressed to you to remain in Washington, but that I had, however, left you perfectly free to make your own choice. I also answered Octavie's letter.

"Here, it is not very cold. But I have at last my buffalo robe, with which, and my three woollen coverings, I need have no fear of the cold. Since my arrival here no rain has fallen, save a slight sprinkle, hence you can appreciate how little reliance is to be placed in what the Papers recite of us. The skirmishes which you read of are mere trifles, to which we pay no attention. Do not, my dear little darling, permit yourself to be worried about them, for really it would be too ridiculous. Besides; remember this, that so perfectly am I out of danger, that, except in the case of a great battle, I would not be within *sound* even of the cannon. Moreover, even in the case of a great battle, I would be but seldom under fire. At the battle of Perryville Buell was not within three miles of the battlefield—so, too, with McClellan. And the reason of this is, that with armies so large, the line of battle occupies a front of from seven to eight miles. Hence, the Commander-in-Chief, to be of easy access to the different corps of his Army, must be at a certain distance in the rear. To sum up all, my darling, believe me, when I tell you, that I may go through several battles without even being exposed to fire.

"Good-bye, my own dear darling, my own beloved wife. Kiss our dear little children for me, and believe in the affection which is felt for you by your own husband,

"JULIUS.

"Remember me to \* Lizzie and \* Mary."

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\* Lizzie and Mary were Mariquitta's servants.



*Mariquitta to Julius.*

“WASHINGTON, November 21, 1862.

“MY OWN SWEETEST,

“Your letter of the 14th came yesterday, and it *breathed* such an air of satisfaction, that it satisfied me also, and I promised myself no longer to become discouraged.

“General Rosecrans has all my sympathies, owing to the friendship he shows you, and I am in hopes that you both are going to perform marvels. I desire peace more than ever, and yet, would you believe it, I am getting ambitious, and, for your sake, would like General Rosecrans to distinguish himself before the War is over.

“I am very contented to see how satisfied you are with your horses, although I still dread those horseback rides, lest you make them too long; for, if what they say here be true, the rebels are very near Nashville.

“You will doubtless ask why Alexander wrote to me. In reply, I will say that when I learned of his having funds of yours, and in my doubt as to whether I would go to St. Louis, I begged him to send me \$100 to pay Maguire & Co., before my departure. In lieu of \$100, he sent me \$200, saying that I might find myself in trouble for want of money, and that it was better to have more than less.

“At the same time that I received his letter I also received one from Mamma and one from Octavie, begging me to come to St. Louis for the Winter. Poor Mamma seemed so sad and frightened at my loneliness that really last evening I was almost resolved to leave next week, renting my house all furnished to the first of April. I asked Lizzie if she would go with me, and she at once answered: ‘Oh! yes mam,’ and will you believe it, Mary is very jealous of this preference. I then went to sleep with the perspective of going, to the great satisfaction of the children; but this morning, when I considered the difficulties that presented themselves, I asked myself whether I ought not to remain, though my heart called me out there. Mr. Sullivan, whom I consulted this morning, assured me that he feared if I went to St. Louis, it would raise enemies against you, would cause you to be looked upon with suspicion, and that he thought it more prudent on my part to stay. I take your position too much to heart, my own darling, to expose you to lose it through my fault and I will accordingly try to keep courage.

“The cough of your baby continues a little at night, but otherwise she is very well, eats like a little wolf, and becomes more and more smart. She makes frantic efforts to talk.

“Marie is over her fever, but suffers from her ear at night. She has not been to school the whole week.

“Tavie is good as usual, but very much disgusted this morning, because I am not packing my trunks.

"I had two royal battles with Louis yesterday, and gained the advantage ; this morning he is a model of goodness.

"It is raining since Monday, and to-day is Friday, what think you of this? I cannot go out, and believe that the best thing for me to do is to write to General Stone, or, now that I think of it, I will ask \*Carb Lay to carry to him the papers you left for him.

"Adieu, my darling, we all unite in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, December 1, 1862.

"MY OWN DEAR LITTLE WIFE,

"I love you! Do you believe it? You dear little, sweet thing. I have just received your letter of the 21st, and it did me so much good to see you so brave and to have such a good long letter from you, that I sit down at once to try to answer it. I do not know whether I shall be allowed to do so, but I will try anyway. Poor Louis' letter has to be postponed. I intended to write to him first. But you can tell him that I hear he was quite naughty one day, and so he must wait a day or two for his letter.

"Yesterday, I was quite sad all day, for I had heard of Alex, † Parker, Juliette and even poor Laura's having been assessed, and really, I could not see what was the use of people's taking the oath of allegiance and honorably keeping it, when they were to be hunted down and persecuted and robbed in this way. I had, therefore, need of your letter, my dear wife, to cheer me up and put me in better spirits.

"As regards going to St. Louis, I have no advice to give you. I do not attach much importance to what Mr. Sullivan says. I attach more to the possibility of your having difficulty with your Mother and Sisters, on account of their political feelings. But, as I said before, my dear Mariquitta, I leave you free to do just as you think best and yourself prefer.

"Pay Mr. Fisher and Dr. Johnston, by all means; Mr. Fisher as soon as you possibly can. Every thing is so uncertain, that while we have the money to do it, let us pay every thing we owe, and contract *no debts*. I have already written to you, to say that I will not need my pay for November and, therefore, that you had better draw it on the pay accounts I left, signed, with you, on my departure.

"I can't tell you, dearest, how much I enjoy riding, and being the owner of two such good horses. One of them is a little mare, not so very

\* Capt. Carbery Lay, U. S. A., one of the sons of Mr. Richard Lay of Washington, and, like all his family, a devoted friend to Julius and his little family. He owed his commission to Julius' kindness, as did also his brother Richard.

† Parker Norris, of an old and wealthy Philadelphia family. He was then living in St. Louis and was married to Julius' sister Mary.

little either, black as jet, and a perfect little beauty! Fry valued her very highly, and I had to pay \$30 more for her than for the other one.

"I was both astonished and amused to hear that you are actually becoming ambitious on my account. I can't say that I am. All I hope for, is to do my duty and to give satisfaction to the Army with which I am serving. It is a very fine Army—there are among the volunteer officers serving with it some really capital soldiers and very agreeable gentlemen. My intercourse with the Generals and with General Rosecrans' staff is very pleasant. I have met several old *friends* here—Generals \* Thomas, Schuyler † Hamilton &c., and made many agreeable acquaintances. Among the officers of the regular Army, high in command here, is one to whom I have taken a great fancy, Major General McCook, who commands the Right Wing of the Army. He is such a generous, whole-souled fellow.

"As for your ambition, I think it will be gratified, so far as Rosecrans is concerned. For he is, undoubtedly, the best general we have now in command. I was astonished to find what a transformation has taken place in the man. He is no longer the same man I used to know, but a sharp, fearless, determined man, quick as lightning in all he does, and who makes every thing *move*. He will not easily be beaten, and is sure, I think, to beat any army that the Rebels can bring against him. Indeed, I don't think they will dare accept battle from him.

"And, now, good-bye, my dear pet. Kiss our dear little children, all of them, for me, Marie, Tavie, Louis and Adèle,—my own little pets. And do not forget to remember me to Lizzie and Mary. I was very much pleased to hear that both of them were willing and anxious to go with you, if you went to St. Louis. Tell them I am pleased to hear that they are good girls.

"I clasp you, dearest, within my arms, and kiss you with all the earnest affection with which I love you.

"Your JULES."

*Julius to his little boy Louis.*

"HEAD QUARTERS FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

"Department of the Cumberland,

"NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, December 3, 1862.

"MY OWN DEAR LITTLE BOY LOUIS,

"Is my little boy well and is he a good boy? Papa hopes so. For, now that Papa is gone away from home, my dear little Louis must be a very good boy. He must take care of his dear Mamma and do every thing she asks him, and be good to his little Sisters, and not quarrel or fight with them, and not tease them, and love dear little Adèle.

"Papa has two fine horses—one is a sorrel horse, and the other is a pretty little black mare. And Papa loves to ride them, and Papa wishes he could let his dear little Louis ride them. If Louis gets well and is a good

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\* Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, commanding the Centre Wing.

† Gen. Schuyler Hamilton was a classmate of Julius at West Point.

boy, maybe Papa will bring home his pretty little black mare for Louis to ride on. But Papa can't promise to do it, unless Louis is very good.

"Good-bye, my own dear little boy. Papa loves you very much. Kiss dear, dear Mamma, and Marie, and Tavie, and little Adèle for dear

"PAPA.

"Remember Papa to Miss \*Sisy and Miss Mary—and to Lizzie and Mary."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, November 29, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"Ten days have passed by since I last heard from you, with the exception of your little letter to Marie, which rendered her very happy.

"Octavie went with me to Dr. Donaldson's on Tuesday last, and very obediently allowed him to extract a little tooth. Marie consents to go this morning to Dr. Hunt, but I doubt whether the result of this visit will be as satisfactory.

"I have just had another battle with my son, and, as usual, he is charming ever since.

"Mr. Sullivan told me that they had received at the War Department a telegraphic dispatch from you, saying that you were well, so that I have not been so anxious; still, I find it painful to remain so many days without a word of affection from you. I believe that my former jealousy for General Rosecrans will recommence, for it seems to me that he ought to leave you a little more time for your poor old wife. I am no longer thinking of leaving Washington for the time being.

"Mrs. † Vincent called on me and repeated her husband's offers of service. Mrs. Goddard also called. I did not see her, but she told Mary that she was very desirous of having news of the Colonel.

"I send you Mamma's last letter, thinking that you will read it with pleasure. It has confirmed me in my resolution of remaining here.

"Good-bye, my own darling, your children join me in embracing you with all the tenderness of our love.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, December 6, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"To-day only I received your letter of the 29th, enclosing me one from your Mother. I read both with a great deal of pleasure. But I do not

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\* Miss Lucretia and Miss Mary Kerr, young Catholic ladies who kept a select private school for girls, which little Marie, Tavie, and Louis—the only privileged boy, excepting another—attended. Julius had shown great kindness to these young ladies and their widowed mother.

† Wife of Major Thomas M. Vincent, an able young Artillery officer recently appointed to the Adjutant General's Corps, and a graduate of West Point.



understand, darling, how you can have been so long without a letter from me, as I have written to you so regularly.

"I am glad to learn, through the children, that you are about to give them dancing lessons. It is one of the *very best* things we can do for our little Marie: let it then be done while we have the funds. For we cannot count upon the Future, in the midst of such a Revolution as that in which we are now living. I say this, through no sentiment of fear, for I have a great deal more hope since my arrival here—but through prudence. I cannot explain it, and yet my hopes constantly increase. And, I begin to think that Father Maguire is not very far from the truth, in his observation that all will be arranged in January. I do not go so far, because I cannot believe that any Peace is possible with the present Congress. But their term expires the 4th of next March. And, I would not be at all surprised to learn that within a month later measures would be taken in the interest of Peace. And, do you know, I believe that the only great battle will be here, right on our Line, and that the only great victory of this War will, again, be borne off by *our Army*. This thought, I assure you, inspires me!

"I am well pleased to know that my little Tavie has had so bravely taken out, the tooth which has tormented me. What did the Dentist say of her teeth, has he again thought that it would be necessary to put bands of metal in her mouth, in order to correct the teeth which are hooked together? And my little Marie, did she have the courage to permit the extraction of the teeth, required to be taken out?

"I had another affectionate letter to-day from your Mother. And the other day, I had another from Octavie. Both gave me such pleasure, they breathed such a sincere affection for you and for me. It is pleasant to see one's self so well loved!

"I am in splendid health. This life suits me. I eat always with a formidable appetite, and drink no little whisky. There is so much talking going on around me, that I cannot keep my thoughts on what I am writing.

"Adieu, my dearly loved wife, embrace our dear little children very tenderly for me. Never omit to remember me to Fathers Lynch and Maguire. Kind messages to Lizzie and Mary.

"Again, do I embrace you, my dear Mariquitta, and ever remain,

"Your loving husband,

"JULES."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, November 30th, 1862.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,

"At length, I have received your letter of the 21st, and it proves that many of mine have been lost, which profoundly disgusts me and disheartens me for the future.

"What you relate of your appetite delights me, and I hope that your

Mess will continue to be satisfactory. At any rate, I shall not touch your pay for November until I am certain that you have less need of it than myself.

"I am very, very happy that you get along so well with General Rosecrans. Remember what Father Maguire told you, that you were not responsible for the actions of your superiors. It is such a good counsel, that I love to refresh my memory with it.

"Since you desire it, I shall commence giving my little girls their dancing lessons this week.

"I am as economical as you can wish; I watch my grocery books as a cat does its little ones, and I keep a daily account of all I buy from Stewart. \* \* \*

"Poor Mamma rends my heart with her supplications, and it costs me more than I can express to you to have to afflict her by my refusals, but I feel too strongly that my duty lies in that way, to give in, and I try to console her by writing to her very frequently.

"The children are all well. Marie and Tavie apply themselves to their music, and I am satisfied with their progress; but I cannot say the same thing of Marie's bravery. I can never induce her to go to the dentist's.

"Louis has spent his afternoon in copying my accounts; he is more mischievous than ever, and deserves a spanking every day.

"Adèle has almost cut two other teeth, that is to say, I have hardly slept of late.

"Carb Lay told me the other day, that you were very much regretted at the Office. \* \* \*

"Adieu, darling, we all join in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, December 10, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"I received the other day your letter of the 30th November. I wrote you a line, day before yesterday, on receiving your letter, which I slipped into the one I wrote to Tavie. I have had no news from you since. I do not understand, darling, how it is that you are so long without my letters. For, I have endeavored to profit by the time we spend in the city to write to you as often as I can. I do not think that I have allowed four days to pass by since my arrival here, without writing either to you or to the children. The only thing that I do not like in the idea of our placing ourselves in the country, is the fear that I shall then no longer have the opportunity of writing to you as often as I would wish. My little darling, I love you with all my heart, and would wish to spare you all care, all anxiety, all heart-ache. And, knowing your disposition to be anxious, I am always considering the means of dispelling your anxiety. Excepting that, there is no reason why I should not wish to be in a tent and in the

country. In the first place, I shall there be less at a desk, I shall be more on horseback. Then, I wish to see, to assist in a great battle. Now, my dear little Quiquitta, let me tell you that you will have no reason to be alarmed about me. You know that I have presentiments, which will fail to be ever realized, and I have a rooted presentiment that no harm will befall me—that, on the contrary, I shall come out of this War with a higher rank and more elevated position, although I am not ambitious for them.

“I like very much my Service. My position is very fine. I am pleased to be in the midst of these brave soldiers of the West, who are so different and so much superior to the Yankees. My relations with our Generals are very agreeable. Already my name is known throughout this Army. And what proves it to me is that—an unheard of and unknown thing to me before—every one here knows how to write it correctly. At Washington, all the letters I received bore my name written in an atrocious fashion; whereas, here, they are all correctly addressed.

“I continue to get along perfectly well with Rosecrans. In spite of all I was told about his being such an Abolitionist, etc., I see that he is nothing of the sort. He is very humane, very generous to the Secessionists, even more so, than I would dare to be. But his reputation of an Abolitionist permits him to do a great many things that I could not do.

“All the Court\* of Buell is here just now, Buell and Ord among the number. Ord walks very well without the assistance of crutches, although his leg is not yet very strong.

“I am very much displeased that Marie would not allow her tooth to be extracted. I trust she will end by consenting.

“I would dearly love to find myself among you all, even but for a moment, to have you in my arms, to caress my children, to have my dear little baby on my shoulder!

“Tell me how much money my brother members made with their two Concerts?

“I must now tell you Adieu, darling, for there are so many in the room, that I no longer know what I am saying.

“I met here a charming young Hoban, nephew of Father Hoban. The d'Ouville family is also here, and I learned this through Capt. Crofton who is likewise here; but I have not as yet had the time to call upon them.

“Day before yesterday, Rosecrans expected to have a battle. For myself, I predicted that the enemy had not the least idea of attacking us, and I had good reason to think so. For they are still falling back in our rear, and I doubt exceedingly whether we shall succeed in obtaining a battle during this campaign.

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\* Military Commission, in session Nov. 24, 1862–May 10, 1863, to investigate Gen. Buell's Campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky, and of which Gen. Ord was a member. Gen. Ord was severely wounded at the Battle of the Hatchie Oct. 5, 1862, while in command.

"Adieu, my dearly beloved wife, I embrace you, as also our dear little children, with all my heart. A thousand kind messages to Fathers Lynch, Maguire, and Early, and to all my friends. Many kind messages also to Lizzie and Mary.

"Wholly yours for life,  
"JULES."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, December 4, 1862.

"DEAR JULIO,

"Tavie received your letter yesterday, and was enchanted, but Marie's jealousy was excited, because Tavie's letter was longer than hers, and Louis thinks you make him wait too long for your answer to his. \* \* \*

"I sent Colonel Fry \$25, but he refused to take it, saying that you owed him nothing further on the horses.

"I keep my accounts with an exactness that is admirable. As I told you in my last letter, I prefer that *you* only should touch your pay for this month, for I imagine that you must be in need of it, and I do not want you to appear shabby among the circle of officers you form part of.

"Baby has cut two other teeth; she says very distinctly, 'Papa, Papa, my Papa.'

"Father Maguire was here yesterday and charged me with many kind messages for you.

"Yesterday, I called at Harvey's to pay him for half a ton of coal. He inquired after you, and said that the members of the \* Society prayed for you, all in unison, at every one of their meetings, and in particular every day, all of which makes me feel very kindly disposed towards the Society.

"I would like to know if you think often of your old wife, who misses you so much at each hour of the day and night; but even whilst I am thinking of you, I have courage to endure your absence, because I think it is beneficial for you, and really I am less worried about you now than when you were here. *True love is not selfish, and I do love you with all the fervor of my heart.*

"Mr. Callan told C. yesterday that he unceasingly heard expressions of regret at your absence, and that the only thought which consoled your friends was, that their loss was your gain.

"Mr. Clymmer informed me, he had heard that General Lorenzo Thomas was furious when he returned from Harrisburg, and swore and protested against your departure, and that it is generally believed, that had he been here, you would not have gone. \* \* \*

"Adieu, my own darling, I thank you for having answered Mamma and Octavie, for they desired ardently to have news direct from you. Your little darlings join me in embracing you as we love you.

"Your MARIQUITTA."

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\* Society of St. Vincent de Paul.



*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, December 13, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"I received yesterday your letter of the 4th, and it gave me a great deal of pleasure. I am happy to see with what courage you bear my absence. It tranquillizes my mind, and leaves me more at liberty to apply myself to my duties—and even fills me with courage. Dear little one, I love you much more thus. And the further I proceed, the more am I pleased to have come here, to find myself in the midst of the War, to feel that I am at last—a *Soldier*. I am happy and contented. I enjoy my position, which is even more magnificent than the one I occupied in Washington. Every day, I make new acquaintances. There is another thing of which I am excessively proud—can you imagine what it can be? Do you recall how often I expressed to you the desire I had to possess one day a horse of my own? Well! I have two, with which I am enchanted, and which receive every day compliments from all who see them. I am sorry that Fry would not take the additional \$25, for I cannot doubt but that these horses are worth even more. I believe that I could sell my mare at any price, for it is such a beautiful little animal, and has so many good qualities. The horse is also beautiful, strong and gentle—all that I could desire. With my horror of incurring obligations, I do not like to owe this to Fry, warm friend that he is.

"I regret to learn that my little Marie felt jealous at Tavie's receiving a longer letter than she did. My reason for doing this was, that having commenced relating to Tavie my trip, the recital was prolonged by the necessity of making them thoroughly comprehend the route I had taken. I say '*them*,' because the fact is, that I wished to give to both a lesson in Geography.

"Well! my Mariquitta, what do you think now of my poor Society? I cannot tell you how touched I was to learn that they are praying for me! I believe they love me, and I am very confident that their prayers will procure for me the grace of God.

"*Sunday, Dec. 14th.*—Darling, I love you and am constantly thinking of you, of our children, and of the moment of my return—which, I believe, is not far distant. Every thing goes to prove that there is an immense change in public opinion—that both sides are painfully wearied with the War. They talk of Peace so strongly just now, that the War cannot last longer than six months at the farthest. I shall, naturally enough, not be sorry; and yet, to confess the truth to you, I am pleased with this life.

"I should love to hear my dear little baby say '*Papa*'—how sweet she must be! Have the children yet commenced their dancing lessons?

"I do not believe that we shall succeed in obtaining a battle. The Confederates have lately advanced upon us, but without daring to attack us, and they hold themselves in readiness to fold up their baggage and decamp the moment we shall march upon them.

"Good-bye, my darling. Embrace very tenderly for me our dear little children. Give many kind messages from me to *all* our friends, not forgetting Lizzie and Mary.

"I lovingly embrace you and am always

"YOUR JULIO."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, December 6, 1862.

"MY BELOVED,

"Every thing is frozen in me excepting my love for you, and I am happy to know that you do not suffer from the cold in Nashville as we do here. On leaving St. Patrick's after Mass, every one was complaining. I stopped at Mrs. Lay's with the children to warm ourselves, for we could not walk. I can hardly believe that there was any fire in the church.

"Marie is pale and thin, the other children are well. Louis is as bad as ever. I have just had another battle with him, and I do not know whom to call victorious.

"Is your chaplain a Jesuit, and what is his name?

"It seems as if a year must have elapsed since your departure. Never has a month seemed so long. Oh! my Julio, my Julio, will we ever meet again! Without any visible cause, I have felt so saddened since yesterday, that I fear it must mean that you are suffering in some manner or other.

"I shall send all my letters for the future via Louisville, so that they may arrive without any delay.

"Let me tell you that Tavie applies herself with great fervor to her music and is making marked progress. She shows an ardor that amuses me, and which comes from her desire to overtake Emma.\*

"Your baby is becoming sweeter every day. She has made great advancement in smartness since your departure. \* \* \* \*

"Good night, my darling, I will close my letter to-morrow morning; for now I must go to bed as Miss mouse† calls me.

"Before I forget it, let me ask you for an explanation of General Rosecrans' order that his Staff should assist at Mass on Wednesdays. This order puzzles a great many persons.

"Dec. 7th.—I have only time to tell you Adieu. We are all well this morning, and all join in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"YOUR MARIQUITTA."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, December 11, 1862.

"MY BELOVED,

"I have been suffering so much from my eyes during the last few days that it was impossible for me to write to you. I sincerely hope this delay

\* Emma Atkinson, a little playmate.

† Little Adèle, his baby.

will cause you no alarm. We are all well, aside from the blues that I have had most intensely at times.

"Louis received yesterday your letter of the 3rd, and has made his sisters and me read it again and again. We found it upon our return from the Fair for the Orphans of the ladies of St. Joseph's Convent, where we had spent \$4 for your intention. Every evening we all say together a Decade of Beads, asking of the Blessed Virgin to protect you and return you soon to our caresses.

"You ought to see the seriousness with which Adèle is sitting right opposite to me in her little chair playing with a spool of thread. \* \* \*

"Dec. 12th.—I went to sleep last evening with a heavy heart, because I saw in the *\*Evening Star* that Nashville was menaced by an immense army. The War has a very serious appearance at this moment.

"Your baby is too, too sweet, and so smart. Her favorite position now is, to place herself on her knees before a chair.

"If I could send you all the letters that are in my *thoughts* before I retire to rest, and when I am awakened during the night, you would already have a volume. Do you think as much of me as that, you sweet, darling one!

"Adieu, my dearest, we all unite in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"Your MARIQUITA."

*Julius to Mariquita.*

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 17, 1862.

"MY OWN DARLING WIFE,

"Just at this moment I received your letter of the 11th December, and am happy to perceive how very much you love me. I, too, my pet, do most tenderly love you, and dwell on the pleasure of the moment when we shall meet again. And yet, I must say, that I do not regret having left Washington. In every respect, it was to my advantage. Very certainly, I would have ended in a quarrel with Stanton, and I would have been too much excited to have remained amongst those outrageous and devil beset abolitionists. While here, we know nothing of their deviltries. We have no time to read the papers, and politics are rarely mentioned. I am on good terms with everybody. I eat well, sleep well, my mind is at rest, and I am getting fleshier. I was astonished, on taking my bath this morning, to find how much flesh I had gained. Arms and limbs were so round and solid, that I felt proud of myself.

"Before I forget it, let me ask of you, my dear pet, to send ten cents to each of the little Watsons. I had promised this to them, if they would learn to say well their prayers, which they had almost accomplished, before my departure.

"A few days since, I received a letter from Montgomery Blair, and it

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\* Daily evening newspaper in Washington.

gave me great pleasure. On learning of the assessment imposed on Alexander, I wrote to him to protest against it. His reply was a very kind one in its tone, and he promised that he would do all that lay in his power to have those of Alexander and Parker set aside, and announced to me that he had made an effort to have even that of Juliette released. He closed by saying, 'I know Alexander Garesché well. I have long known him to be an honest man and a sincere patriot. He is rather impulsive and is thus led sometimes into errors—but who is not? But he has the courage, which few have, always to correct them and make amends.'

"You have given me real pleasure, in telling me that my dear little Tavie makes such progress in her music: and, since such is the case, and the poor little thing is so eager to learn music, let her continue her lessons. But you do not, my darling, tell me whether they have begun their dancing lessons.

"I see that my son is very naughty, and that my dear little baby is as sweet as possible. I do miss her so much!

"Tell Louis that I have the prettiest black mare one can see, and that I thought that on my return home I would take it with me and give it to him. But if he continues to be so bad, he shall never have it.

"Our Chaplain is Father Treacy. He is not a Jesuit, but he is an old acquaintance of mine, whom I had twice aided in obtaining from the War Department something he wished. To answer another of your questions, I do not know who invented the silly story that Rosecrans compelled his officers to attend Mass every Wednesday. Neither on Wednesday, nor on Sunday, has he ever made such a request, even of any of his Aides-de-Camp. Of about the twenty officers of his Staff, I am the only Catholic.

"Did you have the cushions of your pew at St. Aloysius' transferred to St. Patrick's?

"Good-bye, 'my own Mariquitta.' Very tenderly kiss for me our dear little children. Give plenty of kind messages from me to all of our friends; and do not forget to remember me to Lizzie and Mary. Fondly do I clasp you in my arms and am always, darling,

"Your own

"JULIO."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 18, 1862.

"MY SWEETEST,

"Though I wrote to you yesterday, and the horses, already saddled, are hitched before the door, ready for a ride, I must take with the General—but who is detained—I will, at least, begin this letter to you, my darling wife, to thank you for your *sweet* one of the 11th, which I have just received. To see how much you love me, is to me a source of the sweetest emotions. And I, too, dearly love you, my pet,—paying to you, in this respect, a full return. I look forward with such delight to the moment of



our reunion, and with such a fervent wish that we may never again be separated. And yet, this enforced absence benefits me in many respects; but, once over, I do not desire ever again to leave you. But to repeat, more than one advantage results from this absence; some of them I have already mentioned. But there is another, and it is the most important. It is this, that here—far removed from the Maelstrom and distraction of politics, my mind has resumed its wonted calm. My heart, rid of the violent feelings which there stifled it, here more readily turns to God. I no longer am, or at least but little am, tempted to offend Him. I feel that I am much better, and I hope that with all of the good prayers which are being offered to God for me, that I will obtain from him the grace never again seriously to offend Him. I do not experience the least disposition to do so. A great calm reigns within me—I no longer worry over things I can't prevent—I no longer become irritated against those who, according to my ideas, are leading the country to ruin—I leave every thing in the hands of God, do my duty—and hope!

“Let me thank you, my dear pet, for having, at last, given me the information I asked, and I compliment you upon your economy. If your future expenses, per month, do not exceed those of November—especially if the \$8.40 paid to Blanchard & Mohun are to be included in the \$162—we will get along splendidly, a great deal better than I had dared to hope. I have not yet made the estimate of what will be my own expenses, but I judge they will amount to at least \$100, per month, for I plainly perceive that I must employ another servant.

“Do you know that I was deeply touched to learn that you regularly, every day, with our little children, said a decade of beads for me! I so love to see you thus occupied! And I hope that my little darlings will thus acquire the habit of saying their beads—a habit, which would last them throughout life. Try to impress on their tender hearts a great confidence in the Blessed Virgin, and a great love for her. And do not omit to make them go every month to Confession.

“Do not, my pet, worry yourself about me. I am under the protection of God, and of the Blessed Virgin; be sure that no harm will befall me. I have a profound conviction that I will return safe and sound. Rosecrans has never yet lost a battle. He has now a magnificent Army. It is not now, that he would allow himself to be beaten by an Army like that of Bragg. And as for the skirmishes, which occur every day between the outposts, they are trifles which do not concern me. I have not yet *seen* the enemy. Burnside, I see, has been repulsed. Mark my prediction, McClellan will again be recalled to the head of that Army, and then Stanton will vacate. A trial may, perhaps, be made of Hooker before then, but he will be *recalled*.

“*Dec. 19th.*—Little else, my Mariquitta, have I to add, except that I love you, very much, with all my heart—and when I think of it, and I often take it as the subject of my meditation, I am happy to think that

you are my wife, happy to think that I am so loved by you and that, after all, we have been created for each other. What think you of this?

"Embrace my darling little loves for me. Tell them that Papa very often thinks of them and would dearly love to be able to see them from time to time. Many kind messages to all of our friends, and always remember me to Lizzie and Mary. If they know that I always ask this, that I speak and think of them, they will feel as if they made part of the family and will give you less trouble.

"Now, darling, I must say to you good night. I clasp you tenderly in my arms and remain,

"Your JULIO."

This letter, mentioning his feeling that he could never again sin, his "not experiencing the least disposition to do so," seemed to poor Mariquitta to betoken so plainly his approaching end, so characteristic of that terrible event, that her loving heart was filled with an indescribable anxiety and anguish—knowing already the prophecy of his death and his own presentiments thereof, notwithstanding his solicitous attempts to dispel her fears on the subject, both before and after he joined the Army of the Cumberland. And now only too truly were her anxious fears to be realized, for a few days afterwards, and before he received her troubled answer, the painful intelligence was received of his death.

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 21, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"I wrote to you but two days ago, but as I have a leisure moment, I begin a bit of a letter to tell you, my dear wife, that I dearly love you, that I am constantly thinking of you—for some days past, much more than I was able to do upon my arrival here. For then, all my duties were new to me, I had every thing to learn, and yet my whole duty had as thoroughly to be performed as if I were perfectly familiar with it. Naturally, my mind was very much preoccupied. But now that I have acquainted myself with my duties, I have more time to think of you—and very often, and very tenderly do I think of you, my dearest, whom I love with all my heart. My darling, I love you dearly, and I love to see that you love me as much.

"The other day, I had a letter from Farish in which I learn that Mary and Parker have left. Poor Lily is in despair. It pains me to see my family, which has always been so united, begin thus to scatter. Still, it could no longer be questioned that the change was necessary for Mary's health, ruined as it was. The physicians appear to think that the climate

of California, which has proved so beneficial to so many broken down constitutions, may restore her. At all events, it was her only chance. You will confer a great pleasure on me, my dear wife, if you would, at once, write to Mary, who must now be in Philadelphia, to invite her to come and spend a few days with you. She has never stayed beneath my roof. I would like, moreover, for my children to become acquainted with their little cousins, before they go so far away. Mary sails from New York City for California on the 12th of January. Farish informs me that, by order of the President, all of the St. Louis assessments have been set aside. I do hope that whatever may happen, they will, at least, let Alexander alone. Unless the rumored Cabinet changes occur, and the Radicals obtain possession of them, then poor Missouri would suffer. But their reign would not last beyond the 4th of March.

"Last night, I paid a visit to \*Madame d'Ouville, but I did not succeed in seeing her. I rang twice at the house pointed out to me as her residence—the house of the same Yeatmans of St. Louis, who dwelt there in Yeatman Row—and though a lady came to reconnoitre me from a window, still she would not open the door. It is true, that the house was a very large one, with a large wing attached, which I mistook for the house itself, hence I rang at the side door. Possibly, therefore, the lady may have thought that I had evil intentions. The fact is, that we have among our soldiers so large a number of bandits, thieves, &c., that the citizens may well hold us in dread.

"Just this moment I received your letter of the 14th, which, as usual, though addressed via Louisville, and despite my protests to the Post Master at Washington, again took the route of Cairo. General Rosecrans has written to the Post Master General, to complain of it. If you should see † Mr. Lay, inquire of him why they will persist in such *stupidity*.

"Embrace my dear little children for me. And for yourself, my sweet, receive a thousand tender kisses from your

"JULIO.

"Many kind messages to all of our friends—to Lizzie and Mary."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 24, 1862.

"MY OWN DARLING,

"I am thinking of you and my dear little children, this day before Christmas, with tender affection—and I see my little ones all expectation

\* Madame Augusta de Zavallos d'Ouville, a connection of Mariquitta and related through her own family, the De Zavallos, to the most illustrious houses in Spain, and through her husband's, the d'Ouilles, to the old *noblesse* of France. She was on a visit to Nashville, and was now compelled to remain there, owing to the military movements.

† Mr. Richard Lay, a most estimable old Catholic gentleman, held a position in the Post Office Department.



and excitement at the coming of Christmas, with its presents and merry times. And I see my poor dear wife—all the brightness without casting a shadow within—saddened by the very joy of her children—and thinking of her poor dear Julio far away! Is it not so, my own pet? I know that, and feel for my own little wife, for she loves me and cannot help feeling so—and yet, I am perfectly well, and as happy and satisfied as I *can* be, away from my own dear home-circle.

“We will move forward to-morrow and I am heartily glad of it. I want to be in the field—not in an office, and a city. I have been longing for some time past to get off, and in the saddle.

“I am by no means sure that we will move far, indeed hardly think we will. And I feel perfectly sure that the rebels will not fight us, but will, on the contrary, fall back before us. I have predicted this from the moment I came here, and became well acquainted with our situation. And, though the enemy has several times threatened an attack upon our lines, so that even Rosecrans firmly believed that we were about to be attacked right away, yet my confidence on that point has never, *for one moment*, wavered. And you see, my darling, I was right. My reason for this belief has been, that we have a better and a larger Army than they, that *we want* a battle—therefore, they *can't desire* it. It would be very bad policy in them to fight us. They can worry, and disappoint our object much more by leading us on, and on, making it more difficult for us to supply our Army, and compelling us at length to stop dead short, from sheer inability to wagon, over bad roads, to such a distance, the immense quantity of supplies needed for so large an Army.

“To-day, I received a note from Madame d'Ouille, to the effect, that having heard of my visit the other evening, she sent me her excuses; because, just as I had supposed, she had not, through fear, received me; and begging of me to renew my call, as she had a very great desire to receive news of your family.

“You do not know, my darling, how much it costs me to be deprived of all the pleasure I had promised myself in seeing my little flower, my dear baby, my Adèle expand. I do so like my babies when at her age—and they, too, have always loved me. I love just as dearly my other children, but with them a few months or even a year effects but little change—but in the case of my Adèle, it will make a very great difference. It is a real privation for me. To supply as far as possible for my absence, you must frequently speak to me of her, relate to me all her pretty little tricks. Thus I shall seem to see her, and I shall enjoy, in a measure, her presence.

“You speak to me of Octavie's joy over the receipt of my letter, had not Marie also received hers? For, I wrote two letters to Marie, two to Tavie, and one to Louis. I fear that I will no longer be able to write often to you. And, moreover, as we break off here with the Mail, I expect my letters will meet with great delays and that for want of my letters you may become *anxious*. This worries me, but *try*, my darling, not to be un-



easy, you will know that good reasons exist to prevent the regular receipt of tidings from me.

"Good-bye, my sweet wife, hug for me our sweet little pets. Give many kind messages to all our friends—not forgetting me to Lizzie and Mary, and believe always, sweetest, in the sincere affection of

"Your JULIO."

*Mariquitta to Julius.*

"WASHINGTON, December 18, 1862.

"MY OWN SWEET, DARLING HUSBAND,

"I received last evening your letter of the 10th; and, as you see, it took a long time in coming. I needed it, because it was so affectionate and, at the same time, breathed such an air of satisfaction, that it endowed me with a little courage and resignation. These two sentiments are now in as little quantity in my heart as money is in the Treasury. That great battle which you are looking for, it seems, with pleasure and impatience, I, for my part, dread in a manner I cannot describe. All my ambition has deserted me, and I hope that Jeff Davis will prudently retire without giving you the chance to measure yourself with him.

"Father Lynch and Father Maguire charged me to give you a thousand kindly remembrances. Father Maguire does not look well and seems very feeble.

"Your baby is becoming more and more sweet. She is gaining in flesh and strength, eats like a little wolf, and endeavors to walk. She is never so happy as when I allow her to arrange and disarrange the table linen in the washstand.

"The children are looking forward to Christmas very impatiently, and count a great deal upon Santa Claus. I fear, however, they will be disappointed and think him very stingy; but I wish them to feel an influence on a Christmas that lacks your presence. \* \* \* \*

"Our children are all enjoying good health. I am delighted with the progress Tavié is making in music. Louis spends all the time that he is in the house in writing to you, but he is always as bad as can be.

"Adieu, my own darling, we all unite in embracing you with all the affection of our hearts.

"Your MARIQUITTA.

"I like to believe in your presentiments, my beloved, and I have a little bit of confidence in them, but not as much as you appear to have."

*Julius to Mariquitta.*

"NASHVILLE, Christmas day, 1862.

"MY DARLING,

"I have had the happiness of receiving the most delightful of Christmas gifts, in the shape of letters from yourself and my dear little Marie. They gave me so much pleasure and made me enjoy my Christmas as, perhaps, without them I would not have done.

"As you may see, we have not, after all, started; and I am not sorry for it, though at first I felt a great disappointment. But one of the Wings of our Army lacked corn for its horses and mules, and Rosecrans was glad of the excuse, so as not to advance on the enemy upon the anniversary of the birth of Him who came to die for all of us. He felt a scruple on this subject, and last evening avowing it to me, asked my opinion. As for myself, when the order was issued the other day, I experienced a regret, that we were obliged upon such a day and on such a solemnity to start in search of the enemy. But since all our arrangements were complete, I was, I confess, somewhat disappointed in seeing the order countermanded, and, though I said nothing, Rosecrans read what were my thoughts. But now, I am glad of it. It does not please me to see the Festivals of God desecrated by military movements.

"I had the happiness of assisting at a real Midnight Mass, offered up in my room, by our Chaplain, Father Treacy. And I had the still greater happiness of approaching the Holy Table, I myself serving at the Mass.

"I dined to-day at the Bishop's with one of our Generals, Stanley,\* who has recently become a Catholic: and he told me that in a great measure, if not entirely, he owed his conversion to the sermons of Frederick and of Father Ryan.†

"If you have the time, darling, I wish that you would make for me a 'housewife,' ‡ like the one I formerly owned. On top, places where can be kept skeins of thread, and below, two pockets for needles, buttons, &c. And I wish further, that you would buy me some shirt buttons, similar to those you placed on my new shirts.

"Do not be uneasy on my account, darling, for I can tell you that we have just learned that Bragg has been forced to detach a portion of his Army to Mississippi; and, at this moment, one half of his cavalry is detailed to other points, so that there is *no chance* that he dare await us. All of our principal officers have finished by sharing my opinion, that we will have no battle.

"I would so like to see my sweet little Adèle. Dear little baby, how sweet she must be! the dear little frolicsome thing! I see her, through

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\* General D. S. Stanley, who commanded the Cavalry of Rosecrans' Army.

† Father Ryan, a distinguished preacher in St. Louis and pastor of the Annunciation Church; afterwards Bishop and Coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis and recently appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia. He and Father Fred, Julius' brother, were considered the two ablest preachers in St. Louis.

‡ Julius was quite expert with the needle and therefore not dependent, as most men are, on his wife for all his sewing. His Army life had taught him the necessity of this accomplishment before his marriage, and since, with his great disinterested love for her, he had always tried to save Mariquita's eyes and hands as much as possible.

your description, one moment upsetting in disorder all your linen—then in a rage, fighting every one who approaches her—little pepper-pod that she is. I love to think that my dear little boy has not forgotten me, that he spends all his time in writing to me. You afford me also so much pleasure, when you announce that my little Tavié makes such progress in her Music. For the poor child has such a passion to become a musician that, since she cannot sing, it is a great satisfaction to me to know she can, at least, become a good pianist. My little Marie wrote me a charming little letter, which gave me real pleasure, and which I shall try soon to answer.

“To-day, I received such a friendly letter from my friend, Father Walter. Inasmuch as I have not the leisure to reply to it, you will please excuse me to him, my darling, and tell him that I dearly love him.

“But, my sweet, you are the person whom of all the world I love the most dearly. You dear old wife, I love you better than ever I did—and yet, do you know, that I am very happy here!

“*Dec. 27th.*—At last, my pet, we have started, having left Nashville yesterday about 11 o'clock. The whole Army began its movement about daybreak, and advanced about sixteen miles, forcing back the enemy with skirmishes. With the loss of 6 or 7 men we captured a cannon. Skirmishing all the time, the enemy continues to retreat. We hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, to the right and to the left, a few miles ahead of our Head-Quarters. But we only *hear* it—that's all. There will be no general battle. And even should there be, you may feel at peace in my regard; for, we see none of the fighting. It does not seem any nearer to us, nor the cannonade any louder, than Bull Run to Washington. I was very happy all day yesterday—though we had a terrific ride of over 40 miles, most of it in the dark, over rocks and stones, losing our way and not knowing where we were, and not getting back to camp until near 2 o'clock in the morning. Strange to say, that though everybody else was tired out, some completely used up, I was not in the least tired, and enjoyed it as much as a boy let loose from school. I am getting fat and strong, and love you, darling, with all my heart. Kiss our darlings all, for me. Kind regards to all our friends, and to Lizzie and Mary.

“Your own dear

“JULIO.”

When the command left Nashville, despite his bashfulness, Julius made quite a happy and effective speech for the occasion, to the assembled Officers at Head Quarters.

*Julius to Mariquita.*

“CAMP ON THE ROAD TO MURFREESBORO,

“December 27, 1862.

“DARLING,

“I have just sent off a letter to you, but as I have a little leisure, I'll begin another. The cannonading has all stopped at this moment, and I

expect the enemy will get out of our way as fast as he can. Rosecrans seems perfectly astonished this morning to see how I stood our ride\* last night. Every now and then he looks at me and laughs, evidently amused to think that I, who have been tied to a desk for the last seven years, stood it better than all these old Campaigners. Nor is this all. During two nights I have scarcely had any sleep—Christmas-eve having gone to bed at 4 o'clock in the morning—Christmas-night at two o'clock, and last night I did not close my eyes. And yet, I feel perfectly well. So far from being fatigued, it seems to me that I had no more exercise than was necessary every day for my health. But really you can form to yourself no idea of the route we followed last night. It led over shelves of rock, on which the horses almost every instant slipped. I was anxious about mine, lest I should never bring him back to camp. Many horses and riders fell—but, thanks to God, my good animal came out of it without an accident, and I am to-day more attached to him than ever. It was so dark at times, that I could not see, and blindly followed the others by the sound of their horses' hoofs. Our whole party were scattered, some going in one direction, some in another. But, at last, we all arrived home.

"The fact is, it was through a mistake of Rosecrans, that we had this disagreeable jaunt. And, accordingly, every time he would again lose his way, he would rage. As for myself, I said nothing, but I confess that I took a malicious pleasure in seeing all of these fine gentlemen so discomfited, while I whom they pitied, because I was a novice, suffered less than any of them. But, to-day, they gave me their compliments.

"But now, darling, do not on this account grow uneasy about me, for such incidents are of very rare occurrence.

"I am delighted to see how I gain in strength and health. I really *enjoy* this kind of life. And it is well for my children that I am here. All this immense Army knows me so well, that my poor name—so habitually martyred, is here always correctly spelled.

"7 P. M., Monday, December 29.—Doubtless, my darling, you have been several days without the receipt of any letters from me. It is due to the interruption of our communications with Louisville: We are at this moment about ten miles from Murfreesboro. Our Army is drawn up in line of battle about three miles from the town, and it is said that the enemy facing us are stretched along the other side of a little stream. Gen. Rosecrans thinks it is only their advance-guard, and that the body of their Army has continued its retreat. For three days we have pursued them, and everywhere they have fought us in retreat, constantly skirmishing, but without awaiting a serious struggle. During all these three days I have heard the boom of the cannon and the roll of the musketry, but thus

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\* Julius was not only an accomplished rider, due to his West Point training, but he was also a most graceful one and sat his steed every inch the *preux chevalier* of the olden time.



far I have seen none of the enemy. Only once did we go to the Front, and even then I did not see one of them, as they were hidden behind trees.

"My health is most excellent, and every one observes how much better is my appearance. My method of life for these last three days, always in the saddle, agrees with me even better than that at Nashville.

"My sweet one, I too have been for several days without letters from you, and for the same reason. I will doubtless receive them day after to-morrow. As I know the reason, I am not uneasy, but it pains me, my darling, to think of the anxiety you must feel.

"If we should have a battle, it would be to-morrow that it would occur, but I do not believe that they will give it to us. However, to-morrow will be their last chance: if there is no battle to-morrow, then there will be none at all. I will keep my letter open, so as to tell you to-morrow evening how matters have gone. Till then, my sweetest, good night. I give you a tender kiss."

Julius was not permitted to finish this letter, to tell his darling little Mariquitta how matters had gone,—not even was it signed,—for when "to-morrow evening" came, his multiplied duties prevented, and no other chance ever occurred, and this, his last letter to her,—even his last private letter to any one,—was found among his effects and forwarded to her, just as it was, —unsigned,—unsealed. Neither was he to have the pleasure of ever again hearing from her, for before her next letter came he lay cold in death, his spirit had gone to join its Maker, there to love her still, but with a *Heavenly* love.

The night before he fell he remained up till late, or rather till the early part of the following morn, closely engaged with General Rosecrans and several Officers of the Staff in arranging the duties necessary to be performed on that day of the Battle—always at the elbow of his Chief and faithful as his shadow, until Death called him away—and when his labors were finished, and he had retired to his tent, he was heard even at 2 A.M., praying, proving how true he was to *his duty, his country, and his God.*

## CHAPTER XLI.

Julius' assignment per S. O. of the A. G. O.—his last Order—his military history with the Army of the Cumberland and description of his death in the words of Capt. Wm. D. Bickham and Gen. Rosecrans, and the latter's additional statements—Poem regarding Julius and Rosecrans receiving Communion together on the fateful day—continuation of Julius' military history and description of his death and disinterring of his body in the words of Col. C. Goddard, Major Frank S. Bond, Orderly Robert Magee, a wounded Confederate, and Major J. Ralston Skinner.

IN Special Orders, No. 422, of the Adjutant General's Office, War Department, dated Dec. 31, 1862, Paragraph 22, among the assignments mentioned of Officers of the Adjt. Gen'l's. Corps to the Staffs of Army Corps, by order of the President, occurs the following: "Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Garesché, Assistant Adjutant General, is assigned to the 14th Army Corps, his rank being fixed by his position in the Regular Army."

I insert herewith two of the Orders written by Julius. As his were considered by competent critics as unexcelled in military literature, I venture to give these two as specimens.

"HEAD-QUARTERS 14TH ARMY CORPS,

"DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,

"NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 4th, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS, }  
"No. 31. }

"The General Commanding has received several applications from Kentuckians, who have abandoned the rebel armies, for permission to return to their homes; and he is informed that large numbers of others would make the same request of him, did they dare hope for a favorable reply. Under these circumstances the General feels called upon to define his views with relation to all this class of men, and to say what he is prepared to do in such cases.

"This war is waged for the preservation of the Union of our fathers. To preserve that Union, the rebellious States must be coerced into submission. This is the one great end we have in view—and this end must and shall be attained. Without passion, from a sense of duty, trusting in the God, who abhors pride and all injustice, we march onward to that end.

"That the people of the South have been deluded by ambitious demagogues, deceived by lying misrepresentations, carried away, some by natural sympathies, others by an irresistible current of circumstances—that many have even been *forced* into a participation in the rebellion—we well know. We both know and deplore the cruel necessities of the situation made for them by their rulers. We abhor the grinding despotism, which has devoured their substance, depopulated their valleys, converted peaceful neighborhoods into haunts of banditti, and substituted a reign of oppression and terror for the mild government under which, but two short years ago, they were so happily living. We pity them—we have pitied them, even while duty compelled us to unsheath the sword against them; and though, so long as they confront us in arms, our swords shall never be returned to their scabbards, we yet will gladly hail the day when this desolating and unnatural war shall cease.

"For this reason, the General Commanding is disposed to hold out every encouragement to these misguided men to lay down their arms, abandon the desperate cause in which they are embarked, return to their homes and families, and resume once more the tranquil occupations of peace.

"All that will be exacted of those, who will *honestly* do so, will be to take the non-combatant's parole, and give proper security that they will keep it. So long as they faithfully observe this parole, obey the laws, and deport themselves as peaceable citizens, they shall not be molested by any officer or soldier belonging to this army.

"But if, false to their pledges and ungrateful for the generosity shown them, they are found conveying information to the enemy, trafficking with him, aiding him with supplies or money, or in any other way violating the spirit of their engagements, they will be summarily dealt with, as spies or perjured traitors, with the utmost rigor allowed by the laws of war.

"By command of Major General Rosecrans.

"JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ,

"Ass't. Adj't. Gen'l. and Chief of Staff.

"Official :

"A. A. G."

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, }  
"IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, December 31, 1862. }

#### "ORDERS.

"The General Commanding desires to say to the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, that he was well pleased with their conduct yesterday. It was all that he could have wished for. He neither saw nor heard of any skulking. They behaved with the coolness and gallantry of veterans. He now feels perfectly confident, with God's grace and their help, of striking this day a blow for the country the most crushing, perhaps, which the rebellion has yet sustained. Soldiers! the eyes of the whole nation are upon you; the very fate of the nation may be said to hang on the issues

of this day's battle. Be true, then, to yourselves, true to your own manly character and soldierly reputation; true to the love of your dear ones at home, whose prayers ascend this day to God for your success. Be cool. I need not ask you to be brave. Keep ranks. Do not throw away your fire. Fire slowly, deliberately—above all, fire low, and be always sure of your aim. Close readily in upon the enemy, and when you get within charging distance, rush upon him with the bayonet. Do this, and victory will certainly be your's. Recollect that there are hardly any troops in the world that will stand a bayonet charge, and that those who make it, therefore, are sure to win.

“By command of Major General Rosecrans.

“J. P. GARESCHÉ, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.”

The latter Order was the last one Julius ever wrote.

I will give his military history with the Army of the Cumberland and description of his death in the words of his comrades in arms.

Capt. Wm. D. Bickham (Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial and Volunteer A. D. C., to Gen. Rosecrans) observes in his Annals of “Rosecrans’ Campaign with the 14th Army Corps or Army of the Cumberland”—

“The gallant and accomplished Lieutenant Colonel Garesché reported for duty on the 13th of November, and at once assumed position as Chief of Staff. He was a man of remarkable character, distinguished for the delicacy and strength of his intellect, his moral purity, his refined and exquisitely cultured manners, and his systematic business habits and capacity. Such qualities, with disinterestedness and entire absence of ostentation endeared him to all with whom he was associated. He proved a treasure to the Commanding General, who had long esteemed and admired him. There was hardly a more polished and universally respected officer in the regular service. He was devoted to his profession, and his military judgment carried conviction whenever his advice was sought. And that which his countrymen admired most in him was his pure and exalted patriotism. It is now known that he joined the Fourteenth Army Corps with the sentiment firmly fixed in his mind that he would fall in his first battle. He carried the same system which had characterized his department in Washington into the Department of the Cumberland, and he relieved the General Commanding of vast labor which otherwise would have oppressed him. The General Orders of which he was the author, were remarkable for their clearness and precision. As specimens of military literature they were unsurpassed. Until the instant of his fall upon the battle-field he was the constant and cherished personal friend and adviser of his General. \* \* \* \*



"Christmas night there was an assemblage of commanders at headquarters. \* \* \* \*

"There was a swift interchange of thought and Generals Rosecrans and Thomas drew aside. The bed of the Chief (Rosecrans) occupied the space between two doors. The right hand door communicated with the military telegraph office. Between the bed and the front window near it was a narrow space. The topographical maps were tacked to the door and spread upon the bed. The Aides' table set under the window-sill. The Chief sometimes used a corner of it, and sometimes a corner of Garesché's table, which was under the other front window, near the grate. When the Chief consulted the 'true and prudent,' the latter sidled and backed into the niche between the two tables, and his Commander seated himself directly in his front, looking into his eyes. General Thomas backed in there now. The Chief was balanced upon the edge of a chair, leaning over *vis-à-vis*, almost in the embrace of Thomas. The conversation was animated, almost vehement, the consulted listening profoundly, the consulter talking rapidly and vehemently, with blazing eyes, the former nodding now and then, perhaps dropping a curt suggestion.

"The others were chatting a little common-place colloquy, or looking into the grate watching the cedar sticks curl into flame. Garesché, his head bowed over the corner of the table, which seemed part of him, until his broad, clear brow almost touched the tip of his pen—for he was near-sighted—was flinging off sheets of manuscript in his wonderful way—orders, correspondence, instructions—suspending now and then to respond pleasantly to some interpolated query. You supposed he was always sitting at that corner of his table—and indeed he was, from ten o'clock of morning till long after midnight, when not racing through a fresh newspaper, with a sort of impatience which indicated a jealousy that it was robbing him of precious time. His faculty for disposing of business was marvelous. He never exhibited impatience or irritability, but was ever ready to oblige, and to respond to all questions with charming courtesy. On occasion he took cheerful part in conversation, displaying the charms of a richly cultivated intellect, and enjoying *facetie* with as keen relish as the most mercurial."

Further on, he says :—

"The General Commanding (Rosecrans) rose early, as usual, on Sunday morning, December 28th, and devoted an hour to religious exercises, Rev. Father Treacy officiating at Mass. Garesché, and a few soldiers of the Tenth Ohio Volunteers, knelt at the same altar. \* \* \* \*"

Speaking of the early morning of Tuesday, December 30th, the day before the great Battle, he says, of the officers of the Staff who were clustered around the camp fire, trying to get a little warmth from its roaring flames :—

"Garesché was sitting alone, aside, at the foot of one of the trees, leaning against it. In his hands, partially concealed by the flowing folds of his overcoat, there was a little book—a *Missal*—‘*De Imitatione Christi*.’ He carried it in his pocket habitually. A few had observed his custom. Yet he was as stealthy as a woman with a sweet missive from a lover. Had he dreamed that he appeared in the least ostentatious, he would have blushed to his temples. He bowed meekly over his book; his lips uttered inaudibly; the index finger of his right hand described the imaginary cross with which men of his faith symbolize their faith. He was no more conscious that he was observed by mortal man than a little child is capable of crime. He communed upon the battle-field with God. The witness shuddered with indescribable emotion. Garesché felt that he was a doomed man. On the morrow the comrade who shuddered, shuddered the more when the scene premonished under that tree became a horrible reality.” \* \* \* \*

"Morning of the last day of the old year dawned brightly. A thin mist floated along the channel of Stone River, but otherwise the horizon was clear. A little later High Mass was celebrated in a little tent opposite the General's marquee. Rev. Father Cooney, the zealous Chaplain of the Thirty-Fifth regiment of Indiana Volunteers, officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Trecy, the constant spiritual companion of the General, and whose fidelity to his Chief was second only to his devotion to the faith he preached. General Rosecrans knelt humbly in the corner of his tent, Garesché, no less devout, by his side; a trio of humble soldiers meekly knelt in front of the tent; groups of officers, booted and spurred for battle, with heads reverentially uncovered, stood outside and mutely muttered their prayers. What grave anxieties, what exquisite emotions, what deep thoughts moved the hearts and minds of those pious soldiers, into whose keeping God and their country had delivered, not merely the lives of thousands of men who must die at last, but the vitality of a principle—the cause of self-government and of human liberty! \* \* \* \*

Again, speaking of the fearfully dangerous ride of the General and his Staff on the morning of that day personally to save his Right Wing when it was suffering disaster:—

"The General and Staff again became a conspicuous target. A flight of Minie balls slitted through the troop. One of them struck Garesché's gay black in the nose. The spirited animal flung his head scornfully at the sting, scattering blood upon his rider. ‘Ah, hit! Garesché?’ quoth the General—his mind for the first instant, and only that instant, relieved from its painful tension. ‘My horse,’ was the laconic response, and the gallant rider, whose proud deportment had excited the admiration of the army, spurred onward at the side of his Chief. \* \* \* \*

Then of the charge which Julius and Rosecrans led in person :—

“The fiery valor of Garesché, in that dread carnival, would have inspired a coward with courage. Gay as a youth of twenty, with hat jauntily cocked on his fine head, he seemed, upon his lithe and spirited black steed, a perfect transformation. Usually grave and saturnine, with an habitual calmness almost provoking, he looked in the fury of the fray as if his soul had broken into a new stream of existence. When he dashed into the charge, his sword flew from the scabbard and glittered in the sunlight. When the enemy fled over the hill, he glanced at them with a smile of triumph, and rammed his blade back into its scabbard with a force that made the steel ring again. Yesterday some had felt a thrill of anxiety for him. He deported himself like one who had premonition of sudden death. Always deeply pious, conscientious in attention to religious duties, prayerful, there was something peculiarly striking in the absorbing attention with which he poured himself into his little prayer-book, as he sat in a quiet fence corner on Tuesday, awaiting the culmination of martial events. All this day of battle, through a hundred death currents, he had swept gaily over the field. But his General's charge was his climax. Alas, an hour or two more of life, and he was a victim for the little graveyard upon which he had slept but the night before. Always by his General's side in life, Death struck him there at last. \* \* \* \*”

And a little later,—

“During this furious encounter, Colonel Garesché accompanied by Lieutenant Byron Kirby, Aide to General Rosecrans, galloped through a withering fire to carry an order to General Van Cleve, who, though wounded, was resisting a renewed attack. While riding across the field, there occurred one of those chivalric episodes which are sometimes celebrated in romance. A ball disabled Garesché's horse. Kirby dismounted, and insisted that Garesché should mount his. Mutually forgetful of the storm of battle, they disputed a point of controversy. Kirby finally prevailed on the score of duty, and walked back over the field until he found the staff.”

Again,—

“In the midst of the horrid carnival, the General himself galloped to the left of the railroad to reinforce a struggling line by the moral power of his own splendid example. Garesché, who had never left him since they had mounted in the morning, save to execute orders, was at his side. They were galloping through a tumult of iron missiles. An unexploded shell whizzed close by his leader, and the head of Garesché vanished with it. Sickening gouts of his brains were spattered upon his comrades, who turned in horror from the ghastly spectacle. The mutilated form of the

hero careened gently over the saddle, and fell upon the field. The little prayer-book was in his pocket."

Gen. Rosecrans remarks:—

"Julius P. Garesché distinguished his Cadet-student life by an open profession and exemplary practice of the duties of Religion. It was a current report that he was the only Catholic Cadet in those days, to whom was accorded two or three days Leave to go to his Easter duties.

"When he became Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, reporting for duty at Nashville in November 1862, it happened that the Rev. Father Treacy, whose station had been along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, was with us, by consent of his Bishop, until circumstances would permit his return to his Mission. This clergyman accompanied us, when on the 26th of December we began our advance on Murfreesboro, Tenn., and on Sunday, the 28th, celebrated Mass at the General Head Quarters at Stewart's Creek, at which both Garesché and myself received Communion. Monday, the 29th, brought the Armies into contact, and on Tuesday, the 30th, the Battle began, amid cold rain and wind. In the evening, all the plans for the final struggle having been arranged and orders dispatched, Father Treacy was called and requested to offer the Holy Sacrifice at daybreak the next morning, and allow Garesché and myself to receive Communion. It was accordingly done in a tent at the Head Quarters, just after daybreak on the morning of the 31st, only a few Catholic orderlies being aware, so far as we knew, of what was transpiring. The silence and stillness soon gave way to the beginning of the conflict. I never saw Garesché look so bright and animated as he appeared during all that morning.

"Some of his companions of the Staff noticed him, occasionally, take out of his pocket a small book, from which he read a little. I was too busy to see this. He was with me everywhere on the Field amid the storm of the Battle. When Van Cleve's Division was ordered in to stem the tide of the enemy on our left, he drew his sword, and waving it in the air, shouted 'Forward!' to the line. I thought I never saw him look half so handsome or animated.

"Thence going to Sheridan's Division on the left and giving orders, we started back towards the centre, Garesché riding touching my left knee, when a round shot struck the back of his head behind the right ear, a cloud of blood flew into the air, and his body fell at our horses' feet. He probably felt not a single pain.

"I learned from his brother Alexander, that he was supernaturally warned that he would die in the first battle in which he should be engaged.

"What others cannot so well know I can tell. No Officer of my Command ever seemed to command the sympathy and respect of the Generals of that Army so thoroughly as in *six short weeks* did that silent, dutiful, laborious and gallant Officer and Christian gentleman,—*Colonel Julius P. Garesché.*"



p-444 \*

himself, General Rosecrans  
 the same. Consequently, his  
 well fagged out, and when  
 numbers were deep and pro-  
 his mind being so engrossed  
 es happened that he wished  
 some important question re-  
 intelligent information. On  
 us on the shoulder, and no  
 was, he awakened immedi-  
 tation and seemingly with-  
 concisely, accurately, and to  
 s remarked, such instances  
 Julius must have possessed  
 ies together so quickly, the  
 ber.

Halleck, General-in-Chief,  
 to, after communicating the  
 ans says :

enant Colonel Garesché, whose  
 already endeared him to all the  
 try on the field of battle excited

time, he pays the following  
 in Chief of Staff, concluding  
 ered up his own life for the  
 preservation and success of their troops. It was when the day  
 was turning against their arms, and all seemed lost. Then it  
 was that Garesché asked his permission to retire, and was seen  
 to go aside to some bushes near by and there kneel as if in earn-  
 est prayer. Those who saw him thus engaged firmly believed,  
 as did Rosecrans, that, at that moment, in his Christian self-  
 denial and heroism, he made an *offering of his own life* to our  
 Divine Redeemer for the preservation and victory of his troops.  
 Soon after this he met his death.

“Colonel Garesché was killed by my side. A cannon ball passed  
 directly behind my head and struck him, leaving only his under jaw. We

both received Communion that morning, and shortly before he was killed he asked my permission to retire for a few moments. I now suspect that he *went aside to offer his life to God for our success*. I hope he went straight to Heaven, our blessed country!"

A lady of Yonkers, N. Y., in January 1863, wrote the accompanying little Poem, beautiful in its simplicity and touching in its pathos, on the subject of Julius and Rosecrans receiving Holy Communion together on the morning of the Battle, December 31st.

"The Leader and his Aide bent low;  
The Altar-lights were all a-glow  
And Consecrated hands upbore  
The Blessed Sacrament once more,  
The Truth, the Life, the Hope, the Way  
To Rosecrans, and Garesché.

"Small marvel that their eyes were bright  
With an unconquerable light,  
For Jesus Christ had deigned to rest  
A brief space in each noble breast,  
And He, the Lord of Hosts, that day  
Blest Rosecrans, and Garesché.

"So dauntless rode they forth to meet  
The sickening turmoil of retreat,  
The rout of veterans true and brave,  
They breast that awful battle wave,  
And rise above the crimson spray,  
Brave Rosecrans, and Garesché.

"Where thickest rained the shot and shell,  
Where fiercest rang the battle-yell,  
There, like a stream of golden light,  
Amid the darkness of the fight,  
Serene through all that fearful fray  
Sped Rosecrans, and Garesché.

"They turn the tide of battle back;  
They hurl destruction on the track  
Of the fell traitor horde who burst  
Exultant from the deadly hurst.  
God saved our native land that day  
Through Rosecrans, and Garesché.

"At eve the Leader knelt *alone*,  
But not to utter faithless moan—

He knew the Lord of Hosts had given  
One Crown for Earth, and one for Heaven—  
For Rosecrans, the Hero's bay;  
The Aureole, for Garesché."

Colonel C. Goddard, Senior Aide-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant General to General Rosecrans at Murfreesboro, Tenn., says:—

"The rapid movement of the Army under command of General Buell from the line of the Cumberland river to Louisville to intercept the northward movement of the rebel forces under Bragg, had naturally resulted in considerable disorganization, and great disorganization in every department of the service. The railway south of Bowling Green had been interrupted by the destruction of bridges, blowing up of tunnels, etc. Bragg's Army had retreated south of the Cumberland river, and great anxiety was felt for the safety of Nashville, which had been left with a comparatively small garrison under General Negley. The War Department was urging General Rosecrans to move his Army to the line of the Cumberland with the greatest possible dispatch, and with all these matters pressing upon him, he needed the most efficient and untiring assistance in the work committed to his charge, and welcomed the arrival of Colonel Garesché as one upon whom he could devolve much of the detail of these important matters.

"Colonel Garesché devoted himself with untiring zeal to the duties of his position, and was able at once to render most efficient service in perfecting and carrying out the plans for the advance, which were already in progress; and though, during those days, the natural divisions of time into day and night were lost sight of and eighteen hours was considered but a fair day's work, no one ever saw Colonel Garesché's equanimity disturbed. Kind and courteous by nature, he was never otherwise under the most trying circumstances, and won the esteem and good will of all with whom he came in contact.

"The period between the re-occupation of Nashville and the advance on Murfreesboro, was one of great anxieties and unremitting labor; for, in addition to the work of reorganization and re-equipment of the Army, the loyal citizens of Nashville and vicinity justly felt that their sufferings in the Cause entitled them to the personal sympathy of those in authority, and found it hard to realize that time devoted to them was at the cost of hours of labor, which should have been given to rest. But through all this Colonel Garesché maintained his character for patience and courtesy, and took upon himself much that would otherwise have been a burden to the General Commanding, who was even then heavily weighted.

"We all hailed the final advance from Nashville as a relief, not because it meant cessation from labor, but because it substituted in some degree activity of body for the constant mental strain of the previous weeks.

"Marching orders were issued on Christmas day; the movement commenced early the next morning, and the General and Staff left Nashville the same day. The movements which succeeded are a part of the history of the war and need not be recounted here, except so far as they bear upon the death of Col. Garesché, which occurred on the last day of the year, during the first day's pitched battle.

"Early in the morning of the 31st of December, the battle opened with a sharp attack upon McCook's Corps, composing our Right Wing, sustained with such force and supported by so large a portion of the enemy's strength, massed on McCook's front during the night, as to force our troops from their position and seriously to threaten irretrievable disaster. It was at this Crisis that the brilliant qualities of the General Commanding manifested themselves; the disaster to our Right not only overthrew all pre-arranged plans, but required the greatest promptitude of judgment and vigor of action on his part, to turn the tide which seemed setting against us. Aides were immediately dispatched in every direction with orders to bring up every available reserve to the formation of a new line at right angles to that formerly occupied by McCook's Corps—there was no time for written orders, every thing was by word of mouth, and in an inconceivably short space of time the new line was formed, the broken and disorganized troops being allowed to pass to the rear, and the new line standing ready to receive the attack of the victorious enemy.

"I remember well Col. Garesché's appearance as he rode down the front of this new line, his sword in one hand, his hat in the other, shouting 'don't fire till they reach the ridge and then give 'em hell, boys!'—the only strong language I ever heard from his lips, but the moment was exciting and milder words would have fallen flat. The result was satisfactory, the enemy was checked, and our lines re-established.

"It was shortly after this as the General and Staff were riding across an open field on the left, that Col. Garesché met his death. We had crossed this field several times, and each time had drawn the fire of a battery on the opposite side of Stone River, but had ridiculed their inaccuracy of aim, their shot either flying far above our heads or falling short of the mark. Profiting, however, by practice, four shots from this discharge came among us. Riding directly in rear of Col. Garesché I saw him fall from his horse and was the first to reach him, but all that could be done was to care for his mortal remains—death must have been instantaneous, the shot having completely decapitated him.

"Of all the scenes of the war, this remains the most vivid. Death, sudden and terrible was too common in those days for individual instances to be forcibly impressed upon the mind, but Col. Garesché in the short time he had been with us had so won the respect and esteem of the whole Staff that his loss, in this his first battle, was keenly felt by all. I heard it said after his death that he had a presentiment that he would fall in his first battle, but he had never spoken of such a feeling to me if he enter-



tained it; it had no apparent effect upon his bearing, which was fearless and gallant throughout."

Major Frank S. Bond, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Rosecrans and present at Julius' death, says:—

"I was attached to General Rosecrans' Staff as Aide-de-Camp, and was riding just behind Colonel Garesché at the time he was shot. General Rosecrans and Colonel Garesché were riding together, then came Major Skinner and myself, then the other members of the Staff, and after them a few Orderlies and an Escort Company.

"While riding across a cotton-field, we came within range of two or three batteries of Artillery, posted upon an elevation on the opposite side of Stone River. The Commanding Officer of the Battery seeing a General Officer with Staff within easy range, brought his guns to bear upon us, and for a short time we were under a very heavy Artillery fire.

"Among the guns in the Battery, were some Rifled Cannon, carrying what is known as the 'Hotchkiss Shell,' having a conical solid head. The solid part of one of these Hotchkiss Shells struck Colonel Garesché squarely on the temple, carrying away all that part of his head above the chin.

"For an instant I did not realize what had occurred, as the body preserved its equilibrium in the saddle while the horse continued in motion at rather a fast walk, but it very shortly leaned towards the left, taking the horse out of the line, and then fell from the saddle to the ground.

"I immediately looked for the Sergeant of Orderlies, whose place was on the side of the column near to where I was riding, but he had also been shot in the thigh.

"I then called an Orderly, pointed out the body, and told him to see that it was cared for, so that it could be found after the battle, and then rode alongside of Gen. Rosecrans and told him what had occurred,—that Colonel Garesché was killed. The General was at the time so much engrossed in watching the movements of the enemy that he was not aware that his Chief of Staff had been struck.

"In the evening, or next day, it was reported that the body had been buried on the field, near where he fell, in or near what was reported as a private burying ground.

"A few days afterwards, the body was disinterred. I was present at the time, and helped to identify it, by the blanket in which it had been wrapped, and by his chin and goatee, the balance of his face having been carried away by the shot. The remains were then sent to Nashville.

"I shall never forget the shock and impression made upon me by his death, and the sight of his apparently headless body maintaining its poise in the saddle for a few seconds after he was killed.

"I knew Colonel Garesché but slightly. I had been presented to him by General Rosecrans, two or three days before the advance of our army

from Nashville that resulted in the battle of Stone River, but as the army was under marching orders, no opportunity was offered for social intercourse among the Officers.

"I recollect his demeanor as being calm and cool on the morning of the battle, and that he took from his pocket a small religious book, and spent a few moments in reading it, while we were dismounted for a few moments, quite early on that or the preceding morning. This unusual incident in my limited experience among Staff Officers, impressed itself very distinctly upon my memory.

"I think that two or three bodies were disinterred before we found the right one, but when it was found, it was identified beyond all question, both by myself and others who were present.

"Among those with whom Colonel Garesché was associated, when I knew him, he was esteemed a most brave and gallant Officer, and always a courteous and pleasant gentleman, and I well know the regard and esteem in which he was held by his Commanding Officer, General Rosecrans, as well as by all others of his Staff, most of whom had known him longer than I.

"That the fortunes of war should have removed from so responsible a position, a soldier so capable and so useful as was Colonel Julius P. Garesché, is one of those mysterious events occasionally occurring, that leads one to almost doubt the wisdom of an Over-ruling Providence."

Julius was dearly loved by the enlisted men, as well as by the Officers, and won their soldierly admiration for his gallant qualities on his first and last field.

Robert Magee says:—

"I was Mounted Orderly on General Rosecrans' Staff, and was with him from the first till the last gun was fired at the battle of Stone River.

"After word came to him that our Right had been driven back, and after he satisfied himself that the Centre was solid, he with his Staff rode to the place of disaster to rally the troops.

"Colonel Garesché with his hat in his left hand and sword in right called for the men to follow, and I remember very distinctly, as he rode on, he said, 'Trust in God, boys!' As he passed, some of the men asked me, pointing to him and General Rosecrans, 'Who are those Officers?' When I told them, they said, 'By G—d, if General Rosecrans and his Chief of Staff can go there, we can follow!'

"Colonel Garesché was not long with us until his death, which was sadly lamented by the enlisted men on the Staff, as he was always so kind and gentle with those he came in contact with."

Extract from an Account of Stone River's Battle by a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press:—

"No man could have exhibited more nerve and coolness on a field of

battle than Rosecrans' Chief of Staff—Garesché. He rallied broken regiments, stationed batteries, encouraged the lines, and a dozen times rode over ground on which it did not seem as if a fox could have lived. His horse was twice hit, his saddle struck by three bullets, his scabbard by two more, and a grape-shot whizzed over his shoulder and tore up the blue cloth until the padding could be seen. There were several Confederates who saw him die. One who served under Chalmers gave me the particulars as follows:

“We had assaulted and been repulsed, and in falling back to cover I received a bullet in the calf of my right leg. I fell flat, but after a minute or two, knowing that I should be killed where I was, I crept along over a slight ridge to be out of the way of the Federal bullets. The pain was now so great that I could go no further, and I had just got my back against a small tree when Rosecrans galloped across the edge of the open to my right. Our batteries were playing across this spot with a terrible fire, and I expected to see the General killed. He was closely followed by Garesché. When in plain view of me and not two hundred feet away Garesché's horse jumped aside at something and Garesché lost his right stirrup. He had it in a second, and was just straightening up when a shell tore through the top of a cedar behind me, passed over my head, and I saw it strike the poor fellow as plainly as I see you. There was a sort of puff when it struck, but it did not explode until far beyond. Garesché's arms went up, his sword fell, and after reeling to and fro in the saddle the body fell to the ground.”

Major J. Ralston Skinner, Judge Advocate on Gen. Rosecrans' Staff, thus observes:—

“I think Colonel Garesché joined the Staff, after I did, in November, 1862. His coming was a matter of much importance to myself, owing to my inexperience in the duties of my Office, as Judge Advocate of the Department. In his position it was very easy to make my place burdensome to me, or to render me that help and kind advice which would not only assist but give me the benefit of his mature experience, for he was looked on as one of the most competent Officers in the Army.

“From the very first I was indebted to him for his great kindness and ever ready help; and this I always endeavored to repay by earnest attention to every thing committed to my charge by him. Thus it happened that he became one of my best and most reliable friends as well as my superior officer. He was a very careful man, and for some time took much pains with the results of my work; but one day, upon review of a record or matter of some importance, he returned it to me with the statement that from that time he should consider my act and judgment as his own without review. This was to me very flattering, although, to tell the truth, it added the extra care of more earnest effort as to any matters which, in any sense or manner, might lead to compromise or involve his judgment

or position. Of course, confidence of this kind could not but win affection, as well as respect; and this, as usual, brought to me as a reflection his constant and kind regard, which invariably continued until the very moment of his death.

"My duties necessarily brought me into intimate relations with all his surroundings, and I had constant evidence of the really remarkable and deep seated respect in which he was held by all,—the Commanding General, the Corps Commanders, Generals of Divisions and of Brigades, Colonels, petty Officers, and lastly, citizens of all grades.

"One of the great draw backs which he suffered from, was his being *very near-sighted*; and this I could the more appreciate and sympathize with, because I was almost blind myself, and this I can illustrate.

"On one very dark night (Dec. 26th) General Rosecrans went across country with a few of his Staff officers, through a very difficult country, and along the watch fires of the enemy; and so difficult was it, that in our confusion (apparently so to me, at least) once or twice we would have entered the enemy's lines, had it not been that he had fallen back, but perhaps a half hour previously, from his position. On the trip we came upon the house of a famous free hand, named Dick McCann. His house was surrounded with the hopes of catching Dick within, but the bird had flown. However, a man was found there who was forced to act as our guide. In this night ride I lost my glasses, and from that time on was, as you may say, a blind man.

"On Tuesday morning before the great battle of Wednesday, General Rosecrans' Staff, which had passed the previous night as best it could on the ground, was on the left of the Murfreesboro pike, looking southward, at the head quarters of General Crittenden. The place was almost identically that where the burden of the next day's battle was borne on the following day in the afternoon, sustaining the last terrible effort of the enemy to break the last lines made against him, and the scene of the stand made by Hazen's brigade.

"After such breakfast as we could get, the staff (dismounted) stood near the General, the horses being picketed at some little distance. There was a little piece of timber in front of us, in which men were massed and in the front of that were the advanced lines, and a battery just at the front edge. Firing had commenced and this battery commenced being served. Having nothing to do and being curious to see the battery served I went to it, in the edge of the open. But not to stay long. There was a sharp skirmish in front. Men were being brought in on stretchers,—and even a battery was opened in reply to ours, feeling for it. I retired back to where the horses were picketed, where I could see the General and his Staff Officers, among whom was Col. Garesché. It was just at this moment when a cannon shot struck down in a group of Orderlies, who were gathered around a fire taking their breakfast. It struck one of them in the head, killing him instantly. Seeing that the place was becoming danger-



ous, the General ordered his staff to mount and fall back to a certain place which he designated. This they did,—and, in less time than I can write it, the staff had disappeared, all but Col. Garesché and myself. He asked me if I had seen his horse (a little black one). I told him I had not, but then tendered him mine, saying that I would hunt his up, or else find my way back on foot. This he would not listen to, but asked me to stay with him and we would go together. His horse was found; we mounted, and in riding away came directly on the body of the dead soldier. Both stopped for a moment. I said, it seemed as if that was what all came for and what ‘we were paid for.’ I did not mean it in any light sense, for on all hands a most desperate fight was anticipated. But he said, very gravely, ‘*Major, I know I am paid for.*’ I could not understand his remark, but afterwards learned from several quarters that he had an anticipation of his death in this battle. Indeed, from one source I had it that he had specifically said, that he felt that this would be his first and his last battle. Well, we fell back to the newly chosen location of the staff,—which, for that day, was head quarters in the saddle—he being, of course, very much occupied all day.

“The next morning we left Head Quarters’ Camp very early, and going towards the front soon learned of the crumpling up of the Right under McCook. The Right was broken up like a pack of cards, even to the right position of the Centre under Gen’l. Thomas; and this seemed to be the place of the greatest importance to hold. At any rate, all General Rosecrans’ first efforts seemed to be in that direction,—and then to fortify in the cedars and secure a second front. There was desperate fighting at this point. The Chicago Board of Trade battery was planted in a kind of gap,—and at this place the staff seemed to get separated. Here it was that Col. Garesché asked me, if I knew where any of the Aides were, as he wished to communicate with General Crittenden. I told him I did not, but if I could be of service to him, I would try to accomplish what he desired. He thanked me very kindly, gave me the message, and I started off along the extreme front of Thomas over to Crittenden. I saw him, gave the message, whatever it was, and in reply had a return message to Colonel Garesché. By this time, however, I did not know where to find Col. Garesché; and, indeed, it would have been almost impossible, for with General Rosecrans he had been engaged in making a front secure against the enemy, back along the cedars, and then they crossed the Nashville pike towards the bend of Stone River to secure the left of Crittenden on that side. I hunted everywhere for him, going back and returning to the front several times. But in the afternoon, at last, I found myself near some cedars, just back of Hazen’s position, which was then being fiercely assaulted. Indeed, it was our last stand, on which, as I heard, depended our fate. Between the edge of this Cedar clump and the thin timber in which, as I have said, the soldier was killed the day before, was an open space or glade like interval, extending quite openly, like a passage

way, towards the river. Here, while I stood there, there came up General Rosecrans with some of his Staff,—Col. Bond and others,—and Col. Garesché. I was glad enough to see them, and at once reported to the latter what had resulted from his message. He heard me out quietly and carefully, as was usual with him, and then said that what General Crittenden had said was perfectly right and proper,—thus assenting to his judgment;—and *these were the last words he ever uttered.*

“There was a body of men in reserve to support Hazen in one of the open spaces. General Rosecrans rode towards this body. Colonel Garesché followed. At some little distance they changed their direction and then headed directly onward. I had followed, and had just turned, or was in the act of turning; so, as it happened to be, in a direct line with Colonel Garesché and the line of fire of a battery which was plying down the open interval. Just at this moment I was looking at him, and then there came a quick thud or thuds right by my side. Two horses and their riders, one on each side of me, were sent into eternity by the murderous fire. But at the same moment, you can imagine my horror, when, for *an instant*, it seemed as if Colonel Garesché’s head disappeared from off his body, leaving it still sitting on his horse,—just for a moment,—and then the jar of the horse toppled it over, and it fell limp and lifeless to the ground. His brains and blood were discharged and carried by force of the blow directly back upon and all over my front,—face, brow and breast,—with gouts which adhered to the texture of my clothing.

“He was dead,—and many times I have felt that it would have been a mercy had the same shot finished me, for I may say, I was never myself afterwards. A strange part of the affair was, that he, after constant exposure throughout the entire day, riding over miles of exposed front, had at last come back almost to the very place of making the remark over the body of the dead soldier, the morning before; which spot was, from this place, near at hand and fully in view. Some time after this, on going to the spot where he fell, a portion of brain matter was found, which was carefully buried.

“There was a little piece of rising ground occupied by Hazen, and now marked by a monument to his brigade, near the crossing of the Nashville or Murfreesboro pike by the railway. Here at night Col. Garesché was buried.

“On the morning of the day of his death, as he was riding down towards the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, his horse was shot in the nostril. It would throw up its head, and thus scatter the blood. General Rosecrans observed the blood, and thought Colonel Garesché was himself wounded, and asked him if he was.”

## CHAPTER XLII.

Julius' "Nellie"—coincidence of St. Sylvester's Feast day—Col. Kniffin's impression of Julius' edifying conduct before death—a brave soldier's recovery of Julius' effects—his temporary burial on the battle-field—Alexander's dispatch and Major J. Ralston Skinner's description of the identification and disinterment of his remains—his burial site afterwards marked by a small monument—the desk of the soldiers' love—Doctor Jerome K. Bauduy's letter—Barracks and Fort named after Julius—Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas' touching tribute—U. S. Battery and Post of the G. A. R. also named in Julius' honor—Father Fred's grief—his two letters and assurance of Julius' eternal happiness.

THIS was "Nellie," Julius' beautiful and cherished little black mare and his favorite. His horse, a handsome sorrel, was disabled later in the day, while he was riding it through a storm of shot and shell accompanied by Lieutenant Kirby, (as described on Page 439) and was lost. Julius was sorry to have to part with his gallant steed, but it was rendered necessary, there was no alternative. He then called for Nellie. His servant said: "But, Colonel, she is shot!" "I know it," replied Julius with such pity and tenderness in his tone, "but I can't help it, I must ride her, for I have no other." He then mounted and was riding her when he met his death. She was recovered, and subsequently at the sale of his military effects was bought by some one and presented to General Rosecrans' son, from whom Julius' brother Alexander purchased her, with the sole intention of giving her her time, out of memory for her beloved master. She never lost her military spirit and fire and whenever she would hear martial music would prick up her ears and assume a marching step. A year or so after Julius' death, when sneezing one day she ejected the ball which had lodged in her nostril. Years afterwards she was drowned with her colt, while attempting to swim across a swollen torrent. She was indeed a very beautiful animal and richly deserving of Julius' praise and love.

Strange, but true! It was on St. Sylvester's Feast day that

Julius perished—anniversary of that great and holy Pontiff, to whose Knightly Order he belonged and belonged so meritoriously and as a member of which he had always felt such a Catholic pride! It would appear as if the great Saint wished now, on this his commemoration day, to call his pious and worthy son aloft, to enroll him, not in an Order of perishable renown, but in one that will exist forever and ever,—the Order of Saints in Heaven.

Early on this same morning, an officer of General Crittenden's Staff, Col. Kniffin, rode over to Rosecrans' Head Quarters, some short distance off, to see Julius on some official business. When he reached there he found all their tents struck excepting one and General Rosecrans and all his Staff already on horseback. Upon inquiring for Colonel Garesché he was pointed out this solitary tent. Thereupon, dismounting and entering, he beheld Julius, not engaged in any trivial occupation, but kneeling, wrapt in silent prayer, and seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around him. Such a display of true and unaffected piety, so edifying and so different to the ordinary conduct of military men at the last moment before entering a battle, made an impression on his mind never to be effaced, especially when evening brought the sad and thrilling news of Julius' death.

The spot where Julius fell was the most exposed portion of the field of battle on that memorable 31st of December, the spot where the rebel shot and shell rained the most furiously.

On that same afternoon, a brave soldier of the 4th U. S. Cavalry, First Sergeant Christian Haeßling, in charge of the courier line near the Head Quarters of General Rosecrans, proceeded in the thickest of the fight and recovered the effects of Julius on his body.

A little later in the evening, under cover of darkness, his body was brought in and buried for the time being in the little cemetery on the knoll where Head Quarters had been established the preceding evening, where he had slept his last living sleep, and hard by the spot of his death.

This labor of love was performed by a few devoted enlisted men of the Staff. They tenderly bore the remains of him who had always been so uniformly kind and good in his intercourse





BURIAL OF JULIUS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.



with all, and gently laid them down in the little Cemetery, and then quickly and in silence dug a grave. There was no funereal pomp, no beautiful military ceremonies, no glorious rites of holy Religion to hallow this sad and solemn occasion. Rosecrans and the other friends of Garesché are not even able to be present. The sullen roar of the cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry still tell of the Battle going on. These rough and battle-scarred men perform their labor of love in sorrowful silence. Their eyes, unused to tears, fill as they look upon him lying prone at their feet,—headless,—disfigured, and call to mind how only a few short hours ago he was riding his spirited horse so gracefully and with his handsome face transfigured with excitement, hat and sword in hand, was cheering, rallying, and leading the troops to the charge again and again against the victorious enemy, and winning the admiration of the whole Army by his knightly bearing and dauntless chivalry. And memories, too, of his unvarying kindness of tone and gentleness of demeanor to all, to the bearer of the musket as well as that of the sword and epaulette, are recalled; in a word, the recollections of his whole short Past with them come crowding thick and fast on their minds and like a swollen torrent carry all before them, and they feel choked with their emotions and the scalding tears will gush forth and there is no check to their flow. Though they feel that he must be now happy in Heaven, yet it does seem so hard to part with him! Death seems so cruel, so ruthless, to mow down such a man!

Slowly and sadly they lay him in the finished grave; they have no coffin, no shroud, no pall, only their love to envelope his remains,—it is only too truly “ashes to ashes and dust to dust.” Suddenly one of them pauses in his labor,—a beautiful thought has come to him,—and communicating it to his companions, they all eagerly gather from the Cedar trees around their evergreen branches, and carefully place their protecting boughs over the prostrate form, and then by the dim light of a lantern tenderly replace the earth, and when their task is finished, they give one last long look and mournfully leave the spot, where reposes in his last sleep all that is mortal of the loved and gallant Garesché.

Immediately on being informed of his death, his brother Alexander telegraphed from St. Louis to General Rosecrans that he would at once come on for the body. He telegraphed at the same time to Mariquitta that she *only* had the right to say where Julius should be buried, and to telegraph him at Nashville her wishes. On his arrival there he received her answer,—to bring him on to Washington.

Meanwhile, on receipt of his dispatch, General Rosecrans had given orders to have the body identified, disinterred and forwarded on to Nashville. It was done accordingly, and I leave Major Skinner to describe this best in the continuation of his remarks.

"The grave where Colonel Garesché was buried was not sufficiently marked. Some time after, I was requested by Gen. Rosecrans to go with Col. Bond and a party to identify the grave and remains. After the battle this place had been selected as a burial spot, and consequently there was no certainty as to the matter. Several graves were sunken in on, before finding the right one. At last the men became impatient, and to urge the matter I got down into the grave they were opening myself. At the bottom in the sand, mould I found some evergreen boughs, and pulling them apart, I discovered the fine cloth of an officer's blanket and clothes. Then I cut the blanket at the head, for if the body had no head, I could be certain the remains were his. And it turned out so."

Julius' burial site is now marked by a small Monument.

His memory was never forgotten by his brothers in arms. The soldiers of the 10th Ohio Vols. (a regiment composed mainly of Irish Catholic citizens of Cincinnati, and which won enviable distinction at Murfreesboro for its gallant services) preserved the cedar boughs on which his remains had been conveyed from the spot where he fell to his temporary burying place, and made a box of them, or rather a little desk, which they presented as a mark of respect and gratitude to Sister Anthony, one of the Sisters of Charity. She esteemed it most highly as a valued relic of the saintly Garesché, and afterwards, in June 1863, thinking that it more properly should belong to his own family presented it through his brother, Father Garesché, to Mariquitta. The workmanship, it is true, was not elaborate, being done entirely by the inexperienced hands of soldiers; but then there was the warm, devoted heart that inspired them, and



that compensated in Mariquitta's eyes for all deficiencies of skill. As Father Fred said, when he wrote to her to inform her of this gift, "The associations are every thing and those would hallow to you the roughest workmanship, and give value to the merest trifle."

A cousin of Julius, Doctor Jerome K. Bauduy, the same mentioned in some of his former letters, afterwards a distinguished physician in St. Louis, Mo., now (June 1863) a young Surgeon in the Army, just graduated and practicing his profession in Hospital No. 14, in Nashville, Tenn., thus writes to Mariquitta in June, 1863, of the warm recollections of Julius preserved by Officers, soldiers and citizens.

"He was a *universal* favorite, and every one speaks of him as of a Saint; his name is on the lips of every one, and his virtues and memory are extolled every day."

He says furthermore :

"What an example his life was to us, and what consolation we have in his death ! I can well appreciate your loss, knowing what I myself have lost. He was a second Father to me, and his memory is as dear and sacred to me as is that of my own Father."

The Barracks erected in Cincinnati near St. Xavier's College and finished in June, 1863, were named in honor of Julius, "The Garesché Barracks !"

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,

"NASHVILLE, TENN., June 19th, 1865.

"GENERAL ORDERS, }  
"No. 43. }

"In accordance with the time-honored custom in the United States Army, and as an appropriate tribute to the memory of some of our brave comrades, whose spirits passed away amid the smoke and din of battle, or who died from wounds received in action, or from no less fatal disease contracted in the camp, it is ordered that their names be given to the defensive works of Nashville, which shall stand, for long years to come, fit monuments to their valor and devotion to their country.

\* \* \* \* \*

"V. The polygonal fort on the Hyde's Ferry Turnpike, with block-house, is named *Fort Garesché*, in honor of Lieutenant Colonel JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army, Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Major General ROSECRANS, Commanding the

Department of the Cumberland; killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31st, 1862.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By Command of Major General Geo. H. Thomas:

"W. M. D. WHIPPLE,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

Even yet, at the Annual Reunions of the Association of the Army of the Cumberland (composed of those who participated in its Campaigns), when Stone River's Battle is fought over again in conversation, Julius' name *always* comes to the lips of those present.

Adjutant General Lorenzo Thomas expressed in his accompanying Order the profound sorrow felt throughout the Army for his loss.

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,

"WASHINGTON, January 16, 1863.

"ORDERS,

"With profound sorrow the Adjutant General announces to the officers of his Department the decease of one of their comrades. To use the words of his Commanding General, in his brief dispatch from the battle-field, near Murfreesboro,—'We have to deplore the loss of Lieutenant Colonel GARESCHÉ, whose capacity and gentlemanly deportment had already endeared him to all the officers of this command, and whose gallantry on the field of battle excited their admiration.'

"Lieutenant Colonel JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ, Assistant Adjutant General, was a graduate of the Military Academy, in the class of 1841. As Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery, he served with distinction in the war with Mexico, and afterwards in Texas. Appointed to the Adjutant General's Department in 1855, he was ordered to duty in the Bureau at Washington, where, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, he was the senior Assistant. His ability and untiring industry have left their impress on the elaborate records over which he presided; and the universal and unfeigned regret at his loss, so freely expressed by all who came in contact with him, is a touching evidence of his value as an officer, and his worth as a man. Just and uncompromising in his official conduct, he was yet courteous, obliging, and affable. Possessing a chivalric spirit, with a high order of professional attainment, he hastened to embrace the first opportunity given him to enter on a more brilliant sphere of action, and reported to Major General Rosecrans as his chosen Chief of Staff, in time to render essential aid in organizing the Army with which the field of Murfreesboro' was won. At a critical moment on the 31st December, when the General, with his Staff, dashed forward to restore the tide of battle, which was turning against our arms, 'The noble Colonel GARESCHÉ' was instantly killed by a cannon ball.

"What lot can be more enviable to a soldier than his! Of singularly spotless private character, faithful in the observance of his obligations as a Christian, and devoted in his leisure hours to the exercise of benevolent acts, honored and beloved in his profession, he died as a true hero, and is mourned with a depth and sincerity of grief not often betrayed.

"The officers of the Adjutant General's Department will wear the badge of mourning for thirty days in respect to his memory.

"L. THOMAS,

"Adjutant General.

"Official:

"E. D. TOWNSEND,

"Assistant Adjutant General."

And per General Order No. 83 of the Adjutant General's Office, War Department, dated April 1, 1863, one of the new Batteries erected around Washington was named in Julius' honor, "*Battery Garesché.*"

And many years afterwards a newly established Post of the Grand Army of the Republic in South St. Louis, Mo., formerly Carondelet, was named after him "*The Julius P. Garesché Post.*"

When Father Garesché heard of his brother's death, even Priest of God as he was and as such expected to make all earthly sacrifices, yet he could not restrain his anguish of mind, so dearly beloved was Julius by his own immediate relatives as well as by the outside world, and in his letter to Mariquitta, written at once, and dated Cincinnati, January 3, 1863, he expresses not only his own sorrow but also that of the citizens of Cincinnati, who knew Julius but by reputation.

"May the good God help you to bear this great affliction. It has so stunned me that I can hardly as yet realize it; what then must be *your* agony, my dear Sister! I feel for you and with you, and I wish that I were near, to speak of him whom we have lost, and whom we loved. It seems only yesterday that I bade him good-bye. He had been to Confession and Communion on that morning, and I have no doubt whatever, that he did not go to battle unprepared. May his soul soon enjoy perpetual rest! He suffered no agony—his wound was so instantaneously fatal—that he must have passed from earth to heaven to the Blessed Virgin, his Mother, to the Lord he loved, and the God he served—even as a child falls asleep.

"Every one here (at the College) and in the city prays for him. Masses innumerable, I might almost say, will be offered up. His Grace (the Arch-

bishop) came at once to see me, and sends you his most heartfelt sympathy : he said Mass for him this morning.

"O my poor dear Sister, now these things cannot stop the tears nor the dull anguish of your heart! I know it, for I too have been weeping, and cannot bear it as a priest should. God help us, Julius was the best, noblest brother, differing as we did, that I had received from God.

"I have been down to Headquarters to see what should be done. Much depends on the Battle which is said, (and believed at Headquarters) to have ended disastrously. I was told that if General Rosecrans is still alive he will spare nothing to bring on the remains. In the mean time, telegraphic communication is broken off and it is scarcely possible to make one's way to Nashville. What would be your wish, my dear Sister, as I suppose that you have already sent on word to St. Louis? I am now about to write what information I have to Aleck so that he may act at once and as he and your Father think best.

"God bless you, my dear Sister, all the love that we had for poor Jules is yours now, for you and your children are all that is left to us, and do not for one moment think now of our different principles and opinions in this war, for I have been on to St. Louis and they were all as devoted to Jules as ever. Let us forget every thing to weep together and pray for our dear brother."

On February 21, 1863, he writes from Cincinnati to Mari-quitta, of the certainty of Julius being in Heaven, as revealed to a holy Jesuit Father, and the peace and joy this knowledge has given himself:

"There is a Father of our Society, Father Weninger, of eminent sanctity and intimate union with God, and of known discretion. He celebrated 5 Masses for Julius, in honor of the Five Sacred Wounds. Whilst saying the last and holding the sacred host in his hands, he implored our Lord to release my brother's soul, and to take it to Himself to repose on His divine heart forever. He pressed his prayer, and with a holy violence insisted on having the favor granted at once. He says that our Lord did not say so, in so many words, but that He gave him an intimate *conviction*, an assurance which he cannot himself doubt, that the prayer was heard and the request granted. The Father told me that I might believe it without hesitation. I do, and since that time I cannot shed a tear for my brother, and save now and then a pang at my own loss, I feel nothing but a holy peace and even joy at his release from a situation, which to judge from his last conversation with me, would be now intolerable to him, for the proclamation rendered the war too inhuman and illegal, after the 1st of January, for him to have continued in it. His words to me were (he was assenting to an argument which I had urged on another and had repeated to him, proving that the war would then be, 'wicked, inhuman,



and unchristian and that no Catholic could fight in it'—) 'No one can deny it—it is clear.' I felt a delicacy in pressing the question, and so I turned the conversation, but the impression remained on my mind, that in case the proclamation was really issued, which neither of us was then willing to believe possible, *he* would at once resign.

"I am glad to hear that you bear up so well, in a manner so becoming to a Catholic widow under this heavy cross, and I attribute it to his prayers in heaven, who is as near to you now and even nearer, and more solicitous than whilst he was on earth. Live for your children, to preserve them from any thing like sin which would render them displeasing to his sight, and cultivate in them every virtue which seeing he will rejoice in."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Father Lynch's letter assigning reason why Mariquitta wished to have Julius buried in Washington—Alexander's arrival at Nashville after the remains, his intense grief and Surgeon Swift's earnest recommendation—the sad Journey on to Washington, and the grief and honors accorded the body along the route—its lying in state in St. Aloysius' Church—Archbishop Kenrick's (of St. Louis) words in the pulpit and his letter to Mariquitta—exclamation of an Officer—Gen. Geo. Thom breaks the sad news to Mariquitta—her fearful sorrow—Capt. Carbery Lay's happy thought—the children's grief—Mariquitta's visits with Alexander to the body—description of deep grief experienced throughout Washington, of the funeral and burial, and of the regard Julius was held in by all classes.

As Father Lynch expresses in a letter to Father Garesché—January 21, 1863—one of the reasons, and the main one of Mariquitta's desiring to have her beloved husband buried in Washington instead of elsewhere is,

"The high appreciation of his character in this community. He had long resided here," says Father Lynch,—“longer than in any one other place. He was known to every one here, from the highest to the lowest. Besides myself, perhaps no one knew him intimately. Still for all this there was not a man in the whole city more generally known—not one who enjoyed a reputation like his. There was but one sentiment expressed when the news of his death reached us, that his body should repose in the midst of those who knew him, valued him, loved him, and to whom he was for so many years a model of every manly and Christian virtue. Besides this, the graves of two of his children are here, the spot where they repose was the favorite resort of his leisure hours.”

Alexander reached Nashville in the night and found the remains already encased in a coffin. Those in charge were about to light a lamp, so as to show them to him when the attending Surgeon, Surgeon Ebenezer Swift, U. S. A., hastily came forward and strongly advised him not to view them as the sight would be too harrowing to his feelings—better to remember his beloved brother as he last saw him.

"It will give you no satisfaction, Mr. Garesché," said he, "it is a ghastly

spectacle, being only a headless trunk. The whole head was shot off save a little protuberance of the backbone, which I cut off to make a uniformity. Otherwise, the body was not in the least mutilated."

The poor heart-broken Alexander complied with his suggestion and the casket was not opened. That night he made all the arrangements with an undertaker to have all ready for the morning train.

The citizens of Nashville, on whom Julius had made a great impression, irrespective of their War feelings, were all profoundly grieved by his death and joined in the universal sorrow felt for his loss.

All along the long journey from Nashville to Washington did the remains of Julius meet with marked respect and sincere grief. All officers of the transportation lines—Boat as well as Rail—vied in their efforts to facilitate Alexander's progress, and rendered him every assistance in their power. When he reached Louisville, which was at night, by permission of Bishop Spalding the body rested all night before the High Altar of the Cathedral and many came to pay to it their respects. Had it been known by the citizens of Louisville the precise time that Alexander would arrive, every honor would have been paid to Julius as in Cincinnati. But Alexander had not notified the city, not seeking *éclat* for his brother's remains, and not dreaming of the deep affection Julius was held in by all and how universally known his name was. When Alexander reached Cincinnati he was there joined by his brother Ferdinand, and together they continued the sad journey. The attention shown Julius in Cincinnati can best be expressed in the accompanying newspaper clipping.

"FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE  
COL. JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ.

"At a meeting of the Young Men's Sodality, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 12th day of January, 1863, Messrs. Edward Martin, P. A. Clifford, Rev. Chas. Driscoll, S. J., and John Holland, were named by the Chairman to draft the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our fellow-sodalist, Col. Julius P. Garesché, who fell on the bloody field of Murfreesboro, while engaged in leading our noble army in the defence of our common country and liberties; therefore—

"*Resolved*, That we, the Young Men's Sodality, will form an escort to his remains while passing through this city.

"*Resolved*, That we hereby tender a most cordial invitation to all our fellow-citizens to join us in paying respect to the memory of the illustrious departed.

"*Resolved*, That in his death our country has lost one of its bravest and most gallant defenders, and we, his fellow-sodalists, one of our most exemplary members.

"*Resolved*, That we hereby tender our heartfelt condolence to the family and friends of the deceased hero.

"JOHN P. WALSH, President.

"P. A. CLIFFORD, Secretary.

#### "ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS.

"The mortal remains of the late Colonel Garesché, arrived on Tuesday morning, 13th inst., on the Louisville Mail boat. The remains were accompanied from Nashville, Tenn., by his brother Alex. J. P. Garesché, Esq., of St. Louis, his third brother, Ferd L. Garesché, also of St. Louis, meeting them here *en route* for Washington, D. C., where the lamented hero, with his family, had resided some years past.

"At 8 o'clock, A. M., the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, headed by their Cornet band, proceeded to the Mail boat, received the body and conducted it in solemn procession, to St. Xavier's church.—The coffin was covered with the American flag, and on either side of the hearse, were six citizen pall-bearers. The Society banner and the American flag, as they were borne aloft, heavily shrouded in crape, and the long line of mourners on foot, presented a very imposing spectacle. The funeral marched up Broadway, Sixth and Sycamore streets, to the Church, when the pall-bearers carried the body into the Church and placed it in front of the high altar. The coffin was then covered with the elegant American flag of the Sodality Society.—Even at this early hour, with no other notice than the announcement in the morning papers, the beautiful church of St. Xavier was filled by the pious Catholics of the city and suburbs, and the children from the different schools, who came to assist at the solemn Mass *in requiem*, that was about to be offered up for the repose of the soul of this faithful and devout Catholic soldier.—The altar was stripped of its ornaments and draped in mourning, and every thing around the church and every body seemed to weep for the loss of one they loved; although they knew him but by reputation. His virtues were before them as a living model for all—one who had faithfully practiced and gloried in the practice of his religious duties—one, whose last act, even on the battlefield, where death and carnage were ruling around him, was to breathe a prayer to Almighty God.

"The solemn Mass *in requiem* was commenced soon after the corpse was laid down before the altar. Rev. Father Garesché, S. J., was the celebrant, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Driscoll, S. J., preached



on the occasion. He spoke beautifully of the virtuous and pure life Col. Garesché had led; and as he alluded to the Rev. celebrant, Col. Garesché's brother, and to the services which the deceased had lately rendered the Catholic church in Washington, in erecting suitable hospitals to save the church from being profaned, when it was demanded for an hospital by the United States government; he was truly eloquent. He stated that in his early youth Col. Garesché had made a resolution that he would read a chapter in the Imitation of Christ every day of his life; that he had strictly adhered to it, and as one of the newspaper correspondents states: 'Before going into battle he was seen reading his prayer book,'—no doubt fulfilling his promise—doing his duty to God and to his Country. He concluded by saying that Col. Garesché was one of the first members of the Sodality in the city of St. Louis, and that in the month of November, when passing through this city, he had gone to Communion in that very church with the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception on their regular monthly communion Sunday.

"The solemn and imposing ceremonies of the Mass were then continued, and many a fervent prayer was offered up in the vast concourse that assisted at it for the eternal repose of the soul of the gallant Colonel. As the trembling voice of the celebrant intoned the *Pater Noster*, every lip seemed to echo the prayer, and render more impressive, if possible, the solemn ceremonies of the Church. His Grace, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, was in the sanctuary during divine service.

"Rev. Father Driscoll, S. J., performed the funeral ceremony, and intoned the *De Profundis*.

"After the religious ceremonies were performed, a detail of Military sentinels kept formal guard in front of the catafalque, until late in the afternoon. A stream of visitors continued to throng the church throughout the day, and there could not have been less than one hundred persons present at any one time, paying tribute to the memory of the deceased, and offering up a prayer for the repose of his soul. This was a sight that Catholics love to look upon, for 'it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.' The funeral up to this hour was purely a Catholic one. At four o'clock a battalion escort of regulars with the Newport Band formed a column in front of St. Xavier's church. Twelve soldiers marched up the aisle of the church, carried out the coffin and placed it in the hearse. The battalion presented arms as the body came out. The funeral procession then formed in the following order:

"Advance Guard.

"Newport Band.

"Six companies of Infantry, in columns of platoons, with arms reversed.

"Four Military Pall  
Bearers on foot.

Hearse

Four Military Pall  
Bearers on foot.

"Six citizen Pall-bearers, two and two, on foot.

"Cornet Band of the Sodality.

"Young Men's Sodality, Members of Catholic Societies, and students of St. Xavier's College, on foot.

"Carriages.

"The procession was several squares in length. The day was fair overhead, but the streets were deep with mud, which rendered the marching extremely unpleasant. The display, nevertheless, was large and imposing, and the whole line proceeded to the railroad *dépôt*, and deposited the remains in a car to be transported to Washington for interment. The procession and all the ceremonies were very imposing and highly complimentary to the memory of the Catholic hero, Garesché."

Continuously along the route, at all the stations, there were crowds of people, hoping to get a glimpse of the dead Catholic hero. One would have supposed some great and distinguished potentate dead, instead of the pious, modest, unostentatious Army Officer, so great was the concourse of people at every stopping place, endeavoring to obtain a view of Julius: but in his case how different was the sympathy of all manifested, how eloquently did their tears and heartfelt expressions of sorrow proclaim a genuine,—not a sham grief!

It was with heavy, heavy hearts that Alexander and Ferdinand bore on all that was left of the dear, devoted Brother, who notwithstanding the difference of their feelings concerning the War, had nevertheless loved them as fervently, as truly as ever, allowing no such barriers to come between his and their love. And the remembrance of his grave, thoughtful look and sweet, pleasant smile; his devotion to his little family, to them, to his relatives, to all; and his whole life as known to themselves; came back with lifelike distinctness to their sorrowing gaze, and their anguish was deep and bitter.

When they reached Washington, January 16, 1863, already every preparation had been made to honor the beloved remains, which were at once conveyed from the *dépôt* to St. Aloysius' Church—that Church Julius had loved and had saved from desecration. Here they lay in state, receiving every token of respect, love and sorrow from all—from the high and low—rich and poor—Catholic and Protestant—friend and stranger. The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, that Society he

had helped so earnestly to organize and since had taken such a warm interest in, kept unremitting watch over his cherished form.

Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, always a devoted friend of Julius' family, and the same who received his father into the Church and solemnized his own marriage with Mariquitta, is so saintly that he is not easily disturbed in mind. On the morning of the Sunday following Julius' death, January 4th, as there was no longer any question of doubting the truth of this mournful event, all the newspapers fully corroborating it, his brother-in-law, Mr. Farish, presented to the Archbishop, just as he was about to ascend the pulpit of St. John's Church to preach, a written notice thereof. His Grace's voice faltered as he read it aloud, and he had to stop, then resuming read it through and recommended Julius' soul to the prayers of the congregation, adding these words: "*The deceased was one of the best men whom I had the privilege of knowing.*"

A week subsequently he wrote as follows to Mariquitta:

"I have the honor to enclose to you the certificate of your marriage with the late Lieut. Col. Julius P. Garesché. I avail myself of the occasion to express my deep sympathy with you in your bereavement. No language could do justice to my feelings of esteem and veneration for your late saintly husband. I always regarded him as a model Christian, one of those rare characters who unite the exact observance of all the duties of religion with the discharge of all the obligations of the sphere in which they move. It is this conviction which must afford to you and his orphan children the most solid consolation, as it lightens for all his friends the severity of the blow by which we have been visited in losing him."

When the intelligence of Julius' death was flashed over the wires to the War Department, some one of the group of high Officers gathered around a table, late in the evening, watching for news as to how the Battle was going, exclaimed, "Well! no matter how the Battle turns, it is equivalent to a defeat, for Garesché was worth an Army!"

Even before General Thom knew of the sad event, there drove up to General Halleck's Head Quarters, on whose Staff he was, a carriage containing Father Lynch, S. J., Julius' intimate friend, and another Father. They asked for General Thom,

and upon seeing him, asked if he would not go with them and inform poor Mrs. Garesché of her great loss, for they had not the heart to do it themselves, and because "she had been advised by Julius to look to him as her friend in case he should meet with the fate which had befallen him." Gen. Thom accordingly went, and in company with them, General Francis J. Darr of the Volunteers, (a warm admirer of Julius) and Col. Jas. B. Fry of the Adj't. Gen'l's. Corps, one of Julius' friends, and one or two others, told her all.

At first, she could hardly realize the news, but when the truth dawned on her bewildered mind the effect was stunning. She did not, could not cry, her very heart was benumbed with its anguish, and those about her became alarmed for the consequences. Her lady friends and neighbors kindly came at once to render all the assistance in their power to assuage her sorrow, for not one of them but had in some manner or other reason to feel grateful to the dead hero for benefits conferred on themselves and their families. She remained in this terrible tearless agony of sorrow for some little time, and it was only when one of her friends, Captain Carbery Lay, U. S. A., whose family had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy at her house, bethought himself of bringing her little Adèle to her that her pent up feelings at length discharged themselves in a copious flood of tears, and her overburdened heart found relief. Its sweet infantine smile and cute little "Eh!" and "my Papa" brought back so vividly her darling husband's proud and happy look when gazing on his charming baby, and the recollection of how much he thought of it. Then the reaction set in, and she sobbed long and poignantly. No one but her God comprehended at that moment the full sorrow of her bleeding heart, as none but He comprehended to the full extent her devoted, almost idolizing love for her fallen Jules.

Her little children, still too young to understand fully the terrible loss they had sustained, nevertheless sobbed plaintively and mourned in their childish way: for had not Papa always been kind and good, was he not one among a thousand Papas, and could it be possible, as loving hearts told them, that he was gone forevermore! Should they never again see his beloved



self, never again receive his parental embrace, never again tell him their childish sorrows and joys and in return receive his sympathy or pleasure! The same loving friends added that they must now try and resign their little hearts to the eternal happiness he was enjoying with their deceased little brothers and sister and help dear, dear Mamma to bear up under her great cross, by being always good and obedient to her and loving and tender to one another! Poor children, they did not, could not know the full meaning of being deprived of such a father; only long, long years could teach them the inexpressible value of such a parent!

After the arrival of his remains Mariquitta on the arm of Alexander made several visits to the Church to pray over them. Through respect for her the members on watch stepped aside leaving her and Alexander alone with her darling Jules. He lay in his coffin covered up, for it had been deemed best that, owing to his decapitation, his body should not be exposed, lest it should awaken feelings too painful in those who had seen him last appearing so differently—then in all the pride of manly beauty—now only a headless, disfigured corpse. One of Mariquitta's visits was at night. Heart-broken at her loss and yet striving so hard to resign herself to the Will of her Redeemer, to accept this great Cross even as He had accepted His for her's and all mankind's sake, it was sad to imagine what must be the anguish of her stricken, widowed heart.

She did not feel equal to attending the burial rites, and her little ones, Marie, Octavie and Louis, under charge of their uncles Alexander and Ferdinand Garesché and John F. Slevin, took her place. The sad solemnity of that occasion and the bitter grief evinced by every one made an impression on their youthful minds that Time could never efface.

The deep grief experienced throughout Washington and a description of the imposing funeral ceremonies are best recorded in the words of the newspaper extract subjoined, dated Washington, January 17, 1863.

"Col. Julius P. Garesché is no more! Such was the sad and startling intelligence which a few days ago the electric wires conveyed from the bloody field of Murfreesboro' to the sorrowing family of that heroic Chris-

tian and fearless soldier. A momentary cessation supplied the place of our city's wonted activity, and with anxious hopefulness all hearts still cherished the belief that the rumor was unfounded. A second dispatch soon came, however, confirming the sorrowful news, and then the pent up grief of loving hearts found full expression in unbidden tears and heartfelt prayers.

"Washington to-day is draped in deepest mourning, and well she ought to be, for to-day has been consigned to his mother earth, amid the tears of mournful thousands, one of her noblest and most devoted sons. Well indeed did Garesché deserve the honors that to-day were shown him, and well too did our community perform its part in paying the last tribute of respect to his cherished memory. The remains, brought hither by his brothers Alexander and Ferdinand, reposed in state in the Church since yesterday morning, attended constantly by the various Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, of which Society he was an honored member. To the clergy of the Society of Jesus he was devotedly attached, and it was meet that the members of that illustrious Order should honor him, in death, who had revered and respected them whilst living. The impressive funeral services of our Holy Church were this morning celebrated in the beautiful temple of St. Aloysius.

"During the services the corpse, which was in a metallic case, over which the national flag was laid, was placed in front of the altar, surrounded by lighted candles.

"A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was intoned at eleven o'clock, by Rev. B. F. Wiget, S. J., President of Gonzaga College, with Rev. Father Brouillet, D. D., of Oregon, as Deacon, Rev. Father McGraw, O. S. D., as Sub-deacon, and Mr. W. F. Hamilton, S. J., as Master of ceremonies. The spacious edifice was crowded in every part by all conditions of society—those well to do in the world coming to do homage to the patriot and the soldier, and the humble to bear their tribute to the charity and Christian virtues of the man.

"When Rev. Father B. A. Maguire, S. J., ascended the pulpit a death-like stillness prevailed throughout that large assembly. Father Maguire and Colonel Garesché had been most intimate friends, and it was with difficulty that the eloquent panegyrist restrained his feelings during the delivery of his able and touching discourse. He took for his text 'John, Chapter 11, 21st to 28th verse.' He felt that he was unable to do justice to the occasion. Human nature was crushed by such an event, and philosophy could afford no consolation. This was found only in the words of the text—Christ's words of comfort to Mary and Martha. He would speak as best he could; it had caused him to feel that the Church and clergy had sustained an irreparable loss.

"He proceeded to give a brief history of Colonel Garesché's life, and then spoke of his exalted character as a citizen, a soldier, and a Christian. On the morning of the day on which he was killed he received Holy Commun-

ion in connection with the Commanding General, thus leaving behind the clearest evidence that he was *faithful unto death*.

"It was not necessary for the speaker to dwell at length upon the virtues of the deceased; all who knew him could bear witness to his fidelity to all the obligations he assumed as a soldier, citizen or Christian.

"During the Mass the deep-toned organ was handled in a masterly manner by Henry Sherman, Esq., but the most thrilling effect was produced by the Military Band which performed the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore* with solemn impressiveness at the close of the services.

"The choir (which on this occasion was composed of the choirs of all the Catholic Churches in this city) under the leadership of Mr. G. E. French, performed Mozart's grand Requiem Mass and selections from Norma, Sicilian Vespers, and Don Giovanni, in an impressive manner.

"'Angels ever bright and fair,' was sung in exquisite style by Mrs. Young Kretchmar; and a duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed with similar effectiveness by Mrs. Kretchmar and Mrs. Delano, wife of Hon. Mr. Delano of Massachusetts.

"Many distinguished persons were present, among whom were Generals Halleck, Shields, Barnard, Casey, Stone and others, the family of Secretary Stanton, and a large number of members of Congress. The members of the several Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Young Catholic Friends' Society, Sodalities, and Literary Societies of Georgetown College were present in large numbers.

"The body was removed to the hearse by ten soldiers detailed for that purpose, preceded by the pall-bearers, Colonel E. D. Townsend, Colonel Geo. Thom, Colonel Geo. D. Ruggles, Major M. S. Miller, Major M. D. L. Simpson, Major J. C. Woodruff, Captain J. G. Benton, and Captain J. D. Kurtz. The procession was then formed with the twenty-fifth Maine Regiment in front, preceded by their full Band, playing a funeral March, —then came the carriages containing the pall-bearers, after which came the hearse, and a long line of carriages filled with the family and friends of the deceased, among whom were many of the first citizens of our city. It was one of the largest funeral processions ever witnessed in Washington. By this imposing *cortège* the corpse was conveyed to Mount Olivet Cemetery, where it was consigned to its narrow house of clay amid the prayers of the Church, the salvos of the military, and the tears of the assembled multitude.

"Thus has passed from our midst one of the noblest spirits that ever lived on earth. He was, in the words of his distinguished eulogist, 'the very embodiment of the soul of honor;' one of the purest specimens of God's noblest work, and combined in his person all the lofty attributes of the heroic knights of ancient Catholic chivalry.

"His official and social career while here, is too well known to require any delineation. To the country he proved a faithful servant; to the poor, the widow and the orphan, a more than father; to our Catholic religious

bodies, a friend and defender; and to the Church of God, a devout, obedient and edifying child. Well may the country hang low her flags, for she has lost one of her bravest sons! Well may the poor give vent to poignant grief, for they have suffered in his death; and well may the Church put on her mourning, for one of her brightest ornaments has gone!

“He was a Knight of St. Sylvester, and it is a remarkable coincidence that on that Saint's day he lost his life. Gen. Rosecrans positively asserts that Garesché is a martyr to the Army. On the morning of the day on which he was killed he and the General received together the Holy Communion, thus leaving behind the clearest evidence that he was *faithful unto death*. Late in the day, the General and his staff were together on the field—contending hosts were fiercely battling for the victory—the orders had all been issued, and with painful anxiety did they await the issue of the terrible conflict. Presently the lines began to waver—pressed on all points, the men gave way—the day seemed lost, and inevitable destruction appeared to be the Army's only fate! At that fearful moment it was, when stout hearts quailed and almost ceased to beat, that Garesché requested a moment's absence. Permission was granted. He retired to a secluded spot—dismounted from his charger—fell prostrate on the earth,—and there, like the valiant Decius of ancient Rome, but with a spirit of faith as far beyond that of Decius as the supernatural can surpass the natural, he offered to God *his own life* for the deliverance of the Army! He returned to the field—the army rallied and were saved, but Garesché's body lay cold in death,—while

“*His rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,  
Burst from the thralldom of incumbering clay,  
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,  
Soared to the realms of endless Life and Light.*”



## CHAPTER XLIV.

Affecting tribute of Conference of St. Patrick's, of Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of Philodemic Society of Georgetown College—Monument raised to Julius' memory at Mt. Olivet Cemetery and its description.

AS an evidence of how Julius' memory was treasured in the hearts of his brother members of St. Vincent de Paul's Society and revered by other organizations to which he had belonged, I submit their Resolutions upon his death.

"SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL,

"CONFERENCE OF ST. PATRICK'S,

"WASHINGTON, January 11, 1863.

"It having been officially announced that Lieut. Colonel Julius P. Garesché, Chief of the Staff of Major General Rosecrans, was killed while leading a Cavalry Charge at the Battle of Murfreesboro', Tennessee, the Committee to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the deceased, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Conference has heard with the profoundest sorrow of the death of Lieut. Colonel Julius P. Garesché, U.S.A., their much beloved President and Brother in St. Vincent de Paul, who offered his life a sacrifice for the cause of his country, in whose service he was distinguished as a gallant officer and a brilliant ornament.

"*Resolved*, That we will ever cherish and respect his memory, and estimate the virtues which adorned his private and public character as a man and a Christian, whose every act and motive was for the greater glory of God and the amelioration of his fellow man.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his family and friends in their irreparable loss, and while we mingle our tears with theirs, we bow submissively to the Will of Him, who has taken to Himself this faithful servant to reward him for his many good deeds unknown to other men.

"*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect for our deceased President, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days, and will offer a Requiem Mass for his repose on the 30th inst., in St. Patrick's Church.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be communicated to the family of the deceased.

"J. F. CALLAN,  
"D. W. C. CLARKE, } *Committee.*  
"J. SMOLINSKI,

"At a meeting of the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, held in Washington on January 14th, 1863, the President, Mr. Richard H. Clarke, having announced the recent death of Lieut. Colonel Garesché, late a member of the Council and President of the Conference of St. Patrick's, and in a very appropriate manner enumerated his virtues and silent charities, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of respect for the memory of the lamented deceased.

"Mr. Brent reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published in the *National Intelligencer* of Washington and the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore.

"When, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, men, like the good and lamented Colonel Garesché are removed from the sphere of their usefulness, and family and friends are called upon to mourn over the melancholy event, sorrow and regret are confined to no narrow limits, but the public have cause and occasion to unite in the expression of distress and sympathy.

"To none, outside of the immediate family and relatives of the departed, has this dispensation brought more pain and sorrow, than to his brethren of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

"Practically and intimately acquainted with the religious and disinterested zeal of their lamented brother in the discharge of the charitable duties prescribed by the Society to its members in their relations to the poor and afflicted, none can bear better testimony to his acts and merits in these respects than his mourning associates. Truly was our departed brother a model representative of the children and almoners of St. Vincent de Paul. A practical and consistent member of our 'Holy Church,' an ever ready and self-sacrificing friend of the poor and the suffering—a safe and prudent counsellor in every thing that concerned the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the adopted recipients of the benefits of our association, and of the distressed and needy, whenever and wherever brought to his notice—the lamented Garesché has left in this world the living and shining evidences and results of his zeal and piety, and has carried with him to that beyond the grave, the claims of a Christian life, and the good works which he so constantly and modestly performed.

"Therefore *Resolved*, That the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, entertaining these sentiments and opinions, desire to express, however imperfectly conveyed, for themselves and the Society, their profound sorrow and regret at this sudden and afflicting dispensation of the Most High, which has taken from them a valued and beloved co-laborer and brother, and from the poor and unfortunate of this city, one of their best friends and comforters.

"*Resolved*, That in testimony of their sorrow on the occasion of this sad event, the members of this Council will wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to the family

of the deceased, with the assurance of the sincere condolence of this Council and the Society under this trying affliction.

“By order of the Council,

“RICHARD H. CLARKE,

“President Particular Council.

“JOHN CARROLL BRENT, Vice President,

“P. C. HOWLE, President St. Matthew's Conference, } *Committee.*”

“JOHN F. CALLAN, Secretary Particular Council, }

“At a meeting of the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, D. C., held Sunday, January 11th, 1863, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

“*Whereas*, The Divine Providence of Almighty God has called from our midst Lieutenant Colonel Julius P. Garesché, U. S. A., an old and respected member of the Philodemic Society, therefore be it

“*Resolved*; that in lamenting the death of one possessing so many noble and amiable qualities we feel sensibly the loss we are called upon to sustain.

“*Resolved*; that as a testimony of respect for his memory, the members of this Society wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

“*Resolved*; that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased with the assurance of our warm sympathy in their deep bereavement.

“*Resolved*; that a copy of these resolutions be published in the *National Intelligencer* of Washington, D. C., and entered in full upon the records of the Society.

“H. M. BRENT,

“H. L. McCULLOUGH,

“J. A. MURPHY,

} *Committee.*”

Not satisfied with honoring Julius in the manner just described, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in their affectionate regard for him, determined to erect a Monument to his memory over his remains in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Particular Council, held in St. Patrick's Church, in March, 1863, a Committee, consisting of the President, Richard H. Clarke, J. Carroll Brent, Vice President, and Thomas H. Parsons, President of the Conference of St. Aloysius', were appointed to co-operate with the family and friends of Julius in erecting a handsome Monument, and were authorized to adopt the plan and requested to complete the work with all possible speed. This was done, and many of Julius' associates in the Army, as well as others, willingly contributed. The necessary

money was collected, and deposited with a Banker by the name of Sweeney. Unfortunately, he failed, and for a long time there was but little hope of recovering any of the deposit. After some months' time, however, he recovered, but even before he could pay back any portion of this money, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul had generously determined, at any rate, to erect the Monument, and themselves to furnish the amount originally collected, whether he were able or not to pay. What adds to the value of this testimony to Julius' memory, is that most of these brother members were far from being rich.

The obelisk, a remarkably handsome one,—and a modification of the design of the Rev. Father Sestini, S. J., the talented and pious Architect of St. Aloysius' Church, and a former Confessor of Julius, which design could not be carried out in full, as the expenses for doing so would have involved more money than was on hand,—was made of the purest Italian marble, and consists of a pedestal and shaft, eighteen feet high, beautifully ornamented with the Insignia of the Corps of U. S. Artillery and with a copy (the entire workmanship in stone) of Julius' Cross of St. Sylvester, which he had so highly prized in life. The four sides of the Monument are inscribed as follows:

On the front, and immediately below the above mentioned Insignia and Cross, appears the following Latin Inscription, composed and written by Rev. Father Felix Cicaterri, S. J.,—a master of this species of Latin composition—at the request of Rev. Father Daniel Lynch, S. J.

“P

H. S. E.

P

JVLIVS P. GARECHEVS

EQ. ORD. SYLVESTRIANI. BELL. DVCIS. ADIVTOR

QVI. ANN. NATVS. XLI. IN. ACIE. OCCVBIT

PRID. KAL. IAN. A. M. DCCCLXIII

VXSOR. INSOLABILIS. SODALES. MOERENTES

VIRO. FORTISSIMO. INTEGERRIMO. PIENTISSIMO

TITVLVM. ET. LACRVMAS.”





THE GRAVE OF JULIUS AND MARIQUITTA AT MT. OLIVET CEMETERY.



*Translation.*

"Here reposes  
In Christ

Julius P. Garesché

Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester and

Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army,

Who, in his 41st year of age, was killed in battle

The 31st of December 1862.

His disconsolate spouse and sorrowing comrades

Have erected this Monument with tears

To the bravest, most upright, and most religious of men."

Immediately on the reverse side of the Monument there  
appears,



"ERECTED

by

the Officers of the U. S. Army

and

the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

And on the right hand side,

"KILLED

in

the battle of Murfreesboro

Dec. 31st, 1862.

May he rest in peace."

And on the left hand side,



"JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ

Lt. Col. U. S. A. A. A. G.

born

1821."

## CHAPTER XLV.

Mariquitta's life subsequent to Julius' death—her own death and subsequent removal to and burial in his grave at Washington—ultimate cure of Marie—religious vocation of Tavie and Adèle—instance of the force of Julius' example—History and Description of the Order of St. Sylvester.

A FEW days after the funeral, at the urgent entreaties of her Mother, who had come on with her son-in-law, Mr. John F. Slevin, to assist and comfort her and her little ones in their hour of tribulation, and actuated too by her heart's desire to leave a city that could never more be the same to her—that would call up hereafter none but sad and painful memories of her great loss—Mariquitta consented to go to St. Louis, and accompanied by all her children she left with her Mother and three brothers-in-law for her new home.

She never fully recovered from her sad blow, and though resigned to God's Holy Will, and feeling assured that Julius was happier in his Heavenly abode, than he could ever be with her and his children on this earth, and striving so perseveringly and so fervently to bear up courageously and with a true religious spirit under her great cross, still her heart never ceased to beat for him. Thoroughly unselfish and endeavoring faithfully to perform her duty: 1st to God; 2nd to her children; and 3rd to her neighbor, she complied to the letter with all her obligations. A fond, devoted Mother, she lived thenceforward for the sake of her children, and sacrificed herself for their sakes again and again; for her means were scanty. Her noble husband had left nothing but his very small Capital left him by his own father and which had considerably diminished, owing to his having been compelled at different times to make heavy inroads upon it. In his unselfish devotion to duty Julius had sought only the glory and welfare of his country, without any thought of himself, and had, moreover, always shared with the poor, the widow and orphan, and the Church, all that could be spared



from the immediate wants of his family, and had made no provision for them in the contingency of his death.

With her modest pension of \$30 a month and what copying she could obtain from the Government, Mariquitta bravely supported herself and her four children, and strove to give them a good education and every advantage and comfort, even at the expense of her own health and comfort. Of a noble and unselfish nature, possessed of the true spirit of independence, she could not bear that she and her little ones should live on the kind charity of her loving relatives, but preferred that they should all depend upon her own exertions, feeling assured, too, that such would be the wish of her darling husband were he able to communicate with her.

She did not live many years after his decease, but died in St. Louis on the 16th of February, 1871, a most beautiful and edifying death, and receiving all the last Sacraments of the Church, surrounded by her weeping, heart-broken children and sorrowing relatives. Always, since Julius' loss, experiencing the utmost horror of death and every thing relating thereto, to the wonder and admiring surprise of all her last moments were as peaceful as those of an infant. In that dread moment, undoubtedly, her beloved husband and little angel babes were at hand, succoring her and entreating the mercy of the Omnipotent in her behalf; for she was able resignedly to say a last good-bye to all around her and even to try and cheer her despairing, desolate darlings. Not old enough fully to appreciate their sainted Father's death, they now felt but too painfully what they were losing in her, and their pent up hearts wailed forth their agony as they saw her slowly and gradually fading from before their tear bedimmed gaze.

In her dying moments she expressed aside to her daughter Tavie the wish that at some future day her remains might be disinterred from Calvary Cemetery (near St. Louis) and taken on to Washington, there to repose in the same grave as her beloved Jules. This last loving desire to be near that faithful husband, but sad and painful task to her devoted son, was carried out, by him many years afterwards, in November 1882, when he was able, and she now sleeps in the same grave as

Julius, immediately over him, with his Monument at her head and covered with her own tombstone and cross, and with her little Lauréal resting on the one side and little Edgar on the other. United as she and Julius had been in life and are now in Heaven, God permitted them to be united even in the grave.

In the words of her tombstone: "Elle a servi Dieu avec crainte, Elle a été a lui avec confiance." "She served God with fear, and went to Him with confidence."

Julius' "dear little Marie" was ultimately cured, but not till after the snows of many Winters had crowned his last resting place in Mount Olivet Cemetery and that of his darling Mariquitta in Calvary Cemetery. And then soon followed the reunion of himself and his Mariquitta in the grave, and shortly after that the entrance into the Religious life of his two other daughters, Adèle and Tavie. The accompanying clipping from a Catholic newspaper, the *New York Freeman's Journal*, dated August 28, 1880, describes Marie's cure:—

#### "OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

"CURE OF MISS MARIE GARESCHÉ IN ST. LOUIS.

"A special correspondent of the *New Orleans Morning Star* writes to it, under date of August 7th, 1880:

"The Garesché family requires no introduction to our Catholic public. It has given a son to the Church and a hero to the country; while many of its members have been distinguished by rare gifts of mind and heart, and by virtues that ennoble even more than birth and ancestry.

"The father of this young lady, Colonel J. P. Garesché, died nobly on the battle-field during the civil war. The mother died about nine years ago, so that she to whom God has been so merciful, is an orphan, under the care of her uncle, Mr. Ferdinand Garesché. A little over two years ago, she was afflicted with neuralgia in the hip, and for months suffered all the agony which this terrible disease entails. When, at last, she was able to go about, her limb had contracted so much and the pain from the pressure of the foot upon the ground, was so great, that she was obliged to use crutches. It was two years, this May, that this condition had continued. 'I could not kneel at all,' she said to me. 'When I went to Confession, a chair had to be placed for me—and as I could not receive Communion at the altar-rail, it was brought to me by one of the Fathers.'

"She dwelt with great earnestness upon the suffering she endured, but through it all she said she never lost hope that God would hear her prayers and grant her some relief. 'I made about a hundred Novenas,' she said.

"Last April she began another Novena, which was to end on the 2d of May, her birthday, and in which she begged the Blessed Virgin to obtain for her as a birthday present that she might, at least, dispense with her crutches. The 2d of May came and passed—the Novena was ended—but there seemed to be no answer to her prayers. 'I immediately began another,' she said, 'and this time to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.'

"'I commenced this Novena on the 5th of May, which was a Wednesday—on Saturday, the 8th of May, I was cured—even before the Novena was ended.'

"That afternoon, May 8th, she walked to church without crutches, and afterwards deposited them upon the altar of

#### "OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP,

in the Church of St. Alphonsus, belonging to the Redemptorist Fathers, on Grand Avenue, St. Louis.

"I saw her last Monday, August 2d, Feast of St. Alphonsus, kneeling in that same Church, with the rest of the congregation, and I was not far away from her at the altar-railing, when we all went up to venerate the relics of the illustrious Saint, whose birthday into Heaven we were then celebrating. After Mass, in front of the Church, and on its broad terrace which commands a magnificent view of the city, I heard from Miss Garesché's own lips the account which I have just given you.

"Now who will dare to say it was a mere coincidence that on Saturday, the Blessed Virgin's day—in May, the Blessed Virgin's month—Marie Garesché, the Blessed Virgin's namesake, should have been cured by the intercession of Her who loves to be called Our Lady of Perpetual Help?

"I cannot add any thing more to this simple recital of God's goodness and Our Lady's pity. The smiling face, the active motions (although there is still a limp in walking) of her who has been thus favored, are more eloquent than words and more convincing than written declarations.

"'I have heard,' she said, 'that there have already been two conversions because of my cure.' And the joy that beamed on her face as she made this, her last remark to me, showed how she rejoiced that one so insignificant as she, had been the means, under Providence, of bringing souls to God.

"The great lesson which I derive from this beautiful cure, is:

#### "PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

"'I made about a hundred Novenas,' she said—and how this fact should comfort weary souls who have prayed—and not as yet been heard. Let us remember how the blind man reiterated his petition: 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me!' and from these two examples we will learn that God designs to heed His children *now*, even as He did when Jesus walked on Earth.

"I have heard to-day, since I wrote the last paragraph, that Miss

Garesché has always been more or less a great sufferer, but only within the last two years was forced to walk on crutches.

"Also that her mother, before she died, had almost despaired of her child's cure. I have before me now a letter, dated Baltimore, July 25th, 1880, from a most intelligent lady of that city, in which occur these lines: 'I want to tell you how more than surprised and delighted I was to hear of Marie Garesché's cure. I have thought of that dear girl so often since her mother died. The last time I saw Mrs. Garesché, she told me that she would never have another Novena made for Marie, as during the last one Marie had nearly died, and she had come to the conclusion that it was not the will of God she should ever be cured.'"

Julius' two other daughters had the happiness of entering the Religious state, "his dear little baby Adèle" the Visitation Convent in St. Louis, Mo., on the 3rd of September, 1885, and "his dear little Tavier" the Carmelite Monastery in the same city on the first of the following month, October. Both had to make many and great sacrifices in thus cutting themselves aloof from one another and from all they held dear in this world, and surely their sainted Father and Mother must have blessed their step, for as I write these lines, I have their letters before me telling me they are both happy in their cloisters and perfectly resigned to the Will of God that has called them away from myself and the other loved ones to the service of Himself.

They received the White Veils in their Convents, Tavier on the 15th of June, 1886, Feast of Saints Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentia, Martyrs, and Adèle on the 2nd of August of the same year, Feast of the Portiuncula or Our Lady of Angels. Both were most beautiful and most touching ceremonies, appealing to all the tenderest and most sublime feelings of the heart. Adèle received the name of Sister Francis Joseph and Tavier that of Sister Augustine of the Holy Face.

In the words of their eloquent Uncle Fred, Father F. P. Garesché, S. J., who delivered the sermon at Adèle's Reception: "It was beautiful to consider that one had chosen the contemplative, the other the more active life. They were Martha and Mary."

As an instance of the force of Julius' example on the minds of others, I will mention the following. It occurs in the Memoir of the life of the Rev. Francis A. Baker, Priest of the Congregation



of St. Paul. The author is speaking of a Mission which Father Baker gave at St. Augustine, Florida, in 1857.

"The most interesting incident of the Mission was the conversion of an ordnance sergeant of the regular Army, who was in charge of the fortress. This brave soldier had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, by the recapture of a cannon which had been taken in one of the battles by the Mexicans, and by his general character for gallantry and fidelity to his duties. His wife and children were Catholics, but he himself had lived until that time without any religion. On New Year's night, as he sat alone in the barracks, after his family had retired, he began to think over his past life, and resolved to begin at once to live for the great end for which God had created him. He knelt down and said a few prayers, to ask the great blessing of God on his good resolutions. His prayers were heard, and during the Mission he was received into the Catholic Church and admitted to the Sacraments with all the signs of sincerity and fervor which were to be expected from one of such a resolute and manly character. I wish to mention one interesting circumstance which he related to me, as showing the power of good example in men of high station in the world. He told me that the first impression he received of the truth and excellence of the Catholic religion, was received from witnessing the admirable life of that accomplished Christian gentleman and soldier, Captain Garesché, to whose Company he had belonged."

#### HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR, OR OF ST. SYLVESTER.

We learn from the testimony of Eusebius of Cesarea, a contemporary and friend of Constantine the Great, that after his victory over Maxentius he ordered that fifty of the most noble Roman Knights should form a special guard to bear, honor, and defend in the Army the Imperial *Labarum*: and they constituted a special equestrian imperial order, (Eusebii Pamphili Caesarentis De Vita Constantini Magni, lib. 2.). Their special ensign was a golden neck-chain or collar, to which was suspended either a cross, or a medal with a cross, or the monogram  $\text{X}\text{P}\text{I}\text{S}\text{T}\text{O}\text{S}$ , which represents the first two letters of  $\text{XPI}\text{S}\text{T}\text{O}\text{S}$  (Christos), the Greek term for Christ. In the medals of Constantine he is sculptured, now with the cross and again with the monogram on his breast, an evident sign that he himself used this decoration.

This equestrian order, together with the *Labarum* (the imperial banner bearing a cross that Constantine had made after he beheld the luminous cross in the sky) was suppressed by Julian the apos-

tate; but Jovian, his successor, restored both the cross and the order, and they were constantly kept in honor by the succeeding Emperors, from two of whom, Theodosius II and Justinian, they received great privileges.

The Order was called by different names, as for example :

Order of *St. Sylvester*, because it is thought that Constantine had the neck-chain with the cross put on the Knights by Pope St. Sylvester,

Order of *Constantine*, because this Emperor instituted it,

Order of the *Spur*, or Order of the *Golden Spur*, because these privileged Knights wore each a golden spur,

Order of the *Golden Knights* (*Equites Aurati*) on account of the golden neck-chain and spur they wore,

Order of the *Angelic Knights* (*Angelici Equites*), from a tradition that the *Angels* appeared to Constantine the Great; but this is not so well grounded,

Finally, it bore the name of *Equites Torquati* (Collared Knights), from the collar or neck-chain worn by them.

This Order was secular, but blessed and approved by the Popes, and originated from the miraculous apparition of the Cross to Constantine; and under this secular form, together with the Labarum, it was kept up in the Imperial army, in the Greek empire, up to the XII century, as is proved by the medals and other documents.

Under the Emperor Isaac Comnenus (XII century) the Order underwent a radical change. It became a military monastic one: monks under the rules of St. Basil the Great in time of peace: and soldiers against the Turks on the field of battle. Its scope of action was enlarged; for its members had to defend the Labarum, and besides this to defend the Christians against the Mohammedans. Their membership was extended to all those noble Knights, who were willing and worthy to embrace the Order. They were required to make solemn vows of Chastity, Obedience, and Death for the defence of Christians. Then without renouncing their old names they adopted this other as their distinctive appellation—*Knights of St. George*—because at this period St. George appeared very often in a visible manner to the Christian soldiers, protecting them against the Turks.

The Emperor Isaac Angelus Comnenus was their *restorer*, inasmuch as he put into better condition the old Order instituted by Constantine; and he is also called the *Institutor* or Founder of the *Sacred Militia of St. George*, because as a religious order it was rather a new institution, than the simple continuation of the old Order of Constantine. The *Princes* of the Imperial Family of the Comneni were by right the *Grand Masters* or *Generals* of this Military Order up to the year 1697, when the last of the family of the Comneni in Venice transmitted his rights over the Order to Francis I (of the Farnese family), Duke of Parma, and to his descendants with the approval of the Emperor Leopold and Pope Innocent XII. The predecessors of this Pontiff had since the XII century all approved this new Military Religious Order, and many of them had granted it favors, privileges, and protection, as for example, Popes Julius III, Calixtus III, Pius II, Paul II, Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, Paul III, Paul IV, Pius IV, Sixtus V, and Clement VIII.

These two Orders must be carefully distinguished, because from Constantine the Great to Isaac Comnenus the Order was only a secular Order of laymen, a pure military company of the highest rank, an organization of honor, grounded on a religious idea, but imposing no religious obligation on its members: but thereafter it became a true religious community of soldiers, bound to shed their blood for the defence of the Christian faith, and living under the most severe monastic discipline, both in their cloisters, when not actually fighting, or on the field of battle, when they put off their monastic habits and clad themselves in brilliant armor.

After the great victories of the Christians over the Turks at Vienna, in Hungary, and at Lepanto, the Turkish power was so broken as to render unnecessary the military monastic Orders. Accordingly they began, little by little, to decay, and one after another died out, until the great Revolution of this, our century, swept them all away. Cloisters with religious soldiers first became empty, and after that were converted into the *mansions* of some noble family. Still the two *Chiefs* of the Order—the Pope and the Princes of Parma—continued to enroll names, but no more as members of a religious community, only as a reward

to excellent Catholics for their merits and deeds. With that these Knights ceased to constitute a religious community and returned to their first origin of a *Secular Equestrian Order*. To put this Order, thus changed, into greater consideration, Pope Gregory XVI issued the Bulla, or Apostolic Letter, of the 31st of October, 1841, in which, after having exposed the desire of the Holy See of rewarding true merit towards the Church and the Commonwealth, and how careful the Popes always were in this their duty, and for which principally the different Orders of Knights had been instituted, he says :

“ Among these Orders, as no one ignores, the Order of the Golden Militia shines out for the antiquity of its origin, for the form of its institution, and for the distinction of its honor : because the opinion, certified to by many authors of great reliability, is now generally admitted that after, and on account of the vision of the luminous Cross, prodigiously apparent in the heavens, and glittering all around with splendor, which appeared to Constantine the Great ; and after his wonderful and most triumphant victory over that most wicked tyrant, Maxentius, he instituted this Order, and Pope St. Sylvester, our Predecessor, approved it and himself decorated the Emperor Constantine with the insignia of the Order. Hence it is that since the most ancient times this Equestrian Order has always been held in great honor by the Roman Pontiffs and the highest Princes, and its insignia have been granted by the Roman Pontiffs to the most illustrious men in reward for their merits towards the Christian religion.

“ But as we know that the vicissitudes of events and of the times have caused this Order to degenerate from the old splendor of its dignity and public consideration, following the example of other Pontiffs, our Predecessors, we have resolved to recall it to its former nobility, nay even to extol it to greater honor. And as it appears to our mind that no others should be enrolled in it than those who, in addition to their exemplary honesty, probity, and zeal for Religion, strive by generous efforts to deserve well of the Catholic Commonwealth, either with their excellence in Literature, the Sciences, or Fine Arts, or with a most careful and exact compliance with the duties of the Sacred, Civil, or Military offices entrusted to them, we think it most becoming to the Holy See that this Order be raised to the very highest honor, so that men endowed with such deserving merits obtain their reward and thus be spurred on more and more to illustrious deeds.

“ Therefore, by this Letter, with the plenitude of our Apostolic authority, we forever decree and will that this Order, keeping its ancient name of the Golden Militia, be divided into two classes, namely, the Commanders and Knights, who shall wear the golden collar, the sword, and the golden spurs, and shall enjoy all the rights and privileges with which the Order



has been enriched to the present time, except only such as were abolished by the Council of Trent."

In conclusion His Holiness gives a description of the *Cross* to be worn (which is described in the accompanying insignia of the Order), and makes many special remarks about those who had usurped the right of distributing this Knighthood, or who had previously obtained it fraudulently or illegally, and his Letter finishes with the ordinary formulas of all Apostolic Letters which are necessary for the perpetuity and validity of the Pontifical Decree.

After this, and on account of this new restoration of the Order by him, the Knighthood of the Golden Spur, or of St. Sylvester, came into the greatest honor and is ever since an object of the greatest ambition and pride of the most distinguished Catholics throughout the world.

The Order, as stated in the Apostolic Letter, comprises two classes: the Commanders, to the number of One hundred and fifty; and the Knights, numbering Three hundred.

The Insignia consist of an octangular Cross, composed of four double-pointed rays in white enamel, bordered with gold, and between each ray a one-pointed one in gold. In the centre of the Cross there is represented in gold an effigy of the Sovereign Pontiff, St. Sylvester, on a field of enamelled blue, with this exergue, "St. Sylvester, P. M." (Pontifex Maximus); and on the reverse side, on a golden circle, are inscribed these words, "Gregorius XVI restituit," and in the centre, on a field of enamelled blue, the date, "MDCCCXLI." To the lower white enamelled ray there is attached a little golden spur with a turning rowel, emblematic of the Order.

The ribbon supporting the Cross is divided into five bands, three narrow red ones and two wide black ones.

The Commanders wear the Decoration suspended from the neck, and the Knights on the left side of the chest.

The costume of the members is composed of a dress coat of scarlet cloth, with two rows of concave golden buttons, placed parallel and at an equal distance, each row containing nine buttons. The collar is straight and cut so as to represent the form

of a heart when the uniform is buttoned up. The wrist-bands are round and they and the collar are both of dragon green cloth, and are both of them adorned at the ends with gold embroidery representing an ornament of olive leaves. The flap in the rear, or coat-tail, is horizontal and trimmed on each side with three golden concave buttons similar to those on the breast; and at the foot of the flap, or tail, is a military trophy likewise embroidered in gold.

The pantaloons are of white cassimere with lateral borders or stripes of gold lace, two inches wide.

The hat is double pointed and raised in the middle in a circular curve, bordered with white feathers: a knot of four rows of twisted gold thread crosses vertically the pontifical cockade (white and yellow); and golden tassels are attached to the two extreme points of the hat.

The sword is straight, with a hilt of mother of pearl bearing a silver star on the guard, representing the Cross of the Order, and the sword-knot is of golden galloon ending with two golden tassels like those on the hat.

The epaulets are of polished golden galloon, with a frame of metal of golden scales; and above this frame is placed a silver star, similar to the one on the guard of the sword.

A gold collar falls over the breast, on which hangs the decoration of the Order, according to the pattern.

The belt is of varnished black leather.

Low boots, also of varnished black leather, with gold spurs, complete the beautiful costume.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Additional letters and statements of many of Julius' relatives, friends, and of others.

As Mariquitta's Father remarks in the "*Courrier des États Unis*," under date of January 5th, 1863, speaking of Julius' death and of the emotions of sincere sorrow which it produced in St. Louis as well as elsewhere:—

"Un homme fort et marchant inflexiblement dans la voie de l'honneur et du devoir vient d'être s'enlevé à son pays, à sa famille. Au milieu des ruines qui s'amoncèlent rapidement autour de nous, il est des calamités plus profondes que les autres, et dont les effets moins apparents à la surface ne laissent des vides que plus irréparables dans la société qui même à son insu peut être, profite de ces âmes nobles et énergiques pour le bien. Leur influence secrète n'attire que peu l'attention; mais l'atmosphère qu'elles entretiennent autour d'elles, n'est pas moins d'un puissant et bon effet pour tous. Peu remarqués de leur vivant, ces hommes fermes et invariables dans leurs principes, à leur décès attirent, à eux toute sympathie et de sérieux regrets.

"Tel est celui mort dans les rangs de l'armée fédérale le 31 Décembre au matin, le Colonel Julius P. Garesché, chef d'état-major du Général Rosecrans. Les papiers publics diront dans quelles circonstances, la mort a frappé *ce militaire sans peur et sans reproche*; mais pour apprécier ce qu'il fut pendant toute sa carrière, nous en appelons aux sentiments qu'il a su inspirer à ceux qui l'ont connu, dans chacune des stations où l'avait placé son devoir."

*Translation.*

"A man valiant and walking inflexibly in the path of honor and duty has just been carried away from his country, from his family.

"In the midst of the ruins, which are being rapidly piled up around us, there are some calamities greater than others and whose effects, less apparent on the surface, nevertheless leave gaps which are more irreparable in society, which even without knowing it, profits by these noble and energetic souls. Their secret influence attracts but little attention; but the atmosphere which they carry about them is not the less of a powerful and salutary effect upon all. But little remarked during their life, after their death these men, who have been firm and unwavering in their principles, attract the sympathy and sincere sorrow of every one.

"Such a man is the one whose death occurred in the Federal Army on the morning of the 31st of December—Colonel Julius P. Garesché, Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans. The newspapers will tell in what manner Death seized *this soldier, without fear and without reproach*; but to appreciate fully what he was throughout his whole career we must appeal to the feelings he inspired in those who have known him in each one of the stations where he had discharged his duty."

So I will here close Julius' grand, noble and sainted life by introducing the following additional letters, and extracts of letters—expressive of their appreciation of him—from many of his relatives, friends and others. They indicate in general terms the lasting impression he made upon the minds of all who ever came in contact with him or simply knew of him by reputation.

Julius' brother Alexander says—January 2, 1880:—

"Few men are there like my brother: so scrupulously honest, that for his private correspondence he would not use the stamps or even the paper of the Government:—so charitable, that as a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society he has been known in the hovel of the black, to hold the basin while the poor patient vomited:—so pious, that if he awoke in the night, he would not, no matter how severe the weather, go to sleep without first kneeling to say a short prayer:—so brave, that his only cowardice was the fear that he would not prove courageous:—so humble, that when tendered a Brigadier General's commission during the War, he declined it, because he had never seen the Field and might prove unfit for the responsibility. At School in boyhood: later at College and at West Point: and still later, when grown to manhood: in a word, through his whole life, he was a model. And I, who knew him intimately, and thus obtained glimpses of his interior life, know what a grand character he was."

Mariquitta's Father further remarks—January 6, 1880:—

"At several periods we lived under the same roof with Julius, in the most perfect intimacy, and thus learned to appreciate the great qualities of the husband of my daughter; but nothing salient occurred which could bring into prominence those qualities, of which modesty and sweetness constituted the base.

"An exemplary Catholic at all times, his Faith had its origin in a sincerity of conviction which nothing could disturb. His constant piety was only equalled by the serenity which never failed him, in his intercourse with the family.

"Moreover, he never dilated upon the good he did in secret. Between God and himself there, doubtless, occurred many a good deed of which the world knew nothing.



"We know, however, with certainty that, while he was in garrison at Brownsville, Texas, at the period when the Yellow Fever was raging there, Julius devoted himself, unreservedly, to the care of the sick, seized with that disease, and that no consideration of family interests checked his zeal in this respect, and that his exertions were interrupted only when he himself was attacked by the same dread calamity, which well-nigh proved fatal to him."

Mariquitta's Mother says—March 2, 1883:—

"I loved Julius dearly, and he felt a sincere affection for me also, but he was so humble, that really I can say nothing to put into a book. His life with us was that of a fervent Christian, good father, good husband, and good son, full of kind attentions for all. But his life was ordinary, for he did not like people to speak of him."

Julius' Cousin, Dr. Wm. V. Keating, of Philadelphia, says:—

"I knew him, as a young man, always the upright, conscientious youth, the precursor of his after life, always fulfilling all the mandates of his Church, even under the greatest disadvantages, and when it seemed to others almost an impossibility."

Julius' Cousin, Dr. Jerome K. Bauduy of St. Louis, says:—

"In my humble opinion he was the *most perfect character* I ever met. Truly he was '*sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

Julius' Brother-in-law, Judge Robert A. Bakewell of St. Louis, says:—

"I have always cherished the memory of Julius Garesché as that of one of the few really excellent laymen in America whom it has been my privilege to know intimately.

"What made Julius different from the ordinary run of laymen was, I suppose, the degree to which he had overcome human respect. He did not seem to care what people thought of him, seemed not to be thinking at all of the construction which might be placed upon his actions. This was what particularly struck me about him, and it was very edifying, this unconsciousness of self, which I esteem a very gracious quality, and one not often found outside of religious communities. I have seen him in a carriage on one of our principal streets in that old army overcoat of his, saying his beads.

"He was the type of a Christian soldier; brave, honest, and kind to the poor, to the weak and to children; he could be very grave and very gay, and had all the marks of a man of great innocence of life, who always retains a great deal of the child about him to the last."

Father Daniel Lynch, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Washington D. C., Julius' great friend, writes thus to Mariquitta, January 21, 1863:—

“I have felt so uneasy about you since I parted with you in the cars on Monday evening. I saw how unfit you were to take that long and weary journey. Still I hope that you have gone through it more safely than I dared to hope when I saw you start. My anxiety for you, my own child, by dividing my feelings, has made me feel less the great loss we have all met with. While you were here, and I had so much to do, I could not feel as I would have felt had there been nothing to call off my attention from the bitterness of grief which this blow has occasioned. Though, God knows, that even as it was I felt bitterly enough. I shall never feel so again for another. For I shall never love another as I loved him. It is only once in life we can hope to meet with such a man. From the moment in which I first broke to you this sad news up to the hour in which I bade you good-bye, I did not pretend to give you a word of consolation. I had none to give. And I have none now. All I can say is that perhaps after you I loved him best, and after you, I feel his loss the most. With my own heart ready to break all I can do is to sympathize with you in your irreparable loss. How much I have felt with you you have seen yourself.

“On Tuesday afternoon I went to Mount Olivet. I superintended in person the removal of your two little angels, and I did not quit the ground until the last piece of clay was laid on their resting place and the stones at their head and feet were put in their proper places. Edgar lies on one side of his Father and Lauréal on the other. I have given orders that as soon as the weather will permit the place shall be sodded, and all fixed just as I know you would have it were you here yourself. Edgar's outside case was considerably decayed, but the coffin was perfectly sound. Lauréal's case was as sound as when first laid in the grave, and of course the coffin must have been equally so, though I did not see. We carried them carefully and quietly and laid them in their new graves. Over the spot in which they and their Father rest I shall watch with all the care and affection that you would look for in one who loved your husband as I did. When I am not here Mrs. Talbot and my sister and her family will take my place; but, wherever I may be, I will take measures as long as I live that all shall be well cared for.

“Wherever I go and whomsoever I meet I am loaded with kind and sympathizing inquiries about you, my own dear child. I have been touched to the heart by the depth and sincerity of the feeling shown for you in every quarter. I was pleased with this for your sake, my own child, but still more gratified in the tribute which this sympathy pays to the worth of him you have lost. For all feel that yours is a loss that few women can meet with.

"I did not go to the sale. I could not do *that*. It would be more than I could stand. There was too much in that house to remind me of you and of him."

Mr. Richard H. Clarke of New York City, formerly President of the Conference of St. Matthew's parish and afterwards of the Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Washington, says—August 1883:—

"I knew your father, Colonel Julius P. Garesché, very intimately while he and I resided at Washington, up to the time he left for the field of battle. He was one of the most gentlemanly and refined men I ever knew. His character and conduct were shaped after the most perfect Christian modesty. He was so unaffectedly simple, upright, and gifted, that he would be equally at home among his social equals and among the humblest and poorest, and among the most powerful of the world. He knew how to practice Charity to the poor in temporal goods and to the poor in spiritual goods, however rich, or powerful, or wicked they might be. For, like our Saviour, he loved the sinner, while he detested sin; he would stop at nothing to save the criminal while he detested his crime. He was noble in the true sense of the term. He escaped honors by throwing them on others less worthy, and but for his own efforts he would have been elected President of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and would have escaped, if he could, being President of a single Conference. But it was not in order to avoid the work, for of this he always did more than his share.

"He was most affectionate and attentive to a little daughter of his who was a cripple, and was often seen pulling or pushing the little carriage in which she rode out to get the air.

"While discharging Bureau work of the War Department he shielded absent officers in the South from unjust or cruel treatment at the hands of fanatical military superiors; and blood shed in the late Civil War seemed to rend his heart.

"He was extremely modest and retiring. He was far above the military standard in the accomplishments of his profession, and had the bearing of a soldier and gentleman in an eminent degree.

"He had a lofty, upright and military walk, rapid and agile. He never used an umbrella in the severest storms, supposing it was not soldier-like. His friendship was most true and unaffected, and I think the only limits he put on his goodness to others were such as conscience or duty required. He was a true and loyal son of the Church, and I believe he would not have shrunk from shedding his blood for his faith.

"I do not remember how he was disposed towards amusements, such as hunting, fishing, &c., but I think he enjoyed social reunions, without being a man of the world or of society, and I think in his charity he

would give his time and labor to contribute to the enjoyment or health of the poor.

"It has been twenty years since I saw him. I cannot recall facts or incidents. I knew his character more than his acts. I think he was skillful in concealing his good deeds. He was very devout, but at the same time cheerful and mirthful. He was one of the most conscientious men I ever knew.

"Whenever there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Matthew's Church, he was selected, together with General Charles P. Stone of the Army, myself, and I think Major John F. Lee of the Army, to carry the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament. We performed this act in full dress, white gloves, &c., and I always noticed your Father's devotion on these occasions. His frequency in receiving the Sacraments and his devout manner in church were worthy of a Saint. I was among those who received his remains at Washington, and never saw such respect paid from the heart to any mortal remains. His body was carried from the *dépôt* to St. Aloysius' Church, where myself and other members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul kept unceasing vigil, day and night, until after the funeral. I was present when your Mother came into the Sanctuary and first saw the coffin after his return, a corpse. We were informed that his head was shattered to pieces and through respect and unwillingness to see him so mutilated, it was agreed on all hands that the coffin should not be opened and that no one should see him. Rev. Daniel Lynch, S. J., was his special friend among the clergy. As President over all the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul's Society in Washington, I immediately called them together and announced his death in poor words of eulogy and all present had a word of praise. Your Uncle, Alexander Garesché, and Father Lynch and Father Walter were present."

Mrs. William E. Dougherty, then Miss Carrie Hickey, of Washington, a great friend of Mariquitta's sister, Octavie, and a frequent visitor at the house, says,—December 8, 1884:—

"While it is a pleasing but sad task to recall every trait of your noble Father's character, I fear that it is a useless effort on my part to attempt even a brief notice of that perfect type of Christian manhood. Useless, for,

" 'To those who knew him not, no words can paint!  
And those who knew him, know all words are faint.'"

Deeply impressed with the truth of these words, I scarcely dare consent to a request so worthy of your affectionate heart, and so accordant on your part, with filial duty.

"It is with feelings of the tenderest emotion, I recall those years of my life, when it was my happiness to be honored by your Father's friendship. His gracious words and acts, flash across my memory in quick succession,



and yet, in vain, can I attempt to do justice to that large and noble heart, which was the source of all those kindly words and deeds.

"General Garesché was the soul of honor, purity, and courage; perhaps God alone knew the extreme purity of his soul; but modest as he was to conceal those noble traits, with which his heart overflowed; all who knew him, in private, or in public life, in camp, or on the battle-field, will with one accord pronounce him a perfect Christian, and, in one word, a man '*sans peur, et sans reproche.*' Had it been deemed fit in the decrees of the Almighty, to have spared your dear Father to his country, what a noble example he would have been to the rising generation.

"In this age of restlessness, when a passion for temporal gain seems to have taken possession of us, like some dread plague, how refreshing would it have been, to have contemplated his calm, pure, and loving character, standing, as it were, on a rock, midst the raging billows tossing to and fro, and lashing its surface, yet leaving him as undisturbed as 'tenfold adamant.'

"The name of General Garesché is written in History, and his memory embalmed in the hearts of all those who had the happiness of knowing him personally. Those among us who had the privilege of enjoying his hospitality, remember your accomplished and lovely Mother, whose gentle influence diffused itself throughout her blessed household, like the falling of the pure soft light, felt but not heard; those sweet influences wafted around that noble heart, and helped to sustain and comfort it. Yet even in this Christian home, where alone peace is found, the sad truth was to be realized that 'All earthly joys are transient,' though in God's mercy the future is veiled from us.

"Relentless war desolated our land, (and dare I say) our hearts, and General Garesché was ordered to the battle-field. The sacrifice was required, and the offering was made, with a full sense of its worth. He obeyed with a calm devotion, like that which wins the martyr's crown. After many sad adieus, to which I was an eye-witness, he parted from all he loved.—Alas! never again to behold the faithful companion of his life, or the beloved children of his heart. What unspeakable anguish overwhelmed your honored Mother, when too soon, the news flashed across the wires, that her noble husband had fallen on the battle-field: that all the warm throbbings of his noble heart were hushed,—forever. No wonder strong men wept in the War Department the day they heard that Julius Garesché lay dead upon the field of Murfreesboro; no wonder the light went out from your dear Mother's heart, never to return, as in anguish she knelt at the foot of the cross: but such feelings are too sacred to be fathomed; there is One only who understands the delicacy, the sanctity of our unveiled souls, to Him alone must the most sacred confidences of our hearts be given. The Saviour whom he daily received in Holy Communion, did not desert the widowed heart in those hours of grief, but strengthened her to say, 'Thy will be done!'

"The Country has lost many gifted men, and noble soldiers, but none more gifted, more noble, more heroic than General Garesché."

Colonel C. L. Best, 4th U. S. Artillery, says—October 9, 1884:—

"My personal acquaintance with your Father was very limited, and even that a long time ago. I can say this much, however, that what I did know and learn of him was of the purest and highest order of respect and admiration for his qualities of officer, gentleman, and Christian, at all times, and in every situation. And this seemed to be the conceded opinion of every one I have ever conversed with concerning him."

General Thomas L. Crittenden, retired, Major General of Volunteers and commanding the Left Wing of the Army of the Cumberland, or 14th Army Corps, at Murfreesboro, says,—June 25, 1883:—

"Although on the field where your Father was killed, and with the rank and command of a Major General, yet I was so unfortunate as to have no personal acquaintance with him.

"I say unfortunate, because I deem it a misfortune to have been so near a man so noble as Col. Garesché was, by the universal testimony of all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and who have talked of him in my hearing, and not to have known him myself."

General Abner Doubleday, U. S. A., retired, says—June 22, 1883:—

"I am glad that a biographical sketch of your father is to be published, but I regret that I cannot furnish any special incidents of his career, which would interest the general public. I can only testify to the high appreciation in which he was held by all his comrades; his polished and courtly manners, his great erudition, the purity of his character, his high sense of honor, his deep religious feeling, tempered by mirthfulness and a keen sense of humor, made him at all times a representative man in the Army and a general favorite."

General James B. Fry, U. S. A., retired, late Colonel in the Adjutant General's Corps, and successor to Julius in the War Department, says,—October 6, 1884:—

"I had the most profound respect and sincere regard for your Father, based upon his general reputation in the Army and a short but gratifying personal acquaintance with him. I esteemed him most highly as one of the ablest of our officers and purest of men. I never saw him that I re-

member of till the Spring of 1861, when he was on duty in the Adjutant General's Office, where I served as a junior for a month or so. Then I went to the Army in Virginia, May 1861, and in November, 1861, from there to the Army in Kentucky, where I remained until October, 1862. Your Father went to that Army to take the place I left, but I had started before he arrived and did not see him."

General U. S. Grant says—June 15, 1883:—

"I would not be able to write of my own personal knowledge any thing that would be of advantage in the biographical sketch of Colonel Garesché that you ask. The accidents of service have not brought us together that I remember of since his graduation at West Point in 1841. I being two years after him at the Military Academy, our personal acquaintance was very limited. It would be impossible, therefore, for me to say any thing from personal knowledge, but I know that he enjoyed the *best* of reputation at the Military Academy and also as an officer of the Army."

General O. D. Greene, Major and Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., says,—June 22, 1883:—

"I am in receipt of yours of the 11th inst.

"In reply, it is a source of profound regret to me that I did not have the honor of personal acquaintance with your distinguished and lamented Father. I never met him but once, and then for a moment only, and that meeting was unmarked by any incident worth recording in his Memoirs. His reputation at that time in the service (1861) for high professional attainments and for the possession of all the qualities of mind and heart which make the perfect Soldier and Gentleman, was so great as to make me feel it a high honor to shake hands with him and receive his congratulations upon my entry into his selected Corps of the service, viz: the Adjutant General's Department.

"In common with all other young officers of that day I desired and designed to emulate his attainments and virtues if only at a remotely humble distance.

"I have not succeeded even in that modest ambition, but have felt it as a consolation that it is given to only one in many millions to be a *Julius Garesché*."

General Schuyler Hamilton, Major General of Volunteers, says—September 22, 1884:—

"I regret I cannot give you any information as to the services of your honored Father, Julius P. Garesché.

"In Mexico, I was closely confined by my duties as Aide-de-Camp to General Scott, and was early wounded nearly unto death August 13, 1847.

"I met him when he was Adjutant General to General Rosecrans. But

except a cordial interchange of kind regards we had no special communication. It is perhaps superfluous for me to add that as Cadet and Officer he was honored and esteemed for his high character and also for his retiring modesty."

Major General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. A., says,—April 17, 1883 :—

"I cannot give you satisfactory replies to all your questions, but I am glad of an opportunity to state that Major Garesché was a most gallant officer; intelligent, active, cool and brave. That when he lost his life the Country was deprived of a most valuable public servant, and the military service of one of its best Officers."

Brigadier General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., says—July 7, 1883 :—

"Curiously enough your excellent Father and myself never happened to serve together. What I know of him, and that is especially to his credit, I know simply by hearsay. He was reported in the Army to be an Officer devoted to duty, remarkably correct in conduct, and a devoted Christian gentleman."

General Albion P. Howe, U. S. A., retired, late Colonel 4th U. S. Artillery, says,—September 15, 1884 :—

"Your late Father was a Class-mate of mine, and after graduation, he was assigned to the 4th Artillery with me, with two other members of the class—Fahnestock and Garnett. Fahnestock is now in Washington, and Garnett was killed, in the Rebel service, at Carrick's Ford in Virginia.

"Some six months I served at the same Post with your Father, immediately after leaving West Point. After that we did not have the same station, but were in the same regiment, until he was transferred. The War Department records, which you, of course, have access to, give his full official record, and, if they are correct, they will show a faithful, gallant and honorable record throughout. Through the four years at West Point I was immediately associated with him in our daily duties there and became intimately acquainted with him. And the more I knew of him in all of his long service, the stronger was my respect and friendship for him. He was a man of rare intellectual powers, a well balanced mind, positive in his views, strong in his convictions, resolute in purpose, studious in his habits, and gentle and unassuming in his manners. One of the most conscientious and devoted Catholics in his religion I have ever known, with an abundance of Charity for every one, and always accessible to all, and a kind friend to every one whom he could assist. He was thoroughly unselfish, warmly attached to his friends, and always bore himself with a high sense of honor. He was proud of his profession and devoted himself to



it with chivalric gallantry, and in his death the Army lost one of its strongest and noblest characters."

General Richard W. Johnson, U. S. A., retired, says—June 19, 1883:—

"My acquaintance with the late Colonel Julius P. Garesché was formed amid the stirring scenes of the late war, he occupying the responsible position of Chief of Staff for General W. S. Rosecrans. My brief acquaintance ripened into friendship as I had an opportunity of studying his character. He was devoted to his profession and made the science of war a deep study. Few men in the Army had so thorough a knowledge of history, literature and science. He was deeply concerned in the outcome of the struggle in which we were engaged and his best efforts were put forth in the cause of his country which he loved so dearly. Colonel Garesché was a close student, retiring, and with an humble disposition made so by his devout piety. The poor were always sure to receive not only his sympathy, but substantial aid to the extent of his ability to confer it. No one could converse with him ten minutes without his making reference to his family, the members of which he loved better than himself. In a word, he was truly a Christian man and bore the fruits thereof in an eminent degree. His personal courage and daring were ever conspicuous when circumstances called them forth. Modest, retiring, and diffident in social intercourse, in war he was like the thunderbolt. I shall never forget the day of his death. When the news came around to us that Garesché had been killed, all felt that a loss had been inflicted not only upon our Army but also upon the entire service. It may be truly said of him: 'He was the very *beau idéal* of a perfect Christian and chivalrous officer and gentleman.' "

General C. L. Kilburn, U. S. A., retired, says—June 18, 1883:—

"Whilst not intimate with your highly, and deservedly esteemed Father, Colonel Garesché, I yet can testify, from personal knowledge, dating back to West Point, in 1838, and subsequent instances of Service with him in different parts of our Country and Mexico, to his great modesty of character, his high sense of honor, and his devotion at all times, and under all circumstances, to his duty.

"A gentleman of strict, and honorable integrity, he lived a blameless life, and died, greatly regretted by his very many friends, and to the irreparable loss of his Country."

Col. Richard G. Lay, of Washington, late of the U. S. A., says—February 12, 1883:—

"I regarded your dear Father as my best and truest friend. If he has not a high place in Heaven I think there is a poor chance for us all.

Colonel Garesché was the truest and most consistent man and Christian I ever saw."

General George B. McClellan says—June 27, 1883:—

"As my acquaintance with Colonel Garesché was not sufficiently intimate to enable me to comply with your request, I regret my inability to assist you with any information regarding one whom I esteemed as *highly* as I did your Father."

General E. O. C. Ord, U. S. A., then a Major General of Vols., in a letter to Mariquita, dated April 7, 1863, says:—

"There is no doubt but that the works of good men live long after they have left us. It is one of the happinesses of my life to have known your husband, and to think that he was my friend; and with those pleasant memories come the thoughts of his family, the pleasant hours I have spent with you all, and the ties of his friendship and love, which are binding on all, would (even if I had not known you and respected you so much for your own sakes) have drawn us to each other."

Captain John W. Phelps, formerly of the U. S. A., says,—August 25, 1884:—

"Your Father was a gentleman of great probity of character, high-toned, disinterested, benevolent and accomplished. He was a scholar, modest, manly and courageous in the performance of duty, whether military or Christian. He spoke French and Spanish fluently, and his letters in English were written in a style marked for elegance and clearness of diction and elevation of sentiment. He was an excellent representative of the Latin race and education.

"His simple quarters at Fort Brown, Texas, were made very attractive to me by the social amenities offered by both your parents. Your Mother's society, her gentle manners, her ready perception, her lively sensibility possessed all the charm that has marked the character of several most distinguished ladies who were natives, I believe, of the same Island from which your Mother came. Her happy bridal days, as I remember, were spent at Fort Brown, overshadowed, it is true, by the wing of the destroying angel in the great Yellow Fever year of 1853, in which your Father, after the most generous efforts to relieve the suffering, lay at the point of death for a long time. But from that dark period your parents emerged into a brighter and more genial sphere of duty in Washington, to which the merits of your Father justly elevated him. From that time it was never my pleasure to meet with him again; and it was only through the current history of the day, as narrated in the papers, that I learned of his tragical death in battle while occupying an important position in defense of the Government."

Major General John C. Robinson, U. S. A., retired, says—  
June 18, 1883:—

“Your Father and I were Cadets at the same time, but not in the same class. After his graduation our duties separated us widely and I saw but little of him. The last time we met, I think, was at Fort Brown, Texas, in 1855. I am, therefore, unable to answer your interrogatories as fully as I would like to. Your Father was so well known and admired by officers of the old Army that I think you will have no difficulty in obtaining all the information you desire. I have the pleasant remembrance of him as a gallant soldier who loved his profession, devout Christian, noble hearted, accomplished and courteous gentleman, whom I am proud to have counted among my friends.”

General Rufus Saxton, Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. A., says—March 16, 1883:—

“I was very much gratified by the receipt of your kind note. Your honored Father was my friend from the time I entered the 4th Artillery in 1850, until he laid down his noble life for the country he loved and had served with rare fidelity and honor. I loved and honored him for the possession of all those qualities of mind and heart which made him a faithful and trusted friend, a perfect soldier, a brave and chivalrous gentleman, and a most faultless and loyal Christian character in every act and thought of his life, that I have known. I was the Judge Advocate of that Court Martial which was so profound a trial to his sensitive nature. The fact of my being so, prevents me from saying any thing about it, but I know all about it, and the only effect it had upon me, was to deepen the sympathy and respect I always had for your Father's own honorable character.

“I left Fort Brown before the outbreak of the Yellow Fever. I saw but little of him after this, except for a few months when we were room-mates in Washington.

“I have always been grateful that it was my privilege to have been so intimately associated with your Father, and to have retained his friendship and confidence.

“Having lost all my papers during the late War, I can only write from memory; and regret exceedingly that I cannot give more dates and incidents.

“You have, I know, a loving task before you. *You* can never write in too glowing terms of the fidelity, honor, and Christianity, of Colonel Julius P. Garesché.”

General E. P. Scammon, formerly of the U. S. A., says—  
August 27, 1884:—

“I was not *intimately* acquainted with your excellent Father, though knowing him, as in College, the Seniors know Freshmen; for I was in the

First or Senior Class when your gallant Father was in the Fourth or Freshman Class. My 'Plebe' and room-mate—the late Colonel J. W. Tudor Gardiner of the Dragoons—was a class-mate and friend of your Father; and it was through their intimacy that I became personally acquainted with him. Again, I was quite intimate with the late Colonel W. W. S. Bliss of the Adjutant General's Department, who was the instructor of your Father, and from whom I heard much in praise, of the character and abilities of 'Cadet Garesché.'

"All this was more than forty-seven years ago; and yet the memory of the high esteem in which he was held, has remained with me so distinctly impressed, that it is vexing to be unable to recall incidents that might serve to illustrate a character whose admirable qualities were as proverbial as those of the '*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.' "

Major General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., says—June 23, 1883:—

"It was not my good fortune to have any personal acquaintance with Colonel Garesché, and hence I can only speak of his reputation, both in and out of the Army, among our common friends and acquaintances. All give him the very highest character as an officer, a gentleman and a devout Christian, and my friends who knew him intimately cherish his memory with the most affectionate respect.

"I am sure the simple story of your noble Father's pure life will prove a valuable contribution to American Biographies."

Surgeon Ebenezer Swift, U. S. A., retired, says—June 1, 1885:—

"When I first made the acquaintance of your Father he was a Lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Artillery, stationed at Point Isabel, Texas, during the Winter of 1848 and 1849. He was performing the duties of Post Adjutant while I was on duty with a Company of the same Regiment at the Quarter Master's *Dépôt* at the Brazos Santiago and at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Captain Domingues' Spy Company, which had been mustered out of service at New Orleans, arrived at the former place bringing with it Asiatic Cholera in a most malignant form, which swept away a large portion of the native population and *employés* of the Quarter Master's *Dépôt*. Citizens of the place and passengers arriving on steamers from New Orleans were seized by this invisible foe and in less than a few hours' time died. During this trying period Lieutenant Garesché often visited the Hospitals and the sick, and by his cool and calm bearing did much towards allaying dread and apprehension and inspiring confidence in all.

"In the Fall of 1862 he reported to General Rosecrans at Nashville, Tenn., and assumed the duties of Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland, and although I had with other Officers of



the Staff about me asked for another assignment upon a change of Commanders, I was induced to remain at his solicitation, telling me he was an utter stranger to that entire Army and much desired me to remain. I now saw Colonel Garesché almost daily, but as all Officers were busily employed in preparations for a movement on the enemy, there was but little intercourse between us beyond what was required in our official positions. The Army moved out of Nashville late in December and entrenched in force on the banks of Stone River near Murfreesborough. After some skirmishing throughout the day a general engagement was abruptly precipitated on the following morning, the 31st of December, by the advanced position assumed by the Army Corps composing our extreme right. The attack of the enemy was fierce and unrelenting, capturing and throwing in disorder and overwhelming almost the entire Right and pressing upon Sheridan, who doggedly yielded inch by inch of his position on the right of the Centre. At times the fate of the day seemed to tremble in the balance. Colonel Garesché and General Rosecrans were constantly in the fray, directing movements of troops and encouraging the men. Later in the day it became necessary for me to improvise field Hospitals from cedar boughs and such other material as I could procure for the protection of our many wounded—our hospital tents and supplies having fallen into the hands of the enemy. While thus employed I saw the Colonel and General Rosecrans riding off briskly to the left of the line of battle, presumably in my mind with a view of bringing up reinforcements to the Centre. The look was accidental and transitory. Your Father was riding away from me, apparently stooping forward in his saddle. I saw him but for an instant, and saw him no more—the spirit of the brave gentleman had at that moment winged its way to the realms of eternal peace!

“Colonel Garesché had no vices but many virtues; cool, calm, and imperturbable under fire; in council wise; in battle brave; true to a friend and fast to a foe; an accomplished soldier, conscientious and untiring in the performance of duty, capable and honest, and but for his untimely taking off would have reached a place of great prominence in the Nation.

“His last words to me were: ‘Our Right has given way and Sheridan is hard pressed.’”

General E. D. Townsend, U. S. A., retired, late Adjutant General of the Army, in his “Anecdotes of the Civil War,” says the following of Julius:—

“While commanding the Department of the Cumberland, in 1862, General Rosecrans sent an urgent request that Colonel Garesché might be ordered to report to him. Garesché added his own wish to this solicitation, and he was ordered. He arrived in time to be of material assistance in organizing the army which, after varied fortunes, defeated Bragg at Stone River. In a brief dispatch from that battle-field, General Rosecrans said, ‘We have to deplore the loss of Lieutenant-Colonel Garesché, whose

capacity and gentlemanly deportment had already endeared him to all the officers of this command, and whose gallantry on the field of battle excited their admiration.

"At the outbreak of the rebellion Col. Garesché was the senior Assistant in the Adjutant General's Office. In announcing his death to the officers of this Department the Adjutant General said:—

"His ability and untiring industry have left their impress on the elaborate records over which he presided; and the universal and unfeigned regret at his loss, so freely expressed by all who came in contact with him, is a touching evidence of his value as an officer, and his worth as a man. Just and uncompromising in his official conduct, he was yet courteous, obliging, and affable. Possessing a chivalric spirit, with a high order of professional attainment, he hastened to embrace the first opportunity given him to enter on a more brilliant sphere of action, and reported to Major General Rosecrans as his chosen Chief of Staff, in time to render essential aid in organizing the Army with which the field of Murfreesboro was won. At a critical moment, on the 31st of December, when the General, with his staff, dashed forward to restore the tide of battle, which was turning against our arms, 'the noble Colonel Garesché' was instantly killed by a cannon ball.

"What lot can be more enviable to a soldier than his! Of singularly spotless private character, faithful in the observance of his obligations as a Christian, and devoted in his leisure hours to the exercise of benevolent acts, honored and beloved in his profession, he died as a true hero, and is mourned with a depth and sincerity of grief not often betrayed.'

"Garesché was a very devout Catholic, and fully lived up to his professions. There was no end to his unostentatious charities, which he usually performed after his tedious office-hours were over. He started the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Washington, and was one of its most active members, visiting and ministering to the poor and the sick. It is related of him that, at the risk of his own life, he once held in his arms an infant belonging to a poor family, while a priest baptized it, though the child was ill of small-pox.

"His remains were brought to Washington for interment. There they were honored with an imposing funeral, attended by an immense concourse. The ceremonies took place at St. Aloysius' Church. The presiding priest pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon him, in which he thus described his death:—

"The battle, which had raged furiously, was going against our arms, and all seemed lost. Colonel Garesché had used almost superhuman efforts to cheer on the troops, and, seeing that they were yielding ground, he retired for a brief space to some bushes, where he was perceived kneeling as in earnest prayer. It is believed that he then offered up his own life as a sacrifice, if God would give him the victory. He fell, while at that moment the body and blood of his Lord was coursing through his veins.'"

General O. B. Willcox, Colonel 12th U. S. Infantry, says—September 23, 1884:—

“I knew General Garesché in the 4th Artillery, in which regiment we served for some time, but never together—our two Companies being separated. But I had the pleasure of knowing him and your Mother through Col. Gardiner's family and by reputation.

“General Garesché's reputation in the 4th Artillery was that of a high toned gentleman, a zealous, able, practical, and industrious Officer, and a devout Christian.

“In the Civil War, while he served with such high distinction in the Army of the West my own duties were performed in Virginia, Kentucky and East Tennessee, so that at this period I only knew him by reputation. My opinion was that he was one of the *truest* and *ablest* Generals produced by the great conflict.”

General Robert Williams, Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General U. S. A., says—June 17, 1883:—

“Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to describe fully a character such as your Father's, which so richly merited and received the respect of every one who knew him. Unfortunately my personal acquaintance with him was limited. I knew him of course well by reputation, as indeed did the whole Army, but the time when I was brought into personal contact with him was short. I can therefore give you no incident of importance in his life or character which is not more known to others than to myself. I can only give you in general terms my idea of his character, and this I gladly do, although I fear it may not be of much assistance in promoting the object you have in view. To describe fully the character of your Father, even without going into details, would need more than a simple letter affords. It is better therefore that I should say in a few words that a purer and more upright character I have never known. I have never met one which seemed to me a more perfect type of the true Christian, and certainly I have never known any one who in his daily life was more actuated by the desire to do his duty fully, kindly, and conscientiously to God and his fellow men than was your Father.”

General Thomas J. Wood, U. S. A., retired, says—June 24, 1883:—

“In reply to your letter, of the 18th inst., making inquiries relative to your noble and lamented father, the late Colonel Julius P. Garesché, U. S. A., I have to say our acquaintance commenced during the Mexican War, more than thirty-five years since. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship and mutual esteem, which continued to the moment of his untimely death.

"The fact that, as subalterns, we belonged to different arms of service prevented much personal association, and precluded the possibility of learning his personal habits; hence I must write of the impression he made on me rather than give particular facts.

"So soon as I came to know your father well he impressed me as one of the purest, most sincere, gentlest, yet thoroughly manly persons I had ever met. His manliness was not the result of an exuberant physique, but was the result of his thorough integrity of character and his unfaltering convictions of duty in its broadest sense.

"Your father's extreme catholicity of feelings and opinions always impressed me most forcibly. He was a churchman without being a bigot.

"His culture extended beyond the range of his profession, and was general; especially was this true of his esthetical culture. His taste was refined and accurate. The happy blending of the moral and intellectual qualities in his character formed the finest type of the gallant and accomplished soldier, the true and courteous gentleman, and the devoted Christian.

"I saw your father but once on that fatal 31st of December, 1862. The meeting was only a few moments before his lamented fall. Crossing the field in rear of the 'Left Wing' of our army in different directions, our paths intersected, and we exchanged greetings. In the sorest strait of a most terrific battle he was the same calm, quiet, serene, courteous, self-possessed soldier and gentleman I had ever found him to be.

"Appropriating the language of Mr. Bright, uttered in the House of Commons on the occasion of the death of Mr. Cobden, 'no more gentle yet manly spirit ever tenanted or quitted mortal clay than Julius P. Garesché.'"

General Charles P. Stone, formerly of the U. S. A., and late Chief of Staff to the Khedive of Egypt and Lieut. General of his Armies, says—October 14, 1884:—

"You do well to record in print the events of your noble father's life: for it was one of those brave, earnest, quiet, hardworking and devoted lives which do honor to the human race.

"It was my privilege to know him well, and, during some years, to enjoy intimate relations with him.

"Of the many noble manly men whom I have met during a somewhat long official life, no man impressed me more than he by his daily life, marked by a rare devotion to every duty, whether that duty referred to the Government which he so faithfully and ably served, to the friends to whom he was so loyal and true, to his family to whom he was so lovingly devoted or to his religion in which he was so sincere and devout.

"It was during the last three years of his life that I saw him most and knew him most thoroughly. The duties of his bureau in the War Office gave him severe labor, both mental and clerical. Yet he found time always



to listen to any young officer who had need of his counsel and advice and came to seek it: always time to listen to any tale of real distress and to work for its relief: always time to attend strictly to his religious duties.

"At the time when, during the War his bureau's duties were vastly increased, its business was always kept cleared up every night, and yet he found time, wearied and worn out as he must have been at the close of each day, to attend every meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and to keep that Society even with its devoted work.

"Bold and truthful, though unostentatious and modest, he never failed to raise voice and hand against any injustice or wrong which came properly to his notice: and while a model of proper military subordination to superior authority he fearlessly and earnestly defended the right against whomsoever attempted to work injustice, no matter how high in authority the wrong-doer might for the moment be placed.

"Gentle and unassuming in his every day life, he proved in the field that he possessed all the high courage and chivalrous sentiment of the true soldier.

"It was not my privilege to serve with him in his last campaign: but those who did there serve with him bore ample witness to his quiet dignity and gentleness in camp and his heroism in battle. No American soldier ever had a more soldierly death than he.

"It was related to me that on the morning of the battle he knelt at sunrise and received the Sacrament before the opening of the expected fight.

"I attended his funeral in Washington, a sincere mourner for the loss of him whom I regarded as one of my best and truest friends: and with me there I found hundreds of the rich and poor of Washington who equally with me were, as I believe, as sincere mourners as the members of his own family. In the words, as I remember them, of the eloquent priest who pronounced the funeral discourse, 'We had tears for ourselves; tears for his family; tears for his country; for these had all lost him: but for *him*, the soldier who had been struck down in the full performance of duty, with the blood of his Saviour still coursing in his veins, we had no tears!'

THE END.



















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